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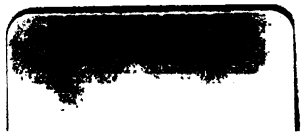
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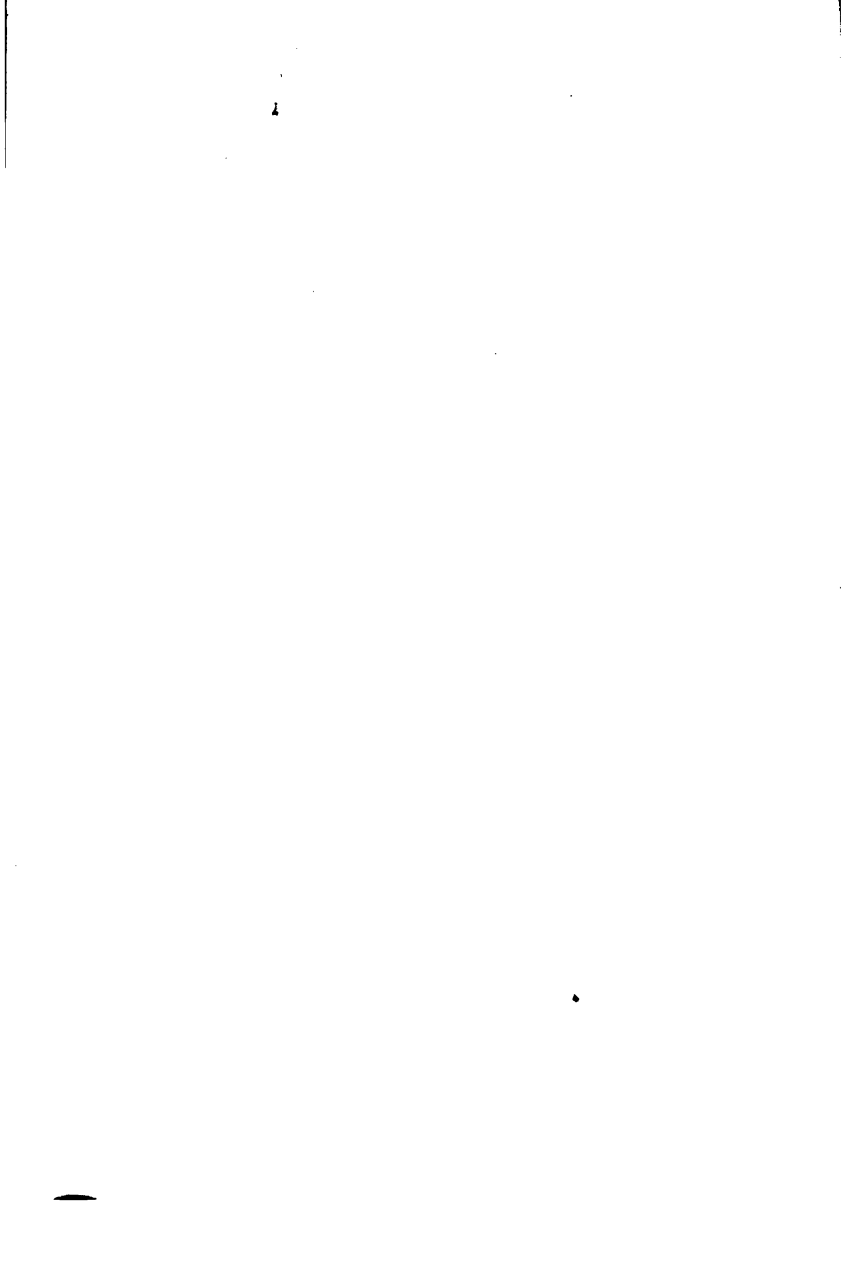
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LIFE AMONG THE GERMANS

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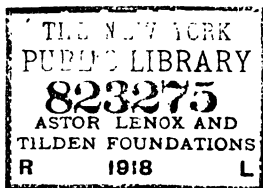
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To Violet,

***WHOSE FRIENDSHIP GAVE MY LIFE AMONG
THE GERMANS ITS CHIEF
HAPPINESS.***



INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult for a foreigner to understand the inner life of another nation. As a tourist, he may observe and describe the external features of a country, and the outdoor manners and customs of the people; but these are only a part of their national life. To understand that fully requires an appreciative knowledge of their mental habits and sentiments, and this knowledge can be acquired only by an identification with them in their social, religious, and home life.

Such was the method pursued by the author of this volume of sketches of "Life Among the Germans." She dwelt among them in their families, entered into their ways of living, and thus learned to understand their spirit and traits of character to an extent that could not otherwise be attained. The result is, not only an interesting book of travel, but also a series of admirable pictures and studies of the German people, as they appear to an intelligent American Christian woman. Her representations of their family life, and of their religious customs and views, possess peculiar

interest. Indeed, the entire volume presents realistic views of the Germans as they live in their Fatherland, and will enable Americans to understand more correctly the peculiarities of those who have come to this country and have brought their national customs with them.

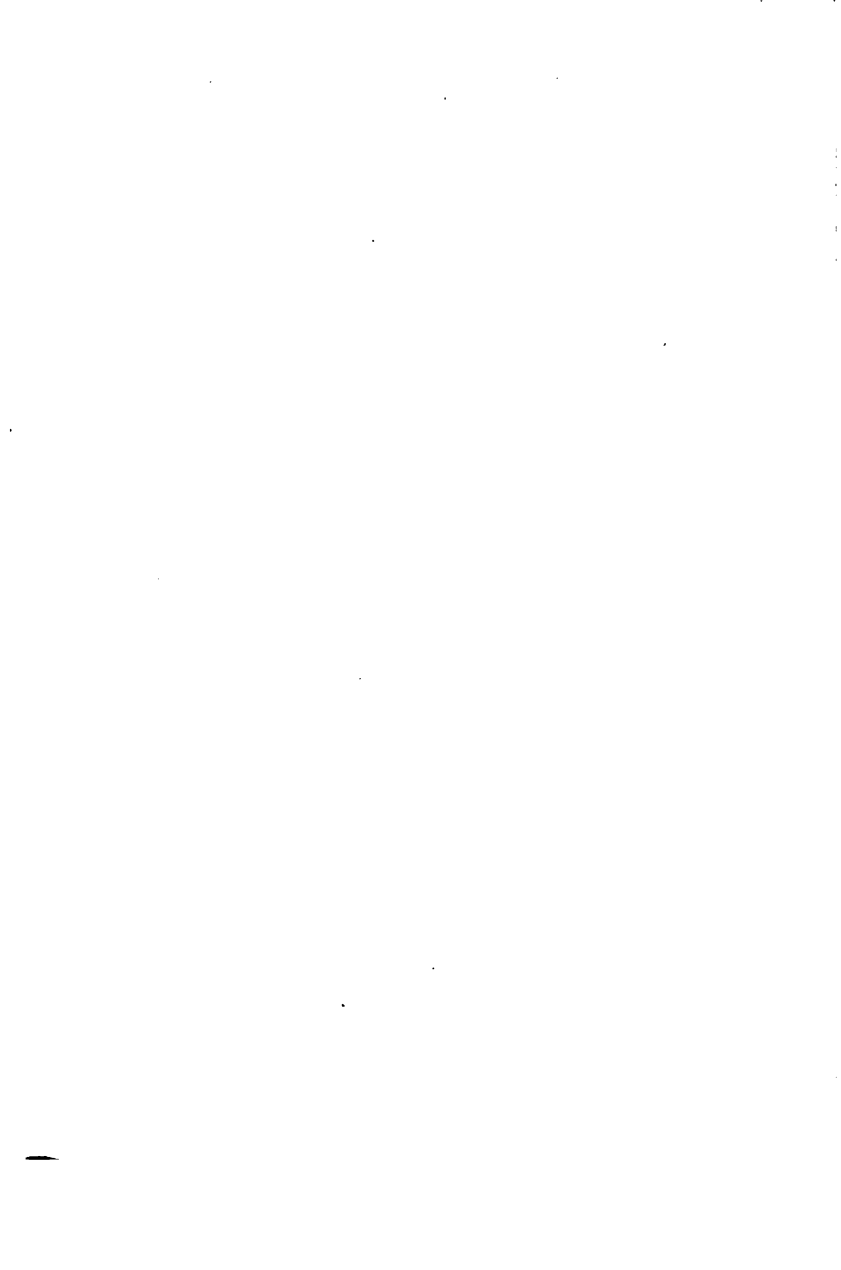
But, besides this happy feature, there is another, which imparts historic interest and value to the volume. The author's sojourn in Germany occurred after the consolidation of the Empire and the culmination of its greatest glory, and also during the fourth centenary year of Martin Luther's birth, when the heart of the nation was stirred to its profoundest depths. She witnessed the most imposing celebrations in the Fatherland and in honor of the Great Reformer, and her accounts of these remarkable commemorations are at once lifelike and impressive.

V. L. CONRAD.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1887.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. IN A GERMAN PENSION	7
II. LIFE IN THE PENSION	26
III. IN THE HEART OF A GERMAN FAMILY	40
IV. OLD WITTENBERG	65
V. PARIZELCHEN IN DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT . .	76
VI. THE LUTHER YEAR IN LUTHER LAND	91
VII. HOLY NIGHT	108
VIII. PROSIT NEUE JAHR	127
IX. GERMAN WOMEN	142
X. A SOUTH GERMANY CHARACTER	160
XI. SOCIAL LIFE	170
XII. A WEEK IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS	189
XIII. WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE PAST	206
XIV. PASSION WEEK AND EASTER	220
XV. A GERMAN IDYL	230
XVI. PENTECOST IN SCHLESSEN	242
XVII. ON FOOT THROUGH SAXON SWITZERLAND . .	258
XVIII. THE LUTHER PLACES: EISLEBEN, WARTBURG, WORMS	269
XIX. BEYOND THE LUTHER PLACES	283
XX. CHURCHES AND CHURCH MUSIC	301
XXI. RHINELAND	320
XXII. THE GREAT DOM	333



LIFE AMONG THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER I

IN A GERMAN PENSION.

PENSION life is the general rule for foreigners on the Continent of Europe, and accordingly my first experience of German life was in a pension. It is a peculiar life, as interesting as novel. What a mingling of odd characters and varied histories! We know nothing of the kind in the New World. Here life is plainer, simpler, and there is not the possibility of meeting at the table, in hall or salon, under the same roof, adventurers, mysterious beings, all those strange people with histories who start up everywhere in the crowded Old World. In Germany, as the land of students, the pensions are largely for these, with an occasional mingling of transient guests. In one family are artists, musicians, linguists, tourists, many nationalities. We have nothing in America corresponding to this pension life. With a more extended, less crowded country, so many students do not gather in one place, and the general traveller seeks a

place where he may be perfectly independent, which one never can be in a pension. Private or independent life is wholly impossible, for the association of the members of the pension is necessarily close — a family relation. In the first place, the rooms are all in connection; for, in these immense buildings, each separate dwelling is upon one floor, apartments *en suite*, so that there are no halls or stairs to cut off communications. The pension is hotel, home, school combined, with peculiar aspects of each. There is one common *salon*, a common table where all dine together; we must pass one another many times during the day, and altogether it is impossible to preserve any privacy or freedom of action. Add to this the natural German curiosity, the determination to find out all your affairs, and the customs which have grown up from ages of this feature of society, this pension life. The pension madame has a responsibility aside from the domestic affairs of the establishment; she is to see that all have proper advantages for study, especially in the language, to keep all acquainted with concerts, amusements, current events, and give directions as to sight-seeing. At the same time, she often — in our pension, we think, too often — takes to herself superior airs, and attempts to play the *Schulmeisterin* to her grown-up pensioners, — peculiarly trying this, to free-born Americans.

On my arrival there were ten other *pensioneren*;

so there are eleven of us, all ladies. It is quite the custom to make this distinction, and these homes, for ladies alone, afford a safe and agreeable place for American girls in Europe. We are all students in this pension on Königin Augusta Strasse, up four flights, all save one, an elderly lady from South Africa, the torment of each day's life. She *will* speak English. Now, we are all obliged to learn to understand and speak German as soon as possible. Our instruction is all in German, and much time is lost before we can obtain the full benefit of that for which we have come so far. Many avenues to pleasure and knowledge are opened by a familiarity with the language, otherwise closed. All lectures, lessons, discussions in public, sermons, theatres, conversation in society and the homes, all guides, — all is in German, and much is lost when the language is not known. In America our study of modern languages is so feeble. True, we have little use for aught save English, and here there is daily contact with at least three languages, — German, French, English, and a good sprinkling of Italian, Russian, Norwegian, and Polish. How the Germans study languages! and how they manage to make use of opportunities for practice! They aggravate us beyond expression. They seize every chance to use a foreigner. They will always answer us in English, broken as it may be, in spite of our frowns and indignant remonstrance.

"We have come too far to teach you English and give you the advantage!" With supreme indifference and persistence they continue to use the American for practice. Would that we had been as wise in America, where so large a German population offers fine opportunities for such practice. Germany would have revealed its treasures earlier and with far less labor.

So our first labor in Germany is to bend every energy to acquiring the language. Grammar and dictionary are faithful companions, and we strain our eyes to decipher every sign along the streets, and our ears to catch every scrap of conversation. It is the rule of the pension to speak nothing but German when the family is assembled. A little box for fines, *für den Armen*, always present in Europe, is placed on the table, and for every English expression five *pfennige* must be dropped in. Now, the English are very proud of their speech, especially when Americans are near. American English is below par in Europe. How our blood has boiled many a time at the disparagement cast upon our English. Actually, a German who speaks broken English, if learned from an Englishman, thinks he speaks purer Anglo-Saxon than an American. Our speech is even styled a different language—the American language. "Why," said a German, in surprise, "I understand you as well as an Englishman." This, however, is only one form of their ignorance with regard to

America, and it is a prejudice for which the English people are partly responsible. It is simply incredible what profound ignorance exists about us. One lady, apparently intelligent and of a high class in society, upon my remarking that I was from the United States, asked me if the United States were in New York. Indians and Mormons are invariably mentioned as our close friends and fellow-citizens, and our madame remarked that I would scarcely want to go to see the Indians at the museum, as I saw Indians every day at home. Such ignorance seems excusable, yet it generally exists. So our lady from the Cape land, who is a born Englisher, persists in vexing our spirits with a tongue we would gladly forget. What seems very remarkable, and yet is invariably the case, all the American girls find just such a person in every pension. In vain the Casse is placed near her. In vain she is told that German is the common language; that some cannot understand English at all; that we *must* learn the prevailing speech. An Englisher yield? No! We can only groan inwardly.

This is especially trying to the spirit of our little violinist, a young girl from New Jersey, here for a three-years course in violin study. She has a hard time, for the German masters are pitiless. They are exorbitant in the amount of work demanded, and inexorable in the perfection expected. The practice exacted is terrible. Music

students have no easy life in Germany, particularly the Americans, accustomed to the courtesy of American professors, and who find also that beginning later in youth, as we do, it becomes almost impossible to enter the race with the Germans, who have been trained in music almost from babyhood. Our violin student must give each day to uninterrupted practice. From early morning the violin is heard, with its squeaks, wails, tremolos, and penetrating quavers. Murmurs arise from the neighboring students, and the pension madame orders a few blankets or Roman rugs to be hung about the walls to deaden the sound, and the patient violinist continues to draw the bow to and fro hour after hour.

Well, if we pity the violinist standing for four or five hours with no rest, with chin, head, arms in the most trying position, what can we say of our commiseration for the poor piano student. From seven to nine hours a day at the instrument, with never-halting fingers, until, with back nearly broken and feeling quite so, fingers bruised, and head weary, she drags herself to a concert in the evening. There is no pity in the soul of the German master. His eyes are upon Art. She, also, is severe, unyielding. Human weakness, mortal frailty are not of her ken. Drop rather by the wayside than degrade or lower her by feeble, faltering effort. It is this severity of aim

that makes the German masters seem cruel, yet this loyalty to art is the secret of their mastery. Their philosophy admits no sympathetic encouragement, no helpful sympathy; it is push, drive, whip. The students — real students — are slaves. The discouragements that fill the soul of the American student, the valley through which they must pass, — we speak of those we have met, and that is quite a number, — often make one call out to American girls to be content with mediocrity and home. Only the very highest genius is worth the bitter struggle. The sacrifice of home, friends, comfort, often health, is too much to lay on the altar of musical attainment or fame. A student coming from America does not know what is before her. Praised at home, until she believes she is gifted, she comes here, thinks she has only to mention her former teacher, of local celebrity, play a solo, and be welcomed. It is not so. After many attempts, she may have a hearing before the master, and he will probably refuse to take her as a pupil. The masters are autocrats, and money cannot bend them. If received as pupils, it is a thorny road. One young girl, quite gifted, known as a composer in musical circles, remained with Liszt a few weeks. She had come over the ocean to be his pupil, and, although she loved and honored him, she left him and came to Berlin, to the leader here, Scharwenka, saying, "The Master asked too much. I could not stand

it." Stern as the masters are, the pupils are devoted to them, and search the city for their favorite flowers, and vie with each other in the beauty of their offerings. But, aside from the instruction and inspiration of these men of genius, there are wonderful opportunities for the study of classical music. The opera is superb, and, then, think of orchestra concerts every evening for the insignificant sum of eighteen cents! Great composers themselves are frequently present. Rubinstein, Brahms, Hartmann, Clara Schumann, Von Bülow, and the violinist Joachim are often heard. One fact is evident, that for music to be studied professionally, the natural brightness of the American can never take the place of the technique, acquired only by years of severe discipline; for the study of music for appreciation, here is the place, and even the non-musical person may learn the style and peculiarities of the composers from the constant attention at the concerts. You can readily see how the Germans love music, for in addition to the Opera House, the Sing Academy, the many gardens, two large orchestras—Bilse's and the Philharmonic—keep up concerts every night, and the halls are always filled and crowded. The people sit about the tables, have the beer brought to them, the men smoke their pipes and cigars, and the women knit. On Tuesday night—Symphony night—no smoking is allowed, and it is the favorite night for Americans.

Our painters in the pension do not find their path strewn with roses. Our two artists are Norwegians, with the rose-leaf complexion, golden hair, delicate blond beauty, soft ways, and gentle voices of the dwellers of the rough coasts of Norway. They study with Gussow, the celebrated artist here. Quite a number of girls go to him, work in his atelier, on models which he gives them, and receive occasional directions from him. The instruction is meagre, and the fee is sixty marks (fifteen dollars) a month, yet they say those few minutes when he condescends to notice a girl are worth much in the advice and inspiration. The students stand at the easels, palette in hand, for hours, no resting nor sitting; and then drag their weary limbs up the many, many stairs to the pension home, and throw themselves on the bed, nearly dead with weariness. The pianos, violins, singing are hard on their strained nerves, but where is the remedy? The people of Berlin have tried to secure a law to limit the hours of practising, but, with the desire to keep it an art and musical centre, the move would be disastrous. At any rate, we have peace at night. While the Americans in private families think it abominable that the great city is kept as a seminary, the great hall doors locked, hall lights out, pianos closed at ten every night, still we in the pension are glad of the regulation. Some of our artist friends, not so far advanced, go to the art school in the Victoria

Lyceum. This is a school founded by Miss Archer, under the patronage of the Crown Princess, for the higher education of woman. There is the regular course of instruction, the lecture course, and the art course. The Americans in the art course say that the sketching and nature studies, the department they especially wish to learn, is not so fine here as at the Cooper Union in New York or the Philadelphia and Cincinnati art schools. The pupils do not receive so much individual attention, nor is there so much original work. We cannot judge of this, but there is no doubt that in some directions we are in advance, for we see no such sketches as in our *Harper* or *Century*, and no such gems as our holiday illustrated books. For painting, of course, the opportunities here are wonderful, for here are the masterpieces, and the study by school, masters, or works can be carried on to perfection. We cannot but wish that a gallery of good copies existed in America, where our talented artists could study. It is this study, this familiarity with genius and great works, that we lack. True, copies would fail to breathe the soul of the original, still they would educate and create a love and knowledge of art which is now feeble and limited among our people. We are many times hurt at the contemptuous way in which the Europeans speak of the American ignorance of art. One episode I shall never forget; coming so early

in my European experience, it was a double shock. In a large German company this story was told as an illustration of our art ideas: A wealthy gentleman in New York had built a fine house, fitted it out in elegance, and then sent for an artist, and requested him to furnish the room with pictures that would harmonize in color with the carpets and appointments. Burning with indignation I related the story to one of the American artists. Instead of finding equal indignation, she spoke from her own experience of a similar case; her uncle, a Philadelphia millionaire, who, when his new home was finished, measured the sizes of the various spaces where pictures were needed, bought handsome frames of the correct measurement, and then filled them with chromos!

And I—they call me the student of *Wissenschaft*. I have entered the Victoria Lyceum as a pupil, to study the German methods of instruction, particularly in Latin. The German language, too, is an aim, for only in the land of the German can it be learned; only there can the pronunciation become as firm as crystal, as lasting as diamonds, and as smooth as melted gold. But even a student of *Wissenschaft* finds heavy tasks here. Think of three of Horace's Odes to be committed in perfect rhythm, and four to be prepared for translation, all for one lesson!—or three pages of Tacitus! Then the Professor gives long involved German sentences and demands an immediate

translation into Latin. The four German girls in the class respond promptly, but the American, still struggling with the German meaning, shakes her head. The Professor looks over his gold glasses, and, in most withering tones, cries, "*Ist es möglich?*" I never had a better teacher. He is Dr. Richter, one of the finest scholars of Germany, and his Latin books are in use in all the schools. A foreigner in this study is rare, and he seems to take special care with me, — a kindness I had no reason to expect. He says he has had one American pupil before, a lady in Indiana, whom, of course, he expected me to know. It is hard for him to understand the difficulty of using a double translation, as I must in the class. He wants the Latin put directly into German, whereas I must know it in English first and then comes the more difficult task. It will take time to meet his expectation of a single translation. He was much interested in hearing about Dr. Sauveur's Natural Method. He himself unites with it a simple grammatical instruction. I would call Dr. Richter's *progressive* rather than natural, and yet it is natural in its steps, and makes the language a growth until fully and rationally acquired, far more agreeable and successful than the terrible grammatical drill in common use in many of our home schools. I attend three of his classes, to see his full method in the regular progress from beginners to readers. The teaching is magnificent,

and when the hour is over the brain is weary. The Professor asked me to write the lesson, and he would correct,—something he does not do with the regular pupils, and a great kindness. I have worked six hours on a lesson, with not the faintest hope in the end that it would be right, yet the “*musikers*” practice as long, and the artists stand longer at the easel, and I consider my art as worthy of labor as theirs, although Latin for a woman is not popular. One of my classmates is afraid to tell her relatives that she studies Latin, and they are under the impression that she attends the Lyceum for Italian. With the men, Latin is almost a living language; taught from earliest childhood, and so thoroughly for many years, it is no bugbear in school life, and they do not bear away from the school a confused jumble of rules, a smattering of literature, and an utter impossibility to read at sight and to form elegant sentences. A Latin word supplies a hesitancy many a time; our doctor on the steamer supplemented his faltering English with his ready Latin.

There are also several German girls with us from the neighboring towns attending school in Berlin. There is nothing of the romping, frolicsome American girl in them. They are models of propriety; make their little courtesies (sort of a quick bob up and down called a *knixchen*) at the proper times, never lean back in their chairs, are dreadfully afraid of boys, and very curious

concerning this unknown quantity. It is amazing, all they have read. One is only sixteen, yet she has read the Iliad, Odyssey, Æneid, the Greek tragedies, — in German, of course, as girls seldom study Latin or Greek. French and English are familiar to them, and their knowledge of the modern languages and the literature of each is exasperatingly marvellous. However, we have one compensation. We would be wholly ashamed of their smattering of mathematics, science, and geography. Of America all they know is New York. America means New York. Sometimes we can scarcely keep our patience. We of the United States are credited with all the evils done on the Western Continent, and are called to account for murders in Chili, and reproached with the bankruptcy in Buenos Ayres. Mormons, Indians, octoroons, negroes, bears and wolves seem to make up our population — with a plentiful sprinkling of gold. It would be fun to know just exactly the chimera in the brain of a German which represents America to him. Some of us carry little maps of the United States in our pockets, and constitute ourselves peregrinatory teachers and sow the good seed as we go.

One of these German students is a little girl of thirteen, and by having a German child in the house we learn many of the customs of the people, revealing themselves as delightful surprises. Mariechen has come to Berlin to receive catecheti-

cal instructions previous to her confirmation. Her name is Marie, but she is called "Mariechen," the "chen" being a diminutive, added to names as a term of endearment to make them pet names. A different being is this little German girl from the American miss of thirteen. Our bright, dashing independence, with bangs and bangles and flying ribbons, freedom and will speaking in every movement, — a contrast to the little plain German child with smooth shining hair, simple garments, quiet, timid ways and ready sacrifice of will. One morning we entered the *Speise-saal* (dining-room), and there stood a table covered with a glistening white cloth, looped with vines, ferns laid about the edge, brightened here and there with roses. In the centre was the great feature — a Birthday Cake. And such a Birthday Cake! — an American child never even dreamed of such a Birthday Cake! It is an immense round, snowy cake, and about it, burning, thirteen little colored candles, — in the middle of it a larger taper, called the *Lebens Licht* — the light of life, the life-candle. Such a cake is generally present on birthdays, and each year another candle is added. The cake, as all the fine cake, is somewhat like our jelly cake, with a soft icing, decorated in various ways on top, usually with conserved fruit. The icing of this Torte, is of marzipan, — rubbed almonds and powdered sugar.

The Birthday Cake first fixed our attention, and then, after this surprise, we noted various

other things upon the table. There were little gifts,—a hymn-book, a prayer-book, some crocheted lace for collar and cuffs, a picture of Luther, an amber pin, a bracelet of garnet beads,—all simple little things, not apt to spoil a child. While we were thus admiring, Mariechen entered. An air of expectancy, a mingled shyness and eagerness, which her naturalness could not hide, revealed how much the occasion meant to her,—yet how unlike the impetuous, impulsive enjoyment of the American girl! And how unlike her, too, she now, before even resting her eyes upon the tempting table, shakes hands with each one present, dropping the little “knix” in acknowledgment of the congratulations. Then the presents, and the beginning of a happy day for the child, and the whole house is steeped in smiles and happiness. It is so throughout Germany on the Birthday. The person whose natal day it is is called the “Birthday Child,”—without regard to age,—and every one is bound to make the day happy for the “Child,” and the old man, or old woman, because a child again. It is a beautiful thing, this re-living childhood for one day every year.

When Mariechen has formally examined her gifts,—no wild American glee,—we all sit down to breakfast. Before her place is a coffee cake (a sweetened bread, baked in earthen moulds), which she cuts and passes around. A great

day it must be to displace the customary rolls, and a holiday spirit is at once imparted by this departure. A bunch of flowers is at her plate. A German festival cannot be without flowers. While at breakfast, the door-bell rings, and there is a shower of letters and pretty cards for the Birthday Child. The postman and telegraph messenger vie with each other on this day, for all the relatives and friends send good-wishes. It is astonishing how everybody remembers everybody's birthday, and how no one is forgotten or forgets. In fact, each individual has a birthday-book in which to keep account of these days, and the little book warns as a friend's birthday draws near. Expensive presents are seldom given,—a card, a letter, a bunch of flowers, a plant, merely as a token of remembrance. It seems, however, that this does sometimes become a burden. — Our little violinist was met by her professor, on going to her lesson one day, with the earnest exclamation, "I must go to America!" To all her questioning there was the one response, a sad shaking of the head, and the mournful conclusion, "I must go to America!" He finally explained that (as he is a popular musician) he had so many friends, his wife so many, his daughter so many, that it took his whole income to keep up the birthday gifts; and, to save himself from final starvation, he had concluded it would be best to go to America! There

are various reasons in the settling of this new country, — probably none as unique as this!

During the day, friends call, bringing a bunch of flowers, a pot of heather, or, perhaps, the delicately lovely Alpine violet. The Birthday Cake is cut, and the guests enjoy it with a glass of wine, or "Bowe," wherewith they drink to the health and prosperity of the "Child." The dinner is extra, too. There is chocolate soup with whipped cream on the top, and as dessert the cake, with wine, when all rise, and, after clinking glasses, drink to the future of Mariechen. As we were only pensioners and strangers, we felt sorry for Mariechen that her cake must disappear in this manner, and a doubt exists in our mind as to the similar acquiescence on the part of an American girl to have her cake devoured thus.

Altogether, the German Birthday is a happy home festival: brothers, sisters, parents, children delight to make it so. Often charming surprises are prepared; the children will learn a drama for papa's birthday, one may write a poem, one learn a French or English recitation, or a little one will secretly practise a piece of music, and perform it as a gift to mamma. We were delighted with the celebration of court-preacher Frommel's birthday. Each child brought a "gift of talent." One son offered several of his own musical compositions, charming songs, and the

sisters illustrated them by *tableaux-vivants*. Another son came a long distance with his gift of song and poetry, — sung magnificently, and all were happy in the father's happiness. Could anything be more really acceptable to a parent's heart than such a gift from the children, — of their own talent, *of their best*, part of their own inner, higher, nobler selves, — what better or more beautiful to lay at a parent's feet? Is there not in this something infinitely higher than the exchange of the most costly gifts of material wealth, which, after all, can never be our best, because not of the heart?

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN THE PENSION.

AND our home here in the pension! Verily, the "stern abode of the Muses."

Neither luxury nor ease allures the soul from its pure devotion to higher, unseen beauty. The ordinary German home,—to the spoiled American,—knows little of either. We learn to know that America is the land of plenty and luxurious comfort. How can these nations know our luxury of living, our abundance, our ease,—our,—well, there are countless blessings in America so unknown here that we sometimes wonder if we are not dreaming. This may be the judgment of prejudice, and the German might miss much in our homes, for it is an eternal principle of human nature to exalt home and native land.

High up in the high houses are the pensions. Here are no elevators as in our "flats" in American cities. Street after street in Berlin shows a solid front of these great stucco-finished, rococo buildings. It makes a city look very imposing, and we Americans reflect with some shame on the appearance of our cities, with the houses of all

sizes, shapes, and colors, brick, wood, stone, mingled,—and then to look out of our back windows, and see all the sheds, wooden fences, black roofs,—oh, how unkempt and straggling! And I fairly shudder to think of our streets—with the mud and dust and gutters and miserable disorder. Here there is underground drainage; a force of men is constantly at work, keeping the streets clean, and the sweeping never halts. Our cities must seem under wretched supervision and discipline to the European visitors, just as this seems clean and attractive to us. We could never sit on our balconies and eat, as they do here, or have restaurant gardens opening upon the sidewalk; we would be choked with dust, and sick of surrounding aspects. The sanitary and police regulations here add to the pleasure and comfort of living. Some of the houses have small front yards, filled with flowers and gracefully festooned vines; but we enter our pension directly from the street. A porter generally guards the great house door, and at your ring he turns the spring from within, the door swings open, and you enter. Before you a spacious hall with a stone floor, frequently in mosaic style,—and at the opposite end of this hall there is usually a door or a window opening upon the court, sometimes a grassy plot, a beautiful garden, or small business shops, according to the respectability of the neighborhood. On right and left, stairs ascend to the dwellings, each floor

having apartments to the right and left. We try to get into as many houses as possible, to compare them with each other and see the general style of the city. We have had quite an experience hunting a place for a violin student. She came in great distress, turned out of her pension. She had been there over a year, the Fräulein pretended to think very much of her, and now, when a higher price is offered for the room, the American is turned out, and when she thought herself comfortably fixed for the winter's work. We spent two mornings hunting a place and enjoying the phases of German life. Such curiosity I never met. Every place we went they wanted to hear all about her desire for board, asked a hundred questions, very personal ones, too; commented on the American girls, their independence and peculiarities; and then finally would say the rooms were already rented. Even the servants in the corridors stopped us, and asked our business. One place there was a professor of music, — the violin a specialty, — and when he learned that Miss H. was a violinist and taking from a rival professor, he showed a most violent rage, and we left in a hurry. At another place, a Frau Major's, they were just taking coffee, and a number of young officers were seated about the table, and they all arose and stood as we passed through the room. That would be an interesting place for a pension. We had little success, for if

the hall were dark or forbidding, if the names on the doors at each landing included too many officers, if the court foretold noise, if, as a whole, it was not a *vornehm* entrance, we retreated. Many Americans live "student fashion," that is, rent a room (which also includes, fire, light, service, morning coffee) and go out for meals. It is a cheap way of living, and music students find it more independent for practising. It is more independent, too, if you prefer to go your own way, without being obliged to explain each step, which is the usual case in pensions.

Our pension has a pleasant entrance; the halls frescoed, pretty stained glass windows, looking upon the grassy court, statues in niches as you ascend, and a settee at each landing, as a rest in ascending the heights. Nearly all the rooms are alike, and each a work-room. There is the piano or violin and stacks of music; there is the easel, palette, brushes, models; there is the pile of books — all threatening, demanding. A workshop, stern, uninviting at first, apparently lonely, cheerless, desolate. After all, the quaint little spot becomes a loved little corner in old Europe, the sacred shrine of the secret life and heart-history of peculiar hours of toil and hope.

Here is the student-room. Up four stories, to the right, — there where the white door plate denotes "Pensionat — Mätzky, ring the bell." Within the little hall to the left, "Herein"

answers your knock, and you press down the handle of the door. The light steals through lace curtains—indispensable in every German home—at the casement window, where hangs a transparency of the Sistine Madonna, our student's first "pick-up" in Europe. But the room! The floor, stained, varnished, polished, verily as a sea of glass, in the centre of which floats a diminutive green island of Brussels carpet. Forget the sense of warmth and "home" identified in your mind with our universal use of carpets, and remember that this is economical and healthy, two great things we may learn from the Germans. Our greatest point of objection to rugs is the weekly beating given to them. Friday morning in all the courts begins this terrible pounding, and and as this is the morning after the regular Thursday evening American reception, the morning nap is especially wooing, but what pleasure does it yield, broken by this irritating, aggravating pound, pound? At first the bare floors seem cold. We feel awkward, too, as we hear our own footfalls, and then it destroys ease and grace to be obliged to watch every step lest we slip on the highly waxed surface. The furniture is everywhere plain and simple; even in the royal families there is none of the elaborate elegance found in our homes. In our students' room we see that common in general life. There is a little wardrobe containing queer swinging pegs that refuse

to retain any articles placed thereon. Frequently, instead of the wardrobe there is a clothes-tree, such as we had in Hamburg,—an upright pole with wooden pegs, likewise obstinate. A little stand of drawers does the service of a bureau; a green-covered table with four stiff chairs placed stiffly about it; a slim stand with a decanter of water, a glass, a candle; a large, straight-backed sofa; but the distinctive feature—there in the corner rises a towering, chilly, white cenotaph. It is not a relic of Greek sculpture, not a mausoleum, nor from the churchyard near, but really the German stove! However ornamental these enormous things are made, and they are built in the house, often highly decorated, still they spoil the beauty of a room. They say this is a wholesome mode of heating; at least it diffuses an even heat, and is easily managed; the fire is made, shortly after the brass door is shut, and that is the end for the day. Square blocks of pressed coal are used for fuel: one hundred pieces for seventy-five pfennige (eighteen cents), and as only ten a day are used, heating is cheap.

“Is this the bedroom, too?” you ask. True, it seems to be only a study, but it is bedroom, also. At night, the little stand develops into a toilet-table, the sofa into a bed. German beds are peculiarly unique. They are all single bedsteads, narrow and short. The Germans do not need long beds, as the people sleep so high,—

rather seem to sit or recline in bed than lie. On top is a puffy, soft feather-bed, covered with a quilt, all wadded and stitched, over the edge of which the sheet is turned and fastened with huge buttons. Quite a fine sight is this bed,—marvellous to behold, but more marvellous to lie in. Under the pillow is a wedge-shaped wood incline, which the American vainly endeavors to banish. Nightly I cast it away,—it always reappears. It may be necessary to say that you get in between the feather-beds, and you would agree that this is most comfortable if only the upper one were long enough; as it is, it requires practice and skill to balance it on your prostrate form. Family pictures ornament the walls, a gilt-edged looking-glass—that is all. Has it the home-feeling that our modern, practical, comfortable furniture gives?—and then, oh, for a rocking-chair!

Bare as it may seem, the American girl soon gives it the touch of home. Cards come from across the waters—what better way to remember the givers than by having them in constant sight on the walls? The fringed books and bright pictures give a friendly tone. Ivy, ferns, leaves from the graves of noted men,—Mendelssohn, Rauch, Schlegel, Kant,—give a graceful and a classical touch; then the little photographs of the great masterpieces in the gallery, and laughable little German things—a raisin

man, soap flowers, mazzipan animals, — and gracefully decorating the corner, crowning all, — the American flag! How bright it is, how beautiful, inspiring! Books, boxes, papers, cover the table in true scholarly confusion. This is shocking to the German precision, that can never understand “graceful carelessness.” After all, is it not a charming little foreign study?

When we say we eat five times a day, that may seem much, but it is *many*, not *much*. German law with regard to eating is, *non multum sed multa*. On our arrival here, we attempt to make each a full meal as at home, but that calls down amazement and frowns from the Germans, and discomfort for ourselves. Breakfast consists of coffee and rolls, generally two rolls. It is an unwritten law, and there are many such, stern as the decrees of the imperial court. To eat more than two rolls is to produce greater than an electric shock. One of our girls ate three one morning, whereupon she was informed that if she could not limit herself to the conventional number, she must go elsewhere, as the pension could not afford it. That was really not the reason, as the rolls cost only half a cent, but the breach of custom was more than even German patience could endure. The rolls are good, crisp and brown outside, soft, white, delicious inside; but it grows *langweilig*, year in and year out. The loaf bread is not so good: one longs for the home bread, —

white, smooth, delicate slices. Here it is dark, the loaf a half or three-quarters of a yard long; the people carry it from the baker's in their hands, minus all wrapping-paper, and at the table the large, uneven slices are cut when desired, or as each asks for it; sometimes each takes up the loaf and cuts his own slice.

At eleven o'clock comes what is called *zweite Frühstück*, consisting of two slices of bread thick with butter, cold meat between them, and an apple. It is brought to one's own room, as is often the case with the first breakfast. At two is dinner. It is a little struggle to learn to eat this; some things you never can eat. For instance, how would you like apple soup, pear, plum, raisin, cherry soup? Even the vegetable soups are unpalatable, too thick, of peas, carrots, potatoes; but the *bouillon* or beef soups suit us better. Chocolate soup, with a delicate beaten egg or whipped cream, is good, but taken in a soup plate, with a large spoon, loses its delicacy. As a second course comes meat, very dry. The older—in the sense of being here longer—Americans say they have never found here good, fresh, juicy meat, and they explain this by the fact that the cattle cannot be killed until after much used, as the country cannot afford it; that the cows are used to give milk, to plough, and draw the wain, and so are lean and poor, and the beef must be boiled to rags to be masticated

at all. I read this statement in an English paper, which seems to confirm it:—"The soil of Germany is impoverished. It gets plenty of labor on it, but it demands other dressing than the sweat of the brow. It never tastes lime, guano, or superphosphate. Even the burning of clay is too costly an experiment on loamy soil. In England, in a good year, the acre will yield thirty bushels of wheat, in Germany about fourteen—the richest and most favorable only twenty. Nothing tells the tale of how a land is farmed better than the roots. The richest soil in Germany renders roots no better than are raised on some of the poorest soil in England." Germany is so rich in learning and higher intellectual life that it is sad to think of the struggle for life among her people. The people themselves have little meat to eat, so we in the pension take what we can get; probably, the pooriness of the meat leads to this remarkable cooking of it, flavoring with vinegar, spices, to give a definite, pungent taste. Meat is always accompanied by two kinds of vegetables. Vegetables are limited—Irish potatoes (they have no sweet potatoes), carrots, turnips, pease, and many kinds of cabbage. A dessert of pudding or *compote* (a sort of preserves)—but only a very little bit. Once pie was made—*à la Américaine*. Pie, in general, is a curiosity to foreigners; this pie proved so, even to our educated pie taste.

At four is coffee and some sort of pastry. At eight is *Abendbrod*. Ah, ye feathery biscuits, delicate cake, browned chicken, fragrant fruit, happy visions of the past! Here is rye-bread, cold meat, sausage, beer. Alas! alas! amid all the learning and intellectual life of Germany, "we remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely," and long for the leeks and onions of the land behind us!

The day's work done, we meet in the salon in the evening—a tired crowd. Concerts and receptions allow us few evenings together, but these few we enjoy. On such evenings, one will read German aloud, while the others knit the everlasting gray stocking or the ubiquitous white lace. Often we sing, and most of all do we enjoy our national songs. The tune we call "America" is international, so we all sing our own words to it, in our own language; and our American hearts glow with gratitude that it is not "God save the Queen!" or "Hail, Kaiser, to Thee!" but "Great God our King!" How great that is! There is an amusing idea over here that our national song is "Yankee Doodle." Three of us, at a German party, were amazed at being invited to sing it. At first, we were indignant and refused. Suddenly, the ridiculousness of the affair struck us, and the one boarding there hastened to her room for her flag, and, waving it, we heartily sang, over and over again, "Yankee Doodle come to town,"

to the rapturous delight of the Germans. Imagine the scene !

Occasionally, we prepare dramas or charades, and that rare privilege—a gentleman's visit—is allowed. When one of us is invited out, we entertain the rest on our return with minute descriptions. Above all things, we long to get into the life among the German people themselves, to see their own customs, and study their own characters. Yet, coming as strangers into the land, it is a difficult matter to attain to such opportunity, especially when established in a pension. Americans usually live in pensions, and the genuine German life is almost as unknown to them as though they were on the other side of the waters. This pension-life did not meet my purpose in Germany, so I early consulted with one of the German pensioners about finding pension (board) in a German family. The Americans in pensions are favored by the resident Americans, and my first formal dinner was at the home of friends who, of American ancestry, have, nevertheless, always lived in Germany. As my first formal dinner on European soil, it was especially enjoyable.

The dinner was announced for seven o'clock. You must be strictly on time ; not a minute too early, not a second too late. The company was ushered into the drawing-room, and led at once

into the Speise-saal. The place of each is indicated by a pretty card, with the name of the guest plainly to be seen. A delicate bunch of flowers is with the card. At each place, in the folds of the napkin, is a roll with seeds. The dinner was in courses: first, soup,—the kind unknown to me, a small grain I had never seen before. Second, fish, with pastry. Third, roast-beef, with tiny potatoes; also, pease and carrots, cooked together,—not our large carrots, but small, tender ones. Compote, a preserve of apples and currants. Fourth, Flamerie, like blanc-mange, with nuts in it. Last of all, bread and cheese. The wine-glasses—three at each place, red, green, and the tall, clear champagne-glass—made the table look very pretty. After dinner, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and soon appeared a man-servant, in livery, bringing coffee in tiny cups. Later, soda-water and beer were handed around, and at half-past ten we said good-night. The conversation was all in English, and we novices in the foreign life had a charming evening, enjoying the conversation of the experienced foreigners, and comparing our own impressions, experiences, blunders, and discoveries. In the most conspicuous part of the room hung a picture of Lincoln,—an American flag was thrown across one corner; and, in the land where the German flag is flying, the German tongue is spoken, where the German is no longer

the emigrant, but where he makes you feel this is his home, the sight of this picture, the pleasure of such an evening, has not only a charm but an inspiration to the American student.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE HEART OF A GERMAN FAMILY.

ALTHOUGH pension-life has its charms and advantages, it does not answer the purpose either for acquiring the language or mingling in German society. With all its delightful companionship, it must be relinquished; and, to make the winter in Germany yield its greatest usefulness, you must go right into the heart of a German family. Here, no English will be heard, — none is understood; and one is therefore obliged to venture boldly into the unknown and perilous depths of the German speech. The German language requires this total surrender, and even then demands that you walk in the valley of humiliation. It is impossible for one who has not had the painful experience of struggling with the German in its own home, to know its bitterness. Strange sounds on all sides; strain ear and imagination as you may, still, hearing, we hear not, and in us is fulfilled the prophecy, “by hearing ye shall hear and not understand.” A little light breaks as the words are acquired; but there *are so many words*, — so many colloquial phrases not seen in

grammar or book, — and even the German-Americans, whose parents have always compelled them to speak German in the American home, feel that their German is limited in the land where it is the universal tongue. We have heard of various systems to teach one German in six weeks, in six months ; — remarkable systems ! Mark Twain gives it thirty years ; he could well, even then, have termed it a Thirty Years' War. We determined to conquer it, and, remembering, "he best can rule who first hath well obeyed," we surrendered ourselves wholly to the German and all its stern behests, — determining to know no other master, no other interest, naught else for the time being. One thing is in our favor in Germany, — the Germans never laugh at our mistakes, ridiculous as they may be. On the steamer, every day for seven days, I told the doctor I had a "Schornsteinfeger" in my eye, and each time he gravely took it out, without a smile ; I meant a cinder, but not for some weeks afterward did I discover that I had been telling him of a "chimney sweep" in my eye. All the officers heard it, but they never betrayed what must have been amusing for them. I rushed up to a lady on the street with, "*Es thut mir Leid Sie wieder zu sehen !*" which was telling her how sorry I was to meet her ; yet she smiled sweetly, and answered as though I had said just what I meant, that I was rejoiced to see her. They are so polite ! — very different from

our manner of hearing their mistakes; for we could not restrain our mirth as the doctor told us "to take the medicine so long as the 'cow' lasted." If "plough" spells "plow," then "cough" spells "cow"—that is logical. For us, the only way to help ourselves was to make mistakes, fall and pick ourselves up again.

The Fräulein in the pension helped me to the German home. This young German Fräulein had come to Berlin to spend the winter with a family, and, until they returned from Switzerland, their summer tour, she was with us in pension. The family she was to visit is of the higher class—next to the court circles, very wealthy, and well educated. Fräulein Ottilie had been engaged to their only son, but he had died a short time before, and, in their loneliness, they had invited his betrothed to spend the winter with them,—the lady, gentleman, and one daughter. I visited the family, and was pleased with them. On the day she was to take up her abode there came a telegram from her home, in Stettin, summoning her thither, and with no prospect for a return. We went to her friends to explain. In the course of the conversation, by some fortunate turn, I was invited to take her place in the family! What could be more happy? My fortune was beyond all hope or expectation, and I believe I was the happiest American in the colony.

So I bade farewell to the pension, my first Ger-

man home, — yet my attachment for it was strong. An uncontrollable dread of a new, strange place took possession of me, and, happy as I was at the prospect, I went reluctantly to strangers, where the life would be wholly foreign, and I necessarily obliged to conform minutely to its peculiarity. I walked all about the city before I dared trust myself to the final step. I started in the most opposite direction, and did not recall the situation until the guard halted me at Brandenburger Thor. He motioned me to pass on the other side of the entrance. This is one of the old gates to the city, and a magnificent structure: a great classic portico, in imitation of the Propylea of Athens; it has five passages, and none but the imperial family may drive through the middle one. There is a bronze quadriga on the top — Victoria holding in rein four spirited horses, and I suppose that every time I came in sight of it I must hear, "Napoleon carried that away in 1807, but seven years after Blücher brought it back!" The Germans love to repeat their triumphs. This is the beginning of the great promenade in Berlin, — *Unter den Linden*, — a beautiful, wide street, planted with a double row of lindens, with double carriage-drives, and paths for riding, extending a mile from Brandenburger Thor to the Emperor's Palace, with the University just opposite, and the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great between. The shop windows here are

enchanting : lovely painted china, exquisite statuary, bronzes, jewelry, engravings, books, refreshing flowers — we Americans want to take everything home, but students are spared the perplexity of selecting from these bewildering charms, — as a class, they must content themselves with the pleasure of seeing rather than possessing, and it is, therefore, a pure pleasure, for the sake of beauty itself. I lingered at these windows, slowly taking my way to the new home, — reluctantly turned down Wilhelm Strasse, slowly passed the palaces, Bismarck's among them, rested on one of the benches in front of the Anhalter Bahnhof the third largest depot in the world. It is built largely of iron and glass, and is richly decorated with sculpture and frieze-work. Courageously I walked down Möckern Strasse and with trembling finally turned into Kleinbeeren, advanced to number seven, and vigorously pulled the bell. From below the *portier* drew aside the white curtain, saw that I was *anständig* (respectable), and the door flew open. The clean, cool hall, with matting and gilt stair-rods, the stained-glass windows, and the fresh garden of the court, brought me a new sense of my privileges. I noticed at the first door, to the right, the name Pudor, and the plate "Mitglied gegen Bettelei" ("member of the Society against Begging," — which means that a certain sum is given monthly for the care of the poor — the State provides a

pension for the destitute—and contributors are exempt from wandering beggars), so no borrowing there! My place was on the top story, and, in response to the sharp-toned bell, that set my heart wildly beating, came a girl who, with radiant eagerness, inquired, "Miss P.?" "Yes" came faintly! but, grasping my hand in most hearty tones, that scattered my fears as the wind the clouds, she exclaimed, "Herzliche Willkommen!" and followed it up with a charming speech, hoping I would find a happy life with them in a German home. This was the daughter, whom I had not met before. The mother came with her speech, the father with his, at the same time presenting a little bunch of roses and mignonette. Is it not a beautiful way to welcome a stranger? In my room was a bunch of flowers to greet me,—the "welcome bouquet" it is called. The room is much like the one at the pension, even prettier, with some long student-pipes and gay student-caps decorating the walls. These belonged to the son, whom they mourn so deeply. He was the last male heir, and the name will die out with this old gentleman—Herr Hauptmann he is called, as he was a captain in the army, and his wife is Frau Hauptmann. They say the year of military service, demanded by the State of every young man, was too hard for the son, and that many young men die after the ordeal. The daughter, Elsa, speaks English and French, but is so eager for me

to learn German that she promises to speak no English. One amusing thing I notice : she lisps in English, but not in German or French, so I suppose her English teacher lisped, and she copied her exactly, thinking this a peculiarity or art in the language.

It is impossible to move about incognito in Germany, for, as soon as you arrive in a place, you must be *melded* (registered). Your full name, birthplace, date of birth (the idea of asking this of an American girl!), last dwelling-place, occupation, are all officially recorded. In a pension, these grains of information are quickly scattered, and you enter the family checked as to nationality, years, calling, and previous condition. There is a legal fine if this duty is neglected, but there is little danger of neglect, as curiosity here transforms duty to pleasure. The registration must be repeated every time a move is made, so now, as we changed from pension to family, we again passed our examination. If you have an income, a tax is imposed for a protracted stay in a place, to repay the State for its protection. A passport will be demanded, but it is an unnecessary expense. Frau Hauptmann came in, the day after my arrival, to tell how she had outwitted the Polizei, by telling him that I was a relative on a visit from America, and so exempt. Unwilling to escape under false pretences, I consulted an old resident American, who assured me that no passport is needed by students.

At last we are in a fair way to see German life. The German home-life is celebrated, yet to us it lacks much that makes home for the American. Although there is warmth and heartiness in the German, and many customs reveal this, still, as a general thing, we miss the familiar mingling of the members of the family, the sympathy that helps in intellectual and spiritual life. The student-sons think it too tame to sit at home with the family; they prefer the semi-weekly *kneipe*; and the years given to military training take the young men from home-pleasures, and give them other inclinations. There is not that society intercourse of young men and women which is beneficial to both. The boys seek outside entertainment; the girls gather together in coffee-parties, and knit. Work of the hands has a high value among the women, and much time is spent in these endless white crochet strips. Our experience with the German gentlemen is limited. The Frau celebrated my access to the family by a little dinner-party—the guests, two young men, both of high rank, one a lawyer, the other a physician. After the dinner, on adjourning to the drawing-room, cigars, wine, and beer were placed on the table to aid the conversation. The young men were highly educated, and their accounts of the training required for any profession made me feel that America is playing with education. How they scorn the

American idea— young men graduating at the High School, or even taking part of the course, then studying law or medicine a few terms, and, behold!— with a framed diploma they rent an office, put out the sign, and clients and patients may enter. The German must pass several rigid examinations, in the college and University course, before he is permitted to study for his special profession. The State takes charge of the matter, and permits no half-educated professionals. One of these gentlemen began his special course at the age of twenty-six (having spent all the previous time at school), and then spent five solid years in study before being admitted to the Bar. Physicians must take a similar period before the State gives them license to take the risk of human life in their hands; yet we are willing to give M.D. for a winter or two of lectures! The student-life is a part of the national life,— students, soldiers, and the people make up the nation.

We were initiated into the mysteries of the *kneipe* by our gentlemen guests. What tales they told of the quantities of beer the students drink as they thus meet together once or twice a week! And the duel! One of these gentlemen had fought sixteen duels, and his face was all scarred with "honor marks." Our American students never fear a challenge! they may be as independent as they please, for a German has an awe of what is called the "American duel," which

means "pistols and death," and not these harmless honorable marks. After the departure of the guests, our host asked in pride and triumph, "Now could America boast such young men as these?" With strict honesty we replied, "No, never!"

Outer circumstances, the near presence of so many strangers, is opposed to the American idea—"God setteth the solitary in the family." Where these great hotels are homes, there can never be the "old homestead," "the house-tree." Where is the brooding silence, the hush and restful quiet of home? Up the stairs with stamping of boots and loud whistling come the boys across the hall; beneath, the resounding bell of the busy doctor is always clanging; above, the attic rooms, the occupants—whoever they may be—take the midnight hour for sword drill, perchance practising for duels. Some of the many families—and there are sixteen in this building—are always giving parties or entertainments, and the laughter and merriment blend with your one curiosity and desire to see the German customs—forbid either labor or sleep. If there are music pupils in the house—and where is the spot in Germany that has escaped?—this is the crowning addition to disturbances, and one's nerves are put on the rack, while the weary spirit cries out for peace and home! Our quiet little dwellings, they alone know the rest

and solitude of home. There we are rulers, —each is lord in his own castle; here we seem under seminary laws, —gas out, doors locked at ten. American independence may chafe as it please, —the Medean decrees are here.

At first, these great houses have a glamour and romance about them, and we weave story after story; indeed, we ourselves in them seem a part of the romance. Here on the second floor, the *belle étage*, lives a Count, an Italian, Count Luccicini. We must pass his door to reach our own — up in “Olympus,” as the Germans call the top floor. We hear the singing of the Countess; we catch a delicate perfume in the corridor as she passes; the equipage with liveried footman waits at the door. We build a glittering romance about them. Frau Mutter spoils it a little by telling us that the nobleman, whom fancy had made a fascinating Italian, is a little insignificant creature, and an unhappy epileptic. Opposite us is one of the University Professors — Herr Doctor Professor Zupitza, one of the finest Anglo-Saxon scholars in the world. Our first glimpse of him was at a Luther celebration, when he appeared in the procession among the robed professors, in a glistening blue robe. Our fancy clings to this vision of him, and we refuse to acknowledge the shaggy-bearded man whom we meet in the hall as the great professor. With the romance blends curiosity. We inadvertently

catch so much of private life that it pricks us to learn more. We see gayly attired guests arrive; we hear there is a christening, a birthday, a betrothal,—we catch gay sounds and strains of music; we meet the confectioner with *bonbon* pyramids,—we want to know more, and, as foreigners, have a burning desire to enter into these phases of national social life, so full of charm to us. Then, as the pantry windows are in full sight, we generally know whether it will be goose or duck or hare for dinner; these, being hung from the pantry window, proclaim the fact. And, altogether, it is impossible not to know a little of one's neighbors' affairs. In the beginning, this is all new and odd to us, but, as we become accustomed to it, the novelty gradually wears away, and we forget to notice them. We wish we could forget the noises above us, beneath, on all sides. It is strange the floors are not deadened; for, with no carpets, and this general close living, it would be of great advantage. Practical America would have had such a remedy long ago.

Within the home, the American misses the little touches that give the home-tone. Rugs may be elegant, but a simple carpet covering, softening footfalls, is more comfortable. There may be rich plush sofas and easy-chairs, but in no sense are they equivalents for our graceful *lille-d-lilles* and restful rocking-chairs. All is prim and

precise. One thing has always been amusing to us. Wherever you go, in every German home, you find this arrangement for the *salon*:—against the wall is the sofa; before it is spread a rug; in the centre of this is a table, covered with a heavy cloth, and a white napkin or tidy over it; on each side are easy-chairs. This style is universal, *always the same*. No one would dare to change this order; probably it has never entered into the German housewife's mind that there could possibly be any other way. — "Remove not the ancient landmark" is the conservative spirit of the nation. This is a picture of the German salon. The sofa is the seat of honor, and it would be rude to take it without an invitation, or to accept the invitation if an older lady is present. Class regulates this matter. A Frau Hauptmann would yield to a Frau Generalin. When Frau Hauptmann enters the room, the ladies will stand, but when Frau Generalin enters, Frau Hauptmann will also stand until "Excelenz" seats herself. Thus each rank pays deference to the one above it. The ladies are addressed by their husbands' titles, — or his business, as Frau Kaufmann (Mrs. Merchant), — and frequently months will pass before you know the actual name of the people you so often meet. The title is all that is necessary, — and quite a convenient arrangement, in consideration of these unutterable gutturals. Ornaments they have, artistic, beautiful, but stiffly arranged, or locked

up in secretaries ; good oil-paintings are in the homes, — the Germans all know a good painting, and abhor a poor one. There is an upright piano, with side-brackets holding colored candles ; flowers, and singing birds. Nevertheless, with little knowledge of art, quick, ready taste, and native skill make more humble American homes more attractive. The bedrooms are severely plain. Even the Emperor sleeps on a narrow cot. No gas-jets are in the sleeping-rooms ; candles are used. Our charming evenings about a blazing fire, in easy-chairs, with no close neighbors, but perchance an accidental call, aye, maybe a gentleman call, — that cosy snugness and sense of peace, rest, warmth ; — a winter in Berlin knows no such evenings ! Many times when students enter the house from the penetrating chills of the North German climate, how they long for this comfort ! There is compensation, however, in this plain German life. The Germans seem not to think so much of comfort, but rather of pleasure gained in other ways than by mere luxury of living. If one student's room is a type of the "stern abode of the Muses," all Germany may receive the same designation. Our luxury they do not have, but their devotion to artistic and intellectual life is not known among us. The whole life seems to be given to the pursuit of some one object, — music, art, philosophy, science, language, history, — and material life is lost in the study of that object.

One could not live long in Germany without becoming a student,—every one is wholly given to some one study,—all is earnestness and labor. Specialists they are in handiwork or brain-work, and so they perfect their art. So there is satisfaction in their simple home-life; they seek no luxury. Notice in what meagre surroundings the great philosophers have lived,—biography is clear on the subject. It seems as though they *lived* what we *speak* of as real philosophy—"Outer circumstances are minor things, let the mind and spirit have free life," and that free intellectual life is found in Germany.

After all, is it not a revelation of German strength? There is power in this simplicity; and, while we are grateful for our rich land, that affords such abundant blessing to all classes, let us not allow luxury or love of these outer things to weaken our appreciation or devotion to things not of the material world; our abundance of comfort ought not to create a care for it that shall become a stumbling-block in the way of our higher intellectual life.

If the German home lacks many of the features which the American associates with the idea, there are also things in it which we could use to make ours more ideal. In the domestic department—the housekeeping—are several. The German salon may disappoint us, but the German kitchen is a charming surprise. It is in itself a domestic

poem, — really the prettiest, most unique room in the establishment. Small, bright, inviting! The clean, painted floor, the blue and white porcelain range, — these two items alone form a basis of beauty and cleanliness, a beauty and cleanliness easily kept. It is not uncommon that the floor is of stone or marble laid in pretty figures, and the frescoed ceilings add their harmonious coloring. Above the stove are rows of shelves for stove utensils; — here the brass kettles, iron vessels, ranged in order, are like classic ornaments. One can here easily adopt Ruskin's theory that beauty lies in utility. On rows of bright brass hooks hang pitchers, mugs, all of varying sizes, from giant to dwarf. Think of it — in some kitchens, each hook is tied with a little blue ribbon! Is it not a poem? *Æsthetics* in practical housekeeping?

Life here cannot be the drudgery it is usually thought. It is a noble idea to bring beauty into this sphere; and those who must spend their days in a work which seems so removed from the beautiful may still find brightness and beauty in their surroundings. See how it dignifies labor! What pride, self-respect, pleasure is infused! Well, the servants in Germany have few privileges, — not the Thursday and Sunday outings that America gives; so it is right that the place where they are so confined should be a pleasant spot. There is a regular system to this question of service in Ger-

many. Servants must be trained. Cooks pass an apprenticeship in hotels, and house-girls must be perfectly competent in sewing and mending. Their time belongs to their employer, and, if the work in the house is finished, the time is used in darning or knitting for the family. The girls have reference-books, and, as they go from one place to another, the mistress writes her opinion of the qualifications of the girl. This class is very restricted in privilege, and the pay is small. A good girl receives from thirty to fifty dollars a year. She frequently asks for extra remuneration for doing without certain meals, and these few marks add to her slender income. One servant at the pension never ate the Sabbath evening meal, as she wanted to provide her family with sugar for the year, and took this means to do it. Of course, their expense is small, as they never attempt to dress as their mistresses, and wear the same garb as a class. They are always on the lookout for a chance to go to America, and it is not to be wondered at: caste binds them here; in America, not only higher wages and freer life, but, perchance, the fulfilment of ambitious dreams! Our American ladies can easily secure servants to take back with them. These girls, however, are really unprepared for the American household—the cooking is so entirely different, we work so much faster, and our housekeeping is so much more complex.

The German houses have no closets ; and even in the kitchen, aside from the pantry, there is none. A cupboard with glass doors usually supplies the deficiency ; fancily cut paper covers the shelves, on which are ranged the cooking-dishes — jars in ascending grades, bowls in descending scales. A gay " Kitchen Calendar " hangs here, with a daily " Bill of Fare," a daily new recipe, and a verse to be learned while at work. As education is compulsory, all servants can read and write. How much pleasanter does such a surrounding make the labor ; the very fact that this department of life is thus recognized, and not wholly severed from higher life as though between them a great gulf were fixed, must ennoble the work. The whole domestic department is thus given its true place — not despised, unthought of, but an essential factor in family life, worthy of thought in the world's economy — a dignified labor and sphere not divorced from the world of beauty and progress. Something we can learn from these German kitchens, — that those working there may be happier, more content, and may find more satisfaction in their work, — and it may help solve the problem now vexing social life — the servant-girl question.

We find this spot attractive, and spend some pleasant hours there. The Frau Mutter helps us in our German as we watch the peculiar ways of preparing food and examine the odd utensils.

They have so many — wood, stone, china, in quaint shapes. Although there is less variety of food, the modes of cooking are far more varied and elaborate. The styles are new to us, and each meal is a study. The soup is very interesting, especially when the noodles are little hearts, rings, letters, crosses (how suggestive!), and it is quite a fascinating study. "The Interessante Suppe" we designate it. The meat is a puzzle: sometimes shaped like horns and filled with chopped meat, potatoes, and onions; sometimes rolled up, and gradually unrolling as you cut it. Meat, except in sausage, is rare among the common people. A German lady, speaking of the delight her relatives found in America, summed it all up in the concluding sentence, "And they have as much fresh meat there in one week as we have in two months!" The duck is cooked with apples baked within it, — that was another magic surprise, as the apples came rolling out at dinner. Curious names they have for some dishes, — "Hay and Straw" (rubbed peas and sauer-kraut), "Poor Knights" (arme Ritter), "Food for the Gods" (Götter Speise). On the whole, the meal is food for body and mind, and, while ministering to the former, entertains the latter. There is what is called a national dish — Herring Salad, made of herring and potatoes, the dish ornamented with fancily cut bits of pumpkin. A favorite relish is "Caviar," the roe of a Russian fish; one takes

only a tiny bit, as it is very hot. One of our American ladies, at a formal dinner, thought it was blackberry jam, as it looks like it, and took a liberal supply. The first mouthful sent her coughing and choking from the table. One must be so careful with these foreign dishes,—they are so mysterious. Some are unpalatable at first, and require force of will to overcome the repugnance. Some of the Germans are so commanding!—and expect you to eat what is set before you, in a way that compels you to do so! Our family is so considerate and kind. The Herr Hauptmann thinks an American girl a sort of pet bird, and in the most delightful way does little kind things. In the markets they sell the giblets of fowls, of which the families make soup, which I cannot eat. Herr Hauptmann has sympathized with my efforts to eat this; so, the last time they had it, he welcomed me to the table by handing to me a plate, saying, “This is for you! we Germans can eat that.” I looked at the article, fried a beautiful brown. “What is it?” he asked, with beaming smile, “Liver!” I promptly responded. “Yes, but what kind?”—he continued, triumphantly. Here I gave in, and he victoriously announced—“Gänse-leber!” (goose-liver). I thought I would not be able to eat it, but found it good. It is quite a “*delikat-essen*” (luxury) on the Continent. There are stores devoted exclusively to its sale, and it comes in pretty gilded porcelain jars,

marked — “Pâté de foie.” We have a pudding of potatoes and almonds, eaten with fruit-sauce, also very good, and it is baked in a finely shaped form, and looks ornamental on the table. Herr Hauptmann has a cigar in his mouth all the time except at meals. One morning I startled the family by appearing at the breakfast table, and there sat Herr Hauptmann taking sips of coffee between whiffs of his cigar. He had a fancy little cap on, and was quite embarrassed, saying, “Don’t tell the Americans I wear this little cap to breakfast.” It seems the whole family make the toilet later. They prefer that I should take my coffee in my own room, — I prefer it, too.

One of the never-failing sources of interest is the peculiarities of the food, and this glimpse behind the scenes in the kitchen is quite as interesting. The Germans have a profound respect for the “practical” in America. However little they find to admire in us generally, this one thing they accord. The phrase for a very practical thing is “ganz Amerikanisch.” But in their kitchen arrangements are many things that would enchant housekeepers. If a student of Wissenschaft feels their charm, imagine how an old housekeeper would revel in these kitchens! Only, let us whisper — do not learn to use all these oils, spices, vinegars, seeds, leaves; and even raisins and currants are not good when in soup or gravy.

The work of housekeeping is lighter than in

America. Dislike the flat system as the house-loving heart may, still it requires no continual running up and down steps, and there are no yards, pavements, steps to be swept and scrubbed. The whole domestic life is simpler, giving time for other pursuits. The big washing days are not. Blue Monday is banished ! Generally, little washing is done in the house. Every five or six weeks the wash is sent to the country. In some places four times or even twice a year suffices. Where the clothes are not sent to the country, there is worse chaos than we know ; for the accumulated wash, with German slowness of action and poor accommodations and conveniences for the work, delays the labor so that a full week is required until order is restored. This long interval between the washings necessitates a supply of household linen, and here is another pretty feature, — the linen room. Shelf after shelf of linen, all the articles sorted into distinct piles, held together with ribbon or stitched bands of pretty color and pattern. Few white clothes are worn, no muslins. We laid away our white dresses with a sigh, and, while we acknowledge the saving of labor, still we protest that beauty and comfort are lost. We tell them of the summer evenings in American cities where the American girls in white dresses and delicate hats make a pretty scene. Such fairy loveliness as our summer resorts or suburban places present, is foreign to this land. —

Our big ironing days are avoided. With no ruffles, plaits, everything plain can be rolled through the mangle machine. Thus the weekly dreaded days are obliterated from the German domestic calendar. It remains for America to find some co-operative system that will settle the question for us, and, while removing the inconvenience and weight of labor, will still allow us to retain our greater comfort and beauty.

The portier carries away the carpets (rugs) to be shaken, the floor is waxed, and thus the sweeping days are omitted. Our mass of sewing is avoided in the simpler life, — no tucks, ruffles, wash dresses! It is a hard philosophy to cast away so much that we have grown accustomed to, but it *is* philosophy, and, as such, worthy of a following. No wonder the German women grow stout, are slow, contented, healthy. Our baking days, likewise, exist not. Hot biscuits, hot cakes, home-made bread, pies, — far be these things from the German household! Coffee cake, baked in earthen bowls, is the chief cake; and in most families cake is never seen except in holiday seasons, — but then they revel in it! We are spoiled, but in this simple, substantial way is the philosophy of living. German philosophy is not found in the schools alone, but pervades the domestic life.

It is easy and cheap for Americans spending a winter here, to keep house. At the butcher-shops,

which are marvels of artistic beauty, various cooked meats can be had, from slices of roast beef to a most elaborately decorated and garnished fowl. See, how easily company can be entertained without the labor of preparation; meat with vegetables, neatly arranged, from the butcher; fruit and Torte from the Conditorei, coffee from the Wirth,—all very cheap, and with little trouble. The broiling, baking, worry at the thought of company, never invades the German kitchen. All is deliberately done. They are too sensible to have such a variety and quantity as we think necessary on such occasions. They substitute their own company for entertainment.

Is there not something pleasing in domestic life as known in Germany? There is less senseless luxury, less vulgar ostentation, than we know, and a simple, frugal domestic life is a national characteristic. Our tendency is to the contrary. Man does not live by bread alone, and material life ought not to subordinate higher living. With all our practical tendencies, we ought to be able to combine the German theories of a simple, less laborious domestic life with our greater comfort, and yet afford opportunity for higher culture, freedom from all absorbing lower cares, strength for higher thought.

“Seven little berries” the Americans call my German home;—and that is the literal translation of it. —Numero 7 Kleinbeeren Strasse. The fam-

ily are determined I shall see something of German life, although a foreigner can never really interpret a strange people. We stand on the threshold of the national life, and catch glimpses of something moving within—a glimpse, nothing more. This glimpse may do for the passing pleasure, and teach certain features of life, but can never give broad enough knowledge upon which to base true and certain judgment of a people.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD WITTENBERG.

THE posters on the Säule throughout the city announce an excursion to Wittenberg on Reformation day. To be in this spot on Reformation day, and in the Luther Jubilee Year, that was too rare a privilege to miss. We hated to miss any of our lessons; but there is so much to be learned in this way that we agreed together to take the holiday and work double the next day. And so, behold! a group of American students *en route* for Wittenberg, October 31 (Reformation day), 1883, the Luther Memorial Year!

Richer than all other spots fraught with Reformation memories is this little old town of Wittenberg, a few hours' ride from Berlin. This was the home of Martin Luther from 1508 until 1546, the time of fiercest struggle, — of Worms, Wartburg, Augsburg, diets, disputations, councils, treatises, bulls, protestations. Here is the centre from which the light radiated whence came all those writings that stirred the world; here was the hearth from which went forth radiance to brighten every home in the land. To visit this old home, to stand before the

historic doors bearing the theses, those words which went into the world bearing the sword of the Spirit, is to feel the reality of that time, the great historical epoch. However thoroughly we may study history, nevertheless there clings to it something of romance; but to stand on the very spot of old scenes, to see about you witnesses of the truth, brings with all the force of a revelation the realization of the truth, the life of the great Past,—it becomes a living Past. Thus, in old Wittenberg, Luther and the Reformation assume a reality never known before, and we feel the fierceness of that struggle waged, in centuries gone by, on this historic ground.

The autumn skies of Germany are gray and gloomy. Tacitus speaks the truth, although Professor Richter in our class disputed it,—of its repelling, melancholy clime. It is not strange that there are so many suicides here, so many inmates in insane asylums, for the sun, with its cheer and blessing, is a stranger. The blue, clear American sky and golden sunshine, upon which our childhood experience rests, gives to these gray skies a depressing gloom. Yet, as we entered Wittenberg, and the gray towers of the old Augustinian cloister showed their faint outlines against a deeper gray sky, it all seemed as a vision of the past, and the sombre mist a fitting veil thrown over the sacred arcana of the ages, too holy for the bold light of the garish day. It is a festival

day, and throngs of festive pleasure-seekers crowd and press ; yet they are the unreality, and the past becomes the reality, of the present. The gay peasant costumes fade, and we seem to see cowed monks crossing the halls and corridors of the old cloister, or students, in cap and gown, hastening into the university hall to catch the words of wondrous power falling from the lips of those learned men in priestly robes, — a Martin Luther, a Philip Melanchthon ! What sweet companionship must have existed between these two earnest souls ! How often they entered these great doors, walked through these halls and this court, sometimes in happy conversation, as Luther was so genial, but more often, we may well believe, exchanging sympathy and encouragement as the trials thickened about them. The old halls are silent now ; monk and student are here no more, the University has moved to Halle, the monks have fled at the light of Bible truth, and a generation of ordinary people inhabit the old apartments.

You pass through the halls of the old university, cross a court or garden, and there is the old cloister, and a slab with the inscription, " Here lived and worked Dr. Martin Luther, 1508-1546," points out what is called the Luther House, — the rooms in the second story were used by the Reformer. Here is the aula, a large hall where Luther and Melanchthon spoke. All is modern here, — walls, floor ; nothing is left of the old time

save the highly decorated Katheder, behind which they stood as they spoke. The small lecture room, next, is also modern; the pictures of Luther, his family and friends, volumes of his writings and those of his contemporaries are only of passing interest. The Luther study bears his marks no more; we turn from the pictures, the relics, his letters, his Bible, his marriage ring, and find more satisfaction in looking through the little glass window into the garden below. The place is all in all. Often Luther must have paced this room, stopped at this window, and looked out upon the court below and the gray sky above. There is the garden that Ketha cherished, and of which Luther was so proud. There they led their guests, there took their meals; there was the music and the humor, and there too were considered the great and weighty arguments of the conflict.

The next two little bedrooms belong to the dwelling. They are hung with pictures of various scenes in the life of Luther, and several pictures by Cranach. A most remarkable one illustrates the parable of the vineyard: on one side are the good workers industriously binding the vines, and there is the face of Luther and other laborers of the time; while the pope and his party are seen as the idle and wicked husbandmen. It is a very curious old picture, and, as you recognize the faces, it has a somewhat startling effect.

Last of all is the gem, — the old Luther room,

the family dwelling-room. It is veritably historic ground, — the same floor, walls, and frescoed ceilings of four hundred years ago. Some of the furniture is still the same: there is the monumental stove, with the four apostles, designed by Luther, his old writing-table, the benches about the room, and the double seat at the window. Here was the home-life of the great man who has brightened the Christian homes of the world. Within these walls lived that great soul who calmly stood before all the powers of the earth, fearing naught while above him was the Ruler of the universe. A great heart and mind lived here, and none but a feeble soul would fail to be impressed with solemnity in such a place. Says Carlyle: "We cannot look, however imperfectly, on a great man, without gaining something by him," and he continues to speak of the littleness of him who will not bow before the hero who is ever "the living light fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near."

There is a glimpse of another historical character here. Peter the Great has written his name in chalk above the door, and it is now covered with glass to preserve it. They also show you a glass which he broke. He tried to carry it away with him as a Luther relic, and, being forbidden, cast it upon the ground, saying, if he could not have it, no one else should possess it. You may sit down in the double chair at the window.

Here Ketha sat, and how often her heart must have been filled with misgivings as she waited here, watching through these little circular window-panes, for the return of him whose life was in hourly danger. Poor Ketha! Her soul was brave through all those dark hours, and, while fighting with her own trials, she still upheld and cheered the Reformer in his struggles. We recall the story of how she worked his picture in embroidery during those lonely hours, and here the very picture is shown you. It is but a bit of needlework, but it holds a little heart history of those old days. Even as other little things have a value in the great world's history, so these little things are precious, revealing the secrets of the human heart, something of the old story, the same in all lands and all ages.

A little farther up the street is the old home of Melanchthon. What constant communication between these two homes! Luther found comfort here while Ketha was a nun at Nimptsch. Here was the first hearth opened to the Reformation; and, as we ascend the worn steps, the same old ones of the Reformation days, we cannot but think of those weary ones, those refugees, the hard-pressed, the weary, the humble believer, the learned scholar, who in that day came here to find at this hearth help and sympathy. Within these walls the gentle spirit of Catherine Krapp must still linger, and the blessings that were

breathed upon her from grateful souls have hallowed the spot forever. It is holy ground: in that spot Philip Melanchthon, the gentle, the wise, yielded up his beautiful spirit to the Lord, for whom he had faithfully labored.

In the centre of the town is the Square, or Market Place. On this double festival day, a celebration of the Reformation day and also of the Luther Jubilee Year, the place is crowded. The peasants from all the surrounding country have come. It is a rare sight. The quaint costumes of the women and children, bright green and vivid purple predominating, contrast well with the uniforms of the students and soldiers. The moving masses as the dark background, these brilliant colors, the flashing helmets of officers, the glistening of arms, the prancing of horses, the sound of music,—a gay scene! Here and there we catch a glimpse of a knight of the olden time, in rich costume of velvet and silk, slashed and puffed sleeves, large velvet hat with waving plumes, his spirited steed, with mane sprinkled with gold, as richly decorated as the rider, hurrying to join the procession forming at the old oak under which Luther burned the papal bull. Amidst all is heard the German language,—only German,—and it is the last touch to perfect the foreign scene.

Why is this hurrying to and fro? Why this jubilee? Do they think of the cause, the real

significance? There stands the figure of Luther, in a beautiful monument; the open Bible is in his hands, and his face is turned toward the people as though he would call to them to hear that word. There is the second monument, the figure of Melanchthon, and his eyes are toward the sky, his very attitude calling the people to look to higher things. The spires of the old city church overlook all. The deep tones of those great bells, coming through the fog from the heights above, seem to call again, as by the will of these two great ones, to a new life, a reformation. "The light shineth in the darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Vastly different was the crowd hurrying through this market place four centuries ago. Then there were angry monks, excited students, and perplexed nobility, all talking of the strange notice on the Castle Church door. Now the crowd awaits the feast for the eye, little caring for its cause. We wait in the very shadow of the old Burgomaster house, the old home of Lucas Cranach, and where Katherine von Bora and the other nuns sought refuge after fleeing from the false life of the convent. The train winds through the streets decorated with wreaths, swinging festoons, and national colors. What a procession! The departed worthies of the sixteenth century have returned to honor the day! The whole, arranged by an artist, is a succession of pictures represent-

ing the Reformation, and each picture is perfect in detail. Many a group seems an ancient picture suddenly endowed with life. Heralds and cavaliers in armor, brilliant with color and jewels; monks and friars of both orders, black and brown; groups of old painters, each a very Cranach; the great Elector; Frederick the Wise, in royal chariot; the court ladies and knights, in rich costume; Tetzl, in his wagon, selling indulgences; workers in all trades, in the garb of the olden day; for, as they say, "Luther was a peasant's son, and, spite of university, cloister, and kathedr, was still entirely a man of the people." All this brilliant array, moving to the old-time choral music, made a perfect representation of the Reformation time.

Before the doors of the old Castle Church, — here where Luther came, that memorable morning, with his document against Rome, — here a rostrum was erected, and about this the groups arranged themselves with artistic effect. A mingled crowd! — peasant, lord, scholar, foreigner! Then from these thousands of voices rolls forth the mighty Luther "Battle Hymn," — "A sure stronghold our God is He," and its full strong chords ascend among the turrets and towers of the old Luther Church, with its green, moss-grown stones. The Burgomeister rises to the occasion, and addresses the people; we understand but little, enough to know that he bids them read again these theses on the

doors before them ; deeply cut in bronze on these memorial doors, they should ever live in the heart of the German people.

The old doors of this wonderful Schloss Kirche have been removed, are preserved as relics in Berlin, and these engraved bronze ones have taken their place. This church, its gray stones covered with green moss and lichens, is an old, rambling building. It is one wing of an extended castle, now used as a garrison, and has all the grim, forbidding look of a feudal fortress. Within is the old home of Roman Catholicism, a church where, at the time of Luther, there were five thousand five hundred relics of the saints, and not a single Bible. It called for a hero to banish these mockeries, and at the same time to bring in a pure worship in the German tongue, forever silencing the empty Latin form.

Without, the crowd mingled with noisy demonstration ; but within the venerable Castle Church is eternal silence. Here beneath the church floor repose the ashes of those two Wittenberg men who still belong to the whole world — Luther and Melanchthon. A slab in the floor marks the spot. Here stood cruel Alba of the Netherlands, with the fierce desire that Charles V. would take up the ashes and scatter them to the winds ; but, as the Emperor and King stood there, he, too, felt it was holy ground, and turned away in silence. The centuries have passed,

the conflict is over, and the nations unite to honor him whose dust lies beneath the simple slab in the old Wittenberg church.

The fog and mist have deepened as the day closes. The lights glimmer faintly through the density, again the choral sounds through the streets, the great bells in their lofty towers mingle their deep chords, the flags upon the turrets flutter in the evening wind,—the memorial day is over, the memorial of the great event those centuries ago.

CHAPTER V.

PARIZELCHEN IN DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"TIME, Time! hold, hold!" we cry, for in Germany old Time seems flying faster than ever, and we would have him linger now and make up for the lost time, when the hours are *langweilig*. The time has at last come when the German and I are beginning to "shake hands," and I am being raised from the deep vale of humiliation. I can understand everything, and say all that is necessary, although no one will vouch for the elegance of the sentences. But what a school of severe discipline is necessary to bring such a result! Why, at night I would fairly dream in German, and my friends would smile to hear themselves as in my dreams rolling off the German words. Professor Richter says he can see the progress in the translations, and he has hitherto seemed in despair of my ever learning. The Hauptmann family are full of congratulations, and it is to them I owe the progress. They correct me continually, and spare no pains to help me. On the open evenings, Herr Hauptmann reads aloud. We have read several

of Ebers' historical novels, — "Uarda," "Der Kaiser," "Die Schwestern." Herr Hauptmann is fond of Ebers, as he is a personal friend of the family, and these books are "Compliments of the Author," a professor in Leipsic, the renowned Egyptologist. The best way to learn a modern language is to plunge into a novel or romance of some kind. It is a mistake to put students at once into classics. Classics are always difficult to read, and require concentration of thought even for those who know the language. The classics must be read so slowly in the class that the pupil wearies of the work, and fails to appreciate its power, and, from the very nature of the reading, there has been no gain in conversational ability. On the other hand, take a story: the learner's interest in the story will urge him to read on, and the interest grows, while, at the same time, the conversation in such a book, and the general narrative, give just the words and phrases for conversational use. This seems the philosophical way to learn a living language. Our little French teacher uses this method. We are reading "Fleurange," one of the latest Academy novels, and we could not wait to read the story slowly, but stumbled on quickly to the end, and then returned to take it slowly. We read as much as we can for a lesson, mark down the words which require looking up in the dictionary, and learn

them. Then, in the lesson, we tell, in French, what we have read, using the words we did not know. Even beginners must follow this plan, if they can read but one sentence and learn it. It is difficult at first, but the progress later is rapid. We read the Testament, as we are familiar with the words in English, and they are learned at sight. This was Lord Macaulay's plan. Herr Hauptmann's Vorlesung of the German novels was fine drill for me, and he never let me retire without having me tell what I had heard. When I go to any entertainment, he leads me to tell all about it, and "*Uebung macht den Meister.*"

When any of the family go sight-seeing with me, they carefully explain everything in German, and how they enjoy seeing my admiration of Germany! They have taken me to my first palace at Charlottenburg, one of the suburbs of Berlin. The car route is along the edge of the Thiergarten — the great park, and the court equipages roll along this chaussée in fine style. There is a road for riding here, and the Fräuleins and Officiere exercise here daily. On the benches along the park at the forest, you may always see the lovers for whom the crowd does not exist; and the nurse-girls wander about with their charges, and vie with each other in securing the attentions of the Kutchers. The maids are picturesque, with short, full, bright-colored

skirts, long, full, white aprons, bare arms, stiff white caps (only on the crown of the head), with long streamers floating behind. The poor babies awaken our pity—all bound up in a pillow, with absolutely no freedom for their little legs. It is not strange that when they begin to walk their legs are weak, and they become bow-legged. The absurdity of it is that they call this bow-leggedness the *Englische Krankheit*! (English sickness). It clings to the men; not even the officers outgrow it! We had been admiring the varied scene as we drove along; but we could not help being provoked when the *Frau* told us this, the popular name for the result of doing these helpless children up in little feather-beds. Let the shame rest upon their own heads, and not be thrown upon another nation.

It was autumn, and yet the roses in the park in Charlottenburg were rich in bloom, and their fragrance was sweet and delicate. The rose-bushes here are trained very high, the lower branches cut off, and they are like little trees,—rose-trees, with great luscious roses at the top. I was disappointed in the palace,—no luxury nor elegance. But the fine palaces are in Berlin and Potsdam; this is little used. Friedrich Wilhelm III., the father of the present Emperor, died here, and is buried in the mausoleum, by the side of the beautiful Louise; and this mausoleum and the statue of Louise give Charlottenburg its renown.

An avenue of hemlocks leads to the mausoleum ; and, in a mysterious way, you are subdued as you walk in their shadows, so that you are prepared to enter the stillness of the vault with softened, solemn feelings. The beautiful temple is a fit casket for the lovely statue of Queen Louise. It is the work of the celebrated Rauch. They say he was in love with the beautiful queen, and so chiselled each line with love, — genius inspired by love has produced this masterpiece. The queen lies asleep, for there is no death in the limbs so lightly crossed, the head so gently touching the pillow. In the face is love, gentle and tender, and none of the endless rest of death. It is lovely, and a faint blue light, streaming from above, tones it to more subdued beauty. The Emperor, at her side, lies in the grandeur of death. The two are buried in the vault beneath, and the Emperor visits this tomb of his parents, and holds a memorial service on her birthday.

But all my experiences pale before my début in German society ! — Parizelchen in Deutsche Gesellschaft ! Parizelchen is the name given me by the family ; “chen” is the diminutive, and “zelchen” the superlative of “chen.” They mean Parizelchen to express their liking for me. They have a peculiar idea that an American in their midst is a child, or something of the kind ; about the house — the Hauptmann especially so ; and it is charming to see this great stout German

captain, — a handsome man he is, — with a ferocious mustache, assume this care and interest in a stranger and a foreigner. He will rap at my door and half whisper — “Parizelchen, Parizelchen — ihre Hand.” And I will thrust my hand out at the door, when, putting something in, he closes it, and quickly turns away — and I will find in my hand a chocolate-drop, a nut, a bon-bon, some piece of confection ! Or he will place a sweetmeat of some kind at my plate, and then wait for me to discover it, and his enjoyment makes every little surprise a genuine pleasure. He frequently meets me after my lesson, and takes me to the Conditorei for chocolate. Then, as I sip the fragrant Chokolade and nibble the little seed-cake, he watches me with the greatest happiness, saying continually, “Nicht gut, Parizelchen ?” and, as we leave the shop, he buys me some of the confections, — once, a little marzipan pig. Surely, no American ever had a happier lot in the heart of a German family. Their enjoyment was as keen as mine when I finally received an invitation to attend a dinner with them, — a German company, and in glee they cried “now we shall see Parizelchen in a Deutsche Gesellschaft.”

The dinner was at Bork’s, a family of high rank — the gentleman, an official in the Mint. We arrived late, as it is “adel” (noble) to be late. We were ushered into a parlor full of ladies ; Herr

Hauptmann, into another room, with the gentlemen. The ladies were knitting — *cela va sans dire*. The talk was rapid and vapid; sandwiches, little cakes, and tea broke the monotony. Some sort of liquor, rum, was put in the tea by the ladies, — the only element that flavored the insipidity of the occasion. The gentlemen were playing cards; and wine, beer, smoke gave color to their councils. The talk of the ladies was mingled with "liebe Gertrude," "beste Elsa," "meine Beste," and we would call it, in America, "gushing." At ten o'clock the dinner was announced. A stately officer handed a card to me, which requested Herr Capitaine to take Fräulein Americanerin to the table — and thus we were introduced. He made himself very stiff, gave me a bow from the waist, and with military precision presented his arm, and with soldierly stride led me to the Saal. O, to hear the talk of that party! My officer was just what I had long sighed for, — one of the late army men, "hot from the wars!" How he did rave against the French! He declared that Germany had not exacted half as much from France as she ought to have done, and as she would yet do! He said that Germany had gone into the war with enthusiasm; the wrath of ages had been accumulating, and then "auf einmal ging es los!" The youth are being filled with hatred against the French; and

the many injuries of the past must yet be avenged, by an even greater humiliation. Then he told of the battles, and the siege of Paris, where he had been. He paid a glowing tribute to the French troops, saying they were brave and gallant, but that the officers were not equal to the time. He said, too, that the French were so *einseitig* they would never learn any language, and so were at a constant disadvantage; whereas the Germans had learned French, and knew how to help themselves in that country. O, how the whole company enthused over the victory! I was reminded of an English lady's criticism that here found illustration: The modern German is likely to become a thorn in the flesh of humanity at large, — not because he is victorious, but because he is forever blowing the blast of his victories on the trumpet of fame. Success is so sweet to him, power so new, triumph so intoxicating, that he *exacts* admiration. Grovel, and all is well; resist, and you are torn to pieces." Of course, I was too wise to resist, only saying, "hitherto and no farther" when they dared insinuate that even America might fear their power. Surprised, he questioned, "Are you Americans not afraid of the German nation?" "Why?" I innocently asked. "Why, our big army, our big soldiers! Is not America afraid?" "We? O, no! You would be afraid to cross the water." "Ganz recht, ganz recht!" the others cried, in the highest glee.

This officer seemed to think that he was obliged to scream at me, to make me understand German, and when I would tell him I understood him well, instead of softening his tone, he thought I was complimenting him, and his vigor increased as he would respond: "*Ja, ja, weil ich so deutlich und langsam spreche!*" The hostess had a book of conundrums, and would vary the entertainment by throwing these in at every chance. The dinner was in the usual courses, ending with the bread and the little rolled bits of butter and cheese; and the wine flowed freely, and healths were drunk all around. We were at table three hours, every moment delightful, although I have heard the Fräuleins groan over the long dinners. As they arose, they all shook hands, with a bow, and saying, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit!" Literally, this is "blessed meal-time!" and it is the custom to say this after every meal. It seems absurd, — why not say it before the meal? Everybody shook hands with everybody, at the same time ejaculating this "Gesegnete Mahlzeit!" The officer led me back to the salon, bowed stiffly again, and said "Empfehle mich!" and retired. This "empfehle mich" is another ridiculous phrase. It is "I recommend myself!" The gentlemen always use it when parting with ladies, — although we often fail to see how they can truthfully do so, with nothing to recommend, — and, in general society, it is a term used by ladies among each

other. I never know how to respond, — one has to overcome a great deal to recommend one's self continually. Thus, I made my entrance into German Gesellschaft, and it was highly enjoyable.

The next thing was one of the celebrated Kaffee-Klatsches. I had been so eager to attend one that I was elated at the opportunity. At five in the afternoon, we assembled, — eight German girls and four Americans. Each had her handiwork, in a bag, embroidered or painted, — beautiful work-bags they have; and we all sat about a table in the Speise-saal, working, eating, — above all, talking. Coffee and assorted cakes came first, then a big Torte ornamented with conserved fruits. After that came the Bowle, — a sort of lemonade, but made of mild wine and pineapple in this instance. In the spring, they make it look very pretty by sprinkling over the top Waldmeister, — a cruciferous plant, with a small white flower and delicate green leaves. This Mai-trank or Mai-bowle is the favorite beverage of the year. There was much fun with this Bowle. All arose, clinked the glasses, and toasted the "Kaiser." Then was proposed the "American Girls," and we gallantly responded with the "German Girls," and then "Our Hostess" was complimented. A song was started, about "crowning the wine-glass," and each one clinked the glass of her neighbor, who turned to the next one, and so all around; and the one who was clinking as the last

word was sung was obliged to drink all in her glass, — drink it out and fill it up, and start the song around again. Sometimes we spoke German, sometimes English. All but two were artists, studying in Gussow's atelier. It was interesting to hear them talk of their work, of the new rising artists, and all the professional gossip. These girl-parties are not insipid, nor uninteresting, but free, easy; a good time for fun, pleasure, and profit. At eight we left, after much hand-shaking.

On returning to the house, I found we had company for Abendbrod, — eight ladies, all named Wunder. For this company, we had for tea three or four kinds of sausage, raw ham, rye-bread, and beer! Is not that a commentary on the taste and constitution of the German ladies?

Another German entertainment, of a different kind, is added to the list. One of the home girls coaxed us to go to some German entertainment; a crowd of Americans were going, and so we went. We thought it was a concert, or something similar, and so wore our street dresses and gloves, but, behold! when we arrived there, every one was in full evening toilette! — long trains, bare arms and necks, light gloves, satins, flowers! We were a sorry-looking crowd, but we determined to see it through. There was singing, and some attempts at elocution, — a science about which they know nothing. And then we went to

supper! What do you think that was? Chicken-salad, oysters, ices? No, far be that from the substantial German taste! A plateful of meat — roast-beef or veal — and a roll or bread! “Lots” of beer and wine — *natürlich!* What a people! — a party to sit down to this! Our crowd was jolly. Mr. G. brought us three German doctors, one for each; and how the English and German mingled in converse sweet! Mrs. H., who is quite an American society lady, who chaperoned the American girls, sat at one end of our table, cutting brown bread, one of the long loaves, and, as each desired a piece, he would call out to her to cut another. All ate heartily. Our gentlemen insisted on paying for our suppers, saying they believed it was “American style.” One mark apiece was the charge.

After that, the dance. The German gentlemen come up, make their bow, and you are expected to dance with them, without any introduction or farther ceremony. They only take a couple of turns about the room, and then release you. There is no long dancing, no continued whirl with one partner. Every half-hour they would order us all out of the room, to ventilate the place, and then summon all again. It was not great pleasure, but we laughed a great deal, and it was “fun.” It was a party of a society similar to our S. P. C. A., and of a good class of people.

Another German company, but vastly different,

marks this débutante period. The German Y. M. C. A., started through American influence, has established a Lodging House and Restaurant for the poor; a charity modelled after our benevolent systems, new in Germany. Count Bernsdorf and Count von Waldersee, whose wife is an American, help in this work; and that draws many others. They have Teas every month, when a collection is taken up. There are also private meetings for the droschke-drivers, the various mechanics and their families. Tea and cake are given, or sandwiches and coffee. Dryander and Frommel, the two favorites in Berlin, often speak to them. At this particular meeting, there were between three and four hundred men, women, and children present, and Frommel was to speak. When the tea was over, no Frommel appeared. A disagreeable, fat old clergyman made a very long, twangy prayer, then a long, long, drawling hymn, and still no Frommel! Mrs. D. asked the clergyman to say a few words to the assembly, and he actually said *he could not without being prepared*. Now!—a clergyman not able to speak to these people without preparation!—is it credible? Another hymn was sung, all through,—and the German hymns have an endless number of verses,—and no Frommel! Mrs. D. then spoke herself, but the whole company seemed so dispirited and disappointed it was pitiful. All of a sudden, that lithe, graceful figure stepped quickly

into the room, and such a rustle of joyous reassurance and satisfaction ran through the whole crowd, that it made your heart thrill; it was as if each one had received some good gift. At six, he had had a wedding; at seven and a quarter, he was ordered to the crown princess of Sweden; from there called to administer the sacrament to a dying man, and from that death-bed he came to the meeting;—so he was more than excusable for his tardiness. He spoke beautifully on the Lord's prayer, and the people listened with tears in their eyes, and departed in a subdued yet happy manner.

The German entertainments and the company and customs afford the most fascinating study; but we favored Americans in Berlin are not wholly dependent upon it. There are many Americans here studying—about three hundred. It is said the student Americans come to Berlin; the society people, to Dresden, where it is easy to get into court society. We Americans meet at church in the American chapel, and, during the winter, American receptions are held on Thursday evenings, at the home of a resident American. The receptions are very informal, consequently enjoyable; and we realize the blessing of having one spot where compatriots may meet. Our hostess is mistress of the salon,—a perfect one; probably, a grace that rests upon her easily because natural, arising from her own lovely nature, that leads her to try to make every one

happy and at ease. She knows just how to direct all the various elements in a gathering, so as to bring out the best in each individual. Her tact is a gift. You love to have her approach you ; her voice is soft and musical, her grace a constant pleasure, and, altogether, she reminds one of the Holbein Madonna, with her golden hair and soft tenderness. The old and new Americans have a jolly time comparing experiences among the foreign people. The colony is like one family, exchanging sympathies and congratulations: each new arrival creates a sensation, and our saddest experience is the departure of those we have learned to appreciate. It is continually "come and go." It must be hard on the residents, who take an interest in this flitting crowd, continually meeting and parting—partings finally become indifferent matters. It proves all the more the goodness of our hostess, that she continues to open a home for the many, who flit through, enjoy it, and then forget all about it. But this family show that pure goodness in myriad ways. They have forty or more poor families dependent upon them for help,—not only material help, but personal help in their homes, in sickness; and the interests of these poor are as carefully considered as their own. All is done in such a quiet way, and they hate notice, yet such goodness is so rare in the world, and wickedness so vaunted, that it is a duty to spread the knowledge of good deeds. They are inspiring to others.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LUTHER YEAR IN LUTHER LAND.

THE German world stands still to remember all it ever knew about Luther. Celebrate? The Germans alone know what it is to celebrate. They give themselves up wholly to the time, and as a unit the nation plunges into a celebration. The Luther Year is an epoch in German history. Eighteen hundred and eighty-three will ever be called the Luther Jubilee Year. It is the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Reformer, and the land of his birth has honored him as no memory has ever been honored. Think of a *year's* celebration. The enthusiasm grew as the year advanced, until on the great day, the birthday of the Reformer, November 10, the enthusiasm reached such a climax, such a height of demonstration, as to fairly bewilder a foreigner. Time, which dulls even the most illustrious fame, which causes the heroes so adored by the people to fall back into the common ranks of the great, has only increased the glory of Luther, brought him forward for renewed love and honor, until he seems to stand as the very greatest among the

great. Many who at their death are crowned with laurels have been judged by succeeding ages with cooler judgment, and found their true place among the world's benefactors; but, to-day, as not in his own or any succeeding age, is the true greatness of Luther seen, and every new study reveals a new power in him, lifts him higher, so that, after four centuries, he stands as the very crown of heroism. How the people of Germany love him! yet he has been such a benefactor to the race that all love and reverence are due him.

Generally, we think of Luther simply as the Reformer; but this revival of the history of the Reformation epoch has revealed how many other blessings were brought into existence by the rise of this freedom from Rome. Not only was it freedom from the power of the Papacy, politically, but it was freeing the conscience from blind slavery to the church, freeing the mind from the thralldom of tradition, from superstition, from the binding shackles of the past. It was breaking iron chains, strong in centuries' strength; it was dispelling the long night of the Middle Ages; it was rolling away the weight of cruel ages of wrong. Man was a slave, in the most pitiable slavery,—he must perish, or come forth as God designed, a free individual soul.

All this was meant by the Reformation. All this it accomplished, and side by side with this

great work for the individual and the world came all the blessings of civilization, higher intellectual and social life, the growth of art and science, and commercial prosperity. All date from this epoch. In one of the large art galleries in Berlin, on the grand staircase, are the six celebrated paintings of Kaulbach. Perhaps the most beautiful, at least the most significant at this time, is the one representing the sixteenth century. There is the group of Elizabeth, — Raleigh, Shakespeare, and the famed contemporaries; there is Angelo and the boy Raphael; there Dante, Cervantes; there Columbus, Galileo; there Melancthon, Huss, — but in the very centre, overlooking all these separate groups, is the figure of Luther, holding high above his head the open Bible, from which light streams on all these. Truly, we recognize that it was not Luther alone who brought the blessing — all these are great. The time was ready for the new life; but it called for a great soul to set the time aright. In the heart of Luther the call was heard, and bravely he responded.

Aside from this great national work, in which the whole world has a part, which gave to the world freedom from Rome, other great blessings look to Luther as their founder. He is not Reformer alone, but brings rich gifts to make that life of freedom stronger and brighter. He is the founder of church music — a power which

has brought many under the influence of the Spirit. There were no great chorals before his hymns, not much worthy church music, with the single exception of the compositions of Palestrina, and an eminent professor says on the Luther day, "Whosoever listens to-day to the sublime choruses of the Oratorios of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, which lift one from the turmoil of life into the heights of devotion, must not forget that these great works would have been impossible without the influence of the Reformation, without the introduction of the German chorals into the church service, which was done by Martin Luther."

Next, he is the founder of the general educational system of public schools for youth. This had no existence before his time, but he agitated the subject, and, by word, writing, and active assistance in the establishment of such schools, founded a permanent system. He firmly held that the foundation of a prosperous state must be in an education of the people, the masses. Although he considered much less was necessary for girls, — still the prevailing judgment of Germany, — yet it was a great advance then to make any movement in behalf of female education. The study of the Bible in the school was a part of his plan, a feature which still rules in Germany.

He gave to the German people a fixed language.

The various dialects of the provinces created discord, but harmony was established when the Bible was given to the people in Sachsen, which thus became the foundation of a uniform speech. With the spread of the Bible this form of speech became the speech of the people and the language of literature, the same used in its richness by Goethe and Schiller. He gave to this people the German church, a church *of the people*. No longer the Latin muttering, with its unintelligible reiterations, but the simple, true, pure Word, in a tongue understood by all the people.

One other great national movement must be mentioned as owing its origin to Luther,—the press and the free expression of public opinion. Before this, the people dared express no opinion of their own: they faithfully held to that of tradition and of the powers above them. But when the obscure monk and professor, having in vain struggled with his doubts and questionings in his own study, came forth, boldly laid these before the world, asking, begging, challenging for a free discussion, "to know whether these things be true or no," in that day was born the free expression of man's opinion; and these theses on the church door—that old MS. was the first sign of the coming change—the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which has grown and spread, covering the whole earth. Individual opinion is a right now, and the press speaks the

opinions of many men. What a glorious work! What an age! No wonder the enthusiastic young knight, Ulrich Von Hütten, cried, in the exultation of the hour: "O welches Jahrhundert! die Geister erwachen. Es ist eine Lust zu leben!" So the German nation may well celebrate the day, which, while meaning much to all the world, celebrates her rise even more than the victory of Hermann in the Teutoberger Wald. The nation has thrown itself with fervent zeal into the jubilee; and every province, city, and village, every institution, seminary, and gymnasium, every church, society, and organization, even the city political parties, have celebrated the epoch by a lecture course; and in the capital city, Berlin, for more than two months, each night a lecture was given, under some organization, upon one of the many phases of the Reformation and labor of the Reformers. There has consequently been a most thorough review of the history of four centuries ago, and the whole people are familiarized with all the events, causes, the full spirit and significance of the world's history at that time. Literature, lectures, pictures, statues, memorials, music, — all bear upon this theme, and it is, indeed, a revival of the days and work of Luther. *Everything* — Luther! The stores crowded with Luther relics, the Luther picture in every window, and, as it looked out upon the passing crowds from beer and butcher shops, the words

printed beneath — “Here I stand — I can do no other” — seemed to bear a new significance. Such was the ardor and zeal that some of our Americans, living out of the Luther regions in America, amazed at it, all cry, “The world is Luther-mad!” Yet here the Americans learn what power is in this “greatest son of Germany,” who worked for the good of the whole world.

In Berlin the birthday celebration was more decorous, and not so picturesque as in the villages, where the people delight in less formal demonstrations. The city was gay with flags, and they have many kinds in Germany — a distinct one for the Emperor, the Crown Prince, the two Houses, the various departments of the Empire, — all different. Our own stripes and stars waving from the department of the American legation — the most beautiful of all! The day was made a religious holiday. Early in the morning the strains of the familiar choral, “Ein feste Burg,” called us to the balcony and there marching through the middle of the street — remember the beauty and cleanliness of Berlin streets — were the school children, a long procession of boys, girls, teachers, professors. They were marched to the different churches, and, as education is compulsory, we may well suppose that nearly every child in Berlin attended divine services on the Luther Birthday. Each child re-

ceived a book, the life of Luther, as a memorial. As there are so few churches in proportion to the population, this service was exclusively for the children, and no one else was admitted to the church to crowd them out.

From the head of the State came the orders for the day, and all departments of the State were represented in procession, the officials marching from the City Hall to Nicolai Church, where the imperial family joined them, and religious services were held. The streets were jammed with the throng of people, waiting for hours to see this procession.

The patience of the German is something beyond the comprehension of the American mind. It is probably disciplined into them by the military training. There are many occasions to observe it ; but one thing is particularly noticeable — it always strikes an American, probably with more pity than admiration, to see the sentinels at the doors of the palaces and royal buildings. There these poor young men stand — apparently, *always*, although we hear there is a change of guard every few hours, — never moving, never turning their eyes, erect, motionless, with the heavy guns straight at the side ! What more tiresome ? So the crowds have learned patience, and await in high good-humor the procession of officials. There is the highest respect for office of any kind, as the classes are so distinctly marked. The City

Fathers led the line, then the preachers (officers of the State), in gown and cap, — the officials with a silver chain, with a great key attached, hung about their necks; most striking of all, the University professors, each in the royal robes of his department, rich purple, deep blue, glowing scarlet. Our neighbor, Professor Zupitza, bowed to us with a dignity becoming his learned appearance in the glistening purple of his professional gown. Quite imposing, this array of temporal, spiritual, and intellectual power, escorted by boy attendants, bearing the standards with the black bear of Berlin, and all marching to the Luther Chorals. We caught a glimpse, too, of the royal equipages, of the helmet of the Emperor, — something dazzling from each carriage. They had disappeared while we were yet trying to realize that there really was the great Emperor. How the people love the old man — the grand old hero! As he passed, hats were thrown in air, cheers rose in greeting. Well, he has ruled grandly, and Germany was never so great as in his time.

A third service, this time for the public, was held in all the churches in the evening. We went to the Dom, the court church, — formerly Roman Catholic, but now under the religion of the State. One of the finest boy-choirs of Europe sings here, and this memorial was a responsive Scripture-reading and song-service. Luther hymns to Bach music, the organ, the

Chor of men and boys, the sacred words of Scripture to a standing people,—it was solemn and beautifully impressive. Everywhere, at all the concerts—even in the Sing Academy—the custom of a *Feier* was observed, the music listened to in silence,—no conversation, no applause. The day was celebrated in a manner becoming the memorial of such an event.

Very appropriately, the students had a special celebration of the birthday, in recognition of Dr. Martin Luther, the Professor of Wittenberg—who, during the years of his connection with Wittenberg, drew students from all parts of Europe, to the number of seventy thousand! It seemed a fitting tribute for the students of the present day to unite in a celebration of the Luther year.

A few Americans, through the influence of the University professors, secured admission; for the public could not possibly be allowed entrance to so large a festival, and we felt happy in our good-fortune. The celebration was held in Philharmonic Hall, and we obtained seats in the private boxes looking down on the scene.

Over a thousand students, and many of the University professors, assembled in the hall, which was decorated with the colors of the various societies. The societies of students are not such as our student knows, societies for intellectual culture; neither are they for the amuse-

ments enjoyed by our college boys — cricket, football, boating, are all too tame for the German taste. These societies, called Chors and Verbindungen, are for social pleasure, consisting chiefly of beer-drinking, singing, and smoking, with the occasional diversion of a duel, as their field-sport. There are many societies, all rivals to each other, although many hold a friendly relation. They generally meet twice a week, holding a *kneipe* as they call it, which means an evening of drinking and singing. The amount of beer one can drink, and the number of duels he has fought, denotes his rank of heroism. In these duels the face alone is attacked, and almost every young man you meet on the street has a scarred face, — “marks of honor” they are called. One student was pointed out particularly as a remarkable hero — the hero of twenty-four duels. Several in this Commers (union of the chors), this Luther Fest, still had bandages over their heads, and the majority — yes, all with few exceptions — were disfigured. It seems a relic of barbarism rather than a custom of an enlightened, highly educated society.

The various societies, in uniform, — gayly colored little caps, — sat about long tables, where the beer-glasses were glittering, — a host of them. At the head of each table were the officers, — cream-colored gauntlets, wide silk sashes, sabres in hand, and the most absurd tiny gold and

red embroidered caps, perched on the front part of the head. The University professors were met at the door, and conducted to seats on the platform; in great state, an officer with glittering sabre marched before and another followed the honored professors. The professors—indeed, all people of learning—are always treated with profound respect. In truth, learning is esteemed at the expense of morals, and vice is altogether overlooked where there is intellectual power.

One—two—three!—heavy sabre-strokes on the tables, by the officers, in unison, call the assembly to order. A few commands in Latin. Listen to their opening song:—"In this happy hour, we are invited, a band of German youths, to celebrate a sacred festival; so let from every soul a prayer be raised on high." In the second verse:—"Whom shall we praise first? God, who has given us power and strength, raised us from darkness, and who shall reign forever and ever." Then the thousand students rise, and in majesty rolls forth, "Ein feste Burg." All the verses are sung with no need of printed words, and it seems a grand thing for the young men of the nation to know thus the "Battle Song." Yet as the next thing, after the tribute of words in a speech of the President to the memory of Dr. Luther, was a toast in his memory, and the beer-glasses were drained, the question came,—Which will have the most power over

their lives — the beer, or this grand hymn? The drinking continued. Grand songs, with the deepest religious sentiment, mingled with all. We confess we are unable to bring a reconciliation for the two, — the union of the spiritual, and what to us is only associated with the lowest material life and commonest pleasures. The whole Fest is an anomaly. The professors made speeches, proposed toasts, and, while it was delightful to see such a pleasant relationship between student and professor, to us it was shocking to see professor and student thus drinking together. The scene is unique. Through clouds of smoke, we could see the great body of students filling the hall below, their gay colors, the glitter of glasses, and flash of sabres. Then the rolling commands in Latin, the three heavy sword-strokes, the speeches in the foreign tongue, the clinking of glasses, raised high, the shout, "Hoch, hoch, hoch!" — the salamander to complete the din, and the final blast of trumpets. This salamander consists in taking the glass by the handle, rattling it terribly on the table, and setting it down with a fearful "thump." Imagine a thousand glasses rattled and thumped! — always the blast of the trumpets following! It was more like a piece of acting to us than a participation in real life. Yet it is *very real* to the students. One thing was quite pretty. Whenever the Kaiser was men-

tioned in song or toast, off came the thousand caps, and, as one man, the thousand rose in honor ; so also at the mention of woman. This latter seemed rather absurd to us, after having been accosted several times by students on the street, and considering, too, the position of women in Germany, where we had often seen a woman and a dog equally yoked together to drag a cart through the streets.

After midnight we left them to the smoke, the song, the beer. Three hours was as much as we could stand, and this social side of the student life is a great pride of the German heart. They will enthusiastically rave over this for hours, and exclaim, " Oh, the student life of Germany is glorious ! " They laugh at the " youthful errors ; " and every fault — sin — is covered by the ready phrase, " One is young only once ! " We have a collection of German songs, the favorite songs of the people, and some of these student songs, commonly sung, and great favorites, would be considered a disgrace in our national college life. While we admire the intellectual side of the student life, let us be grateful for the greater moral power among our students, that would forbid this semi-weekly carousal and open immorality.

The world awaits the results of this awakening in the Luther Jubilee Year. It may be that this revival of the truths of the Reformation will be as a spirit moving upon the face of the waters, which

will finally stir their depths. Germany needs to be stirred in its very heart to a new spirit, a new religious life. Will this Luther year bear such power? Surely, something must remain from all this enthusiasm and study. It may have created a new zeal for Bible truth, or that the new generation will grow up more fervent and sincere, and stem the tide of irreligion in the land, — the land of great music on religious themes, of great art painting religious scenes, the land whence came the Bible light of the Reformation, and which above all lands should portray in its people the ideal Christian life.

While some of the ministry are dead to this aspect of this year, who regard it as a national rather than a religious celebration, still the voices of some are heard crying for results, for a new reformation. Frommel has sent out a little Memorial Luther Book, and it opens calling for results. Here is his call: "There are many kinds of festivals. That one alone is a true festival which bears results. After many a feast nothing remains behind, and when the festal lights have burned out, and the gay wreaths have withered, the guests departed, then the feast is over. Within the heart no light remains, no flowers still bloom. But that is a sad feast. The festival which does not stir the *depths* cannot reach the *heights*. The Luther festival is meant to reach the *depths*. It is not a festival in

honor of a man, as that of Goethe or Schiller, but this celebrates the *Grace of God* to our German people. The Reformation came to us through tears and blood; yet we, who have inherited this great good, have not always been true to it. This should cause us to repent, should touch our hearts, and urge us forward to a new love and new life in this Present."

With a sterner voice Pastor Ziegler, of Liegnitz, speaks, in the Berlin Festival Leaf. He says, "On this Tenth of November we look not only with pride and admiration, but at the same time with longing, on this greatest son of German land. From him, who released us from the Roman yoke, who loved our people, who renewed us morally and spiritually as no other, we must learn for the present, and let him teach us again, the way to a new birth. By the same power, he became our deliverer then, we must to-day find strength to conquer our great internal weakness and disorder. It is becoming, in this Luther Festival, to search the character and work of Luther, in order that those now living may be guided to a new life. Now, we are a strong nation; we are not lacking those to protect us from outer foes, but we lack a spiritual reformer, — one who will change the inner life of the nation, who will bring help for our poor, weak, feeble religious life."

This same pastor recognizes the tendency to celebrate a national rather than a religious fes-

tival, and protests : " Whosoever tries to separate Luther's faith from his personality loses the conception of the whole man. Luther, the German patriot, the teacher and friend of humanity, the founder of the schools and German home life, is inseparable from the Reformer of the Church, the *deep, pious Christian*. The power by which he broke the bonds of Rome, and became the deliverer of our people from the Babylonian Captivity, was not his *Doctrine*, but his *Faith*. We wish to enjoy the fruits of the Reformation, but pluck out its very roots from our hearts." . . . " With a holy anger he cast down Rome, which had made a cleft between life and faith. To-day, again, we must unite in this, and cast away the *contradiction between our religious forms and our daily life, our creed and our worldly actions*. The Reformation is not a work long since finished. To-day, Luther's spirit cries : ' Worship God in spirit and in truth, and strive to establish a true Christian life among the church membership. Do not deceive yourselves with the dream that the church of to-day is what it can or ought to be, but strive to bring Church and State into real Christian life.' "

CHAPTER VII.

HOLY NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS in Germany! — how we Americans have been looking forward to the pleasure of this season, and it has been far beyond even our brightest dreams! From childhood days we began to have a love for the German Christmas. Our pretty little Christmas stories are from the German; there is a heartiness in the celebration of the Germans in our midst, and from many sources we have gained the impression that Germany is the land for the true Christmas. Experience confirms the opinion. It really seems that here, above all lands, the true Christmas feeling is known, the spirit of “good-will to men.” It is a holy time, and the nation, as a whole, burns with love to the “old, old story.” With us in America Christmas is chiefly a family celebration. True, we recognize its sacred origin, and the churches commemorate divine history; but when one sees the great religious festival of Germany’s Christmas, there comes the feeling that we have but faintly recognized the Christmas story in our holiday season. The distinguishing feature of the

German Christmas is the religious ceremony, the observance of the time as a sacred and solemn season.

There are minor distinctions, aside from this one great fact, — the religious character, — which are at once noticed by a foreigner. In the home celebrations, we miss one or two of the sweet little joys found in the American home : the fascinating legend of Santa Claus, his reindeer, the ride over the house-tops, the descent through the chimney, and the waiting stockings. The little German child knows naught of the delight of our little ones, of sending letters with the flames up the chimney ; or lying for hours before the glowing fire, wondering about the little man who comes on “the night before Christmas” ; of the stockings hung by the hearth, and the rushing to them in the early Christmas morn. Ah, we are glad not to have missed this sweet childhood dream, but how can it be possible in Germany, with no open hearths, and only these monumental white stoves ? So we find there is a peculiar beauty in our own Christmas, even while we love the spirit in the German celebration.

Perhaps the best place to see the true German Christmas would be in the country or some small town or village ; for here ancient customs have not yielded to modern civilization as in large cities, where, naturally, much intercourse with the world abroad tends to abolish old national traits.

Life in cities, the world over, is much the same ; yet there is something in the German character that resists much of this modern influence, and makes them cling to their own national life and customs, so that even Berlin, with its million and a half inhabitants, still retains the marked German life. There is this, also, to favor the continuance of it — the marked division between the upper and lower classes. In the very heart of the city are people with all the appearance and peculiarity of peasants, and none of the city influences can change them to city people. In dress, in manners, in daily living, they are still peasants, so that in Berlin one may study the German *people*, as well as catch glimpses of that life in the court, so far, far above these hard-working, tax-paying subjects. In America the domestic apes the mistress, for it may lie within her golden dreams to be a mistress herself some day, and all the laboring classes are striving for a higher rank, at least for their children ; the humblest laborer may have traits of a lady, and it is often difficult to distinguish the workers and the society people on a fashionable promenade. Not so in Germany. There is strong class distinction, so that the great metropolis readily shows all the phases of the national life. Then, too, Berlin has only reached its greatness since the late war, and has not yet grown accustomed to grandeur, nor shaken off its primitive ways. A Frenchman in the pension gave a good

criticism on Berlin when he remarked, "For a large city, it is wonderfully like a little town." So at Christmas time we really receive a good idea of the holiday as celebrated by the *people*,—great *burgher* and humble *bauer*.

Early in the season, the city prepares for its holiday. How beautiful the city looks, made ready for the holidays. There are magnificent stores—all bewildering in artistic arrangement of bronzes, works of art in metal, *bric-à-brac*. And the toy stores!—there are the dolls in all the national costumes of the world, and windows all bristling with combating soldiers. You never saw such windows! And the candy stores!—no, the word "candy" is distinctively American, and never used across the waters: in Germany and France it is *bonbons*; in England, "sweets." The Germans do not eat candy as a habit, as we do, but at Christmas time there—according to their idiom—"it goes loose!" But it is the "Pfeffer Kuchen" that is the great distinguishing delicacy of Christmas-tide. It must be a fact that there is not a house, family, or person in Germany without this at this time. It is a sort of hard ginger or spice cake, sometimes with nuts, sometimes a chocolate cake, and made in all sorts of shapes. There are great squares and small ones, then stars, circles, animals, men, various shaped articles, round, diamond, hearts with verses upon them, some with candied surfaces, some with sugar in

various designs and of various colors ; some done up in little bundles in colored or gilt paper—O, it is impossible to tell all the tempting forms these sweets take! *Everybody* buys. The stores are crowded for weeks. In the German Christmas, do not forget that *Pfeffer Kuchen* plays a great rôle. The flower stores are a feast to the eyes. Where in the world are there such flower stores as in Germany? Each one speaks a message of cheer, and as the workers hurry on their way, filled with daily cares, there comes a fragrance, a fresh breath, as they pass by, that makes life that day sweeter. The flower girls are refreshing to see. Flowers and the flower trade mean much more in Germany than in any other land. They do not seem to exist as a business, and to make a demand upon the people, but they spring up as flowers of nature do, for the blessing of the people, called into being by the demand for beauty in the soul of man. The lovely stores, the fresh, simple-hearted, pretty-mannered girls, in the flower world of Germany, exist to make life better and happier ;—in England, in many places, this is lost, and “money” is the spirit beneath and on the surface. At Christmas time, the flower stores are like a vision of fairyland, and the homes are fresh and fair with their living beauty. Flowers are a factor not to be omitted among Christmas joys.

What else? We linger at the stores. The butcher, or meat shops must not be forgotten.

You would scarcely know a meat shop here as a relative of that abominably ugly place we call by that name in America. Think of entering such a store: marble mosaic floors, walls beautifully painted in pictures, high-frescoed ceilings, and, amid flowers and plants, on marble tables and counters, the cleanest, most tempting meats, cooked, garnished,—all served by rosy German girls in white aprons and caps! Such is the German butcher shop. People stand and gaze in the windows as at any art store. At Christmas time they are at the height of their glory, for then every one must have meat, which is often a rarity in German families. O, yes! we must mention one amusing custom. You often see a chair, with a white apron tied about it, hanging up in front of a meat store. That is to signify “warm Wurst,” an ancient custom that still holds in Berlin.

It is hard to leave the stores, but we must hasten to the markets. Every open square has been turned into a market. Some are for the sale of Christmas trees, and there is that odor throughout the city,—the sight of the trees, the spicy odor, adding to the “Christmas feeling.” Every family must have its tree, so these squares are little fragrant forests for weeks before the holiday. Other squares have booths, with articles for presents. As the handsome stores have revealed the Christmas of the rich German society,

so here we read the Christmas joys of this other — the peasant class in the large city. O, what odd things! All sorts of wooden animals, knit dolls, all varieties of caps, — the German men and boys seem fond of caps, — shoes of queer shapes and materials, candles, wax figures, woollen articles, nuts gilded and decorated, and everywhere — Pfeffer Kuchen.

Then there is the great Weihnacht's Markt at the Schloss Platz. In the open square about the Old Palace in Berlin, booths are erected where the people may sell their wares. How some of these poor people look forward for months to this market, when they may be able to make a little money! The market holds for two weeks; alas, if it is rainy weather! The people will go to the stores then, and the Christmas season is a sad disappointment. One woman, last year, in the bitterness of her disappointment, hanged herself. This market is a relic of the centuries. In the last few years of the wonderful growth of Berlin, it has been thought that this was "too rustic, too country-like," and that it should be abandoned, but the old Emperor says that as long as he lives it shall remain, as so many poor people delight in it, and for some poor children it is the greatest pleasure of the holidays. And such crowds of children! — each screaming, yelling, "only ten pfennige!" — children with picture books, whips, whistles, rattles, birds, running after the vis-

itors, plead and beg until you *must* buy. It is a picturesque scene. Booths, hundreds of them, offer for sale wax candles, tree ornaments, knit garments, carved articles, musical instruments, dolls innumerable, and — Pfeffer Kuchen! The floating merchants are ridiculous as they mingle with the crowds and cry out their wares in humorous rhymes. America plays a great rôle in the Weihnacht's Markt.

“Hier ist die reiche Tante Veronika
Gerade aus Amerika —
Kommt nur einmal das Jahr!”

is the song as they display some jumping figure. It is all laughable. The boys and girls — of course of the lower classes — have a jolly time. Even some of our American students could not resist the fun, and caught the example, and, filling their pockets with pfeffer nuts and apples, divide them among the crowds of laughing, screaming girls that gather about, and how they run and pelt each other! The Markt is quite a national feature, — its crowds, noise, humor, very characteristic of the happy good-humor of the German.

How the poor enjoy all this! This belongs to the good times of Christmas, — this giving away to humor and fun without restraint. Every one yields to the general good-feeling, and how can it be other than a glad, merry time in the land? Is not this the right spirit for Christmas? Let the

heart forget its own care thus once a year, and, thinking of our duty to make the world cheerful in this gladsome time, let us allow the free heart its pleasure. This is done in Germany. It seems a nation of children now. Men and women talk over secrets with all the glee and enthusiasm of children, and we feel that Christmas retains the charm we felt it once had, when we were little ones. Too often, with us, the spell dissolves with childhood days ; older grown, we feel that

“Something sweet followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.”

Yet here we find a nation keeping up to old age all that childhood ~~miss~~. What is the secret?—Simplicity, the good-will to all men.

In the homes, Christmas begins to reign long before the authorized holidays,—here is the very heart of Christmas joy. What preparations must be made,—what a long list to be remembered! *Everybody* is remembered ; usually with only a little thing, a mere trifle, yet beautiful, as expressing thought, remembrance. The German heart just expands and opens itself at Christmas time. The one thought that fills the being is *give* : no wonder it is a happy, happy time, for mankind is happiest when *giving*. We venture to say that there is no one in the land who does not receive and give, and even the poorest and most wretched

must have a moment of happiness — it may be the only time in the year — on Christmas day.

The Gifts! Would we appreciate them? As a nation, we like everything on a large scale. It is a national trait, born of our country, with its large rivers, great plains, mountains, stretch of land, — our nature is like the nature of our land. In Germany, a little thing is of moment and value, and so the presents are generally little things, — weighed not by outer worth, but rich in that sweeter, stronger, rarer power, — loving thought. This remembering one's friends, once a year, with some little token, is a very precious thing, sweetens the burdened life, and our Christmas cards, not known in Germany, give us this opportunity to send a loving message. In Germany, no one is omitted on the list to be remembered — from the house portier and his children, to the friend who is remembered for some slight act of kindness during the past year. Christmas time is the time to recall past kindnesses — a general revival of all that is good and blessed in life, and lovely in the human heart. What a blessing to the race is Christmas tide!

In our family the long list is made out, and the presents must be gathered. What fun we have! Doubtless, many Americans would laugh over the presents, and so did we; but it was a laugh of enjoyment, and not derision. A box was packed to be sent to the country relatives, — each one

remembered : bunches of artificial flowers, ribbons, fans, bracelets (silver, with "Gott schütze dich" engraved on them), *edelweiss* pins, fancy aprons, reticules, and knit garters, wash-rags, laces, collars, raisin men, toys, — O, what not ? — And in all, over all, mixed with all, Pfeffer Kuchen ! On each the name was written, and a verse, and the joy of the receivers was anticipated in a lively manner ! Elsa and Frau Hauptmann, and the Herr — how they rattled on, and I even happier than they ! — And the return box from the country relatives ! Knit articles beyond enumeration or description ; such meat, sausages ! — such butter, cheeses ! A breath from the farm-house, the freshness of the open land, comes with the box, and town and country unite in Christmas joy.

The post-wagons, — yellow, beetle-like affairs, — are rattling all day, the post-horn blows incessantly, and the great wagons stand at the railroad stations to receive the countless packages, boxes, bundles, greetings of kind hearts. And how each family rushes to the window as the post-wagon stops, and each wonders — "Is it ours ?" and ears listen intently to note at which landing, on which side of the hall, the quick step halts, and the bell sounds loud to the listening ear. Every one is in the most pleasant expectancy, and each household in a happy recipient state. O, it is charming ! and dear old Christmas is blessed

again and again for its spell of happiness in this work-day world of ours.

It is a time for the poor. There is a general caring for the poor, and a helpful one. In the schools the children are all requested to bring garments, money, whatever may be convenient; and in each ward a certain time is appointed for the distribution of these. In Germany, while it is a poor land, we do not see the wretchedly poor as seen everywhere in richer countries. Whether it is that the German has a higher respect for himself and will not allow or suffer the outward show of poverty, or whether there is greater help, more systematic assistance given them, or whether it is, as some affirm, that open exhibition of poverty is repressed by force of the law, we cannot say,—we only know that here we have seen no downright beggary, although a grateful acceptance of all given without it. In England there is beggary of every description; the blind, the lame at every corner in London, and mendicants beset the boarding-houses that Americans frequent, and follow them on the streets with pitiful tales. Near to Germany, Austria has its beggars, playing organs and harps on all the public roads. In Germany, while the cry is continually “a poor people,” there is no open wretchedness. The rich families care for families individually, and the State has a proportionate pension. In wealthy families there is a special celebration for their

poor. Through the kindness of Mrs. M., through whom so many of my German experiences have been gained, I was privileged to witness such a *Bescheerung* at their home.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, and the salon that has witnessed so many Thursday evening receptions, and been the spot of so much pleasure to the Americans in exile, now presented another testimony to the goodness in the hearts of these rare Christians. A long table, laden with gifts, and bright with a lighted Christmas-tree, awaited the expectant families. We few invited guests kept back in the corner,—the feast was not ours. The piano in this room was played, and from the other room came the music of voices united in "*Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.*" The doors opened, and the families (thirty or more, with the addition of many little ones) came in and took their designated places at the table. Dr. S. had been invited to speak to them, and the words of the short address and of the prayer that followed, amidst such a scene, brought tears to every eye,—one of our young gentlemen could not restrain his sobs, and left the room. Then, spontaneously the children joined in the exercises. One after the other the little ones approached Mrs. A.—more a Holbein Madonna than ever, as she lovingly stood among them, those she labors for, and whose cares burden her heart and rest upon her even as upon them. The

children spoke verses or sang songs with pleasure to be able to add their gift. It was delightful! Then the happy faces as the gifts were examined! These friends had been sewing for weeks to make happiness where trial is known; and the abundance of warm garments, of all necessary articles, was true help to them. Each seemed to receive just what was needed—shoes, stockings, quilts, skirts, underwear, mittens, and what awoke pleasure they could not help showing; each family received a large piece of meat, groceries, and a thaler. Was this not a rich Christmas to them! O, the bliss of those little ones with the dolls! Bags and baskets, which they brought with them, were packed and laden with substantial gifts, and the happy crowd, on returning to their homes, could feel that the love of Christ for mankind must be true if he puts such love in the hearts of his servants, and the poor must unite in praise to the Christ-child and the celebration of the Christ Birthday.

This over, we adjourned to the drawing-room for our celebration, and now comes the fun! We all received some little token—just for fun! You cannot imagine the wit and fun and surprise of the evening! Mrs. A.'s wit touches the point every time,—keen, bright, sharp, versatile; if there is a spark of wit in any one, hers kindles it, and a consequent good time follows. The

gifts were all absurd, and accompanied by verses. One young man, a student of philosophy, actually says he understands Hegel; so he got an owl, with this verse :—

“ Here’s a fowl,
He’s an owl;
See him think,
Watch him wink,
Will you not?
He reflects
And dissects
German thought.
But he’s baffled and perplexed,
Shall I tell you why he’s vexed?
’Tis no wonder, you will grant,—
He would understand Hegel and (C) Kant!”

How we all enjoyed it, and none more so than the young philosopher. Another—a young German, who also philosophizes, received a marzipan peach and this verse :—

“ Hier ist ein Stückchen Marzipan,
Veracht es nicht, denn sieh’,
Wenn auch nur Zucker, ist’s zugleich
Ein Stück Philosophie:
Es ist ein kleines ‘Ding an sich,’
Wie man zu sagen pflegt,
Doch ist es auch zugleich ‘Für sich’ (Pfersich)
So tief ist’s angelegt.”

My gift was no joke, and I was the happiest there; in a little red plush frame, a picture of Mrs. A., and the writing, “One cannot give more than one’s self.”

In our family there was the loveliest spirit to a stranger and a foreigner. With the family there was a plate also for the American, and covering all, in recognition of home, an American flag! What if it has only eleven stripes, what if but thirty stars, and what if these stars are eight-pointed!—was there ever an American flag so welcome, so delightful, and shall it not come forth—the German American flag—every future Christmas, in remembrance of that happy Christmas in the heart of a German family, in the German land? A tiny Christmas tree was at my plate, its bits of candle lighted; a bunch of roses, red and white, made of soap, bonbons, and Pfeffer Kuchen. The chief gift, and very precious to me, shows the spirit of the German giving—how they make a gift of inestimable value through thought, sentiment. This gift has value untold to me. In a brass frame—a picture of Dryander. Knowing how “the little American” loved his preaching, the Hauptmann had gone to him, and secured this, his name and a verse and the date written on the back of the card. Was it not a beautiful Christmas thought? Far over the seas, the stranger finds warm hearts and love. Indeed, in many ways they endeavored to make me not miss home at this time. They asked all about the American Christmas dinner, and allowed me to invite several of the Americans to dinner, where the turkey was prepared

with close observance to American recipe, and the preisel-beeren made to resemble our own cranberries, and the city scoured for a rare bunch of celery, that cost an extraordinary sum. What more was needed to make happiness perfect?—How often had I sighed and groaned for a rocking-chair, and did not one put in appearance that morning? Mrs. M. said my intense satisfaction in a rocking-chair at their Thursday evenings led to the remembrance, and, while the Germans scorn “a student and a rocking-chair!” I can smile at all the scorn, and at last find comfort when weary.

Christmas is not only giving; it is also worshipping. It is not all amusement.—it is devotion; not all pleasure, but religion. With all the gladness, happiness, joy, good-will, merriment,—still, never for a moment is it anything but a sacred festival. This thought is kept uppermost. It is not, as too often the world would make it, the time for material pleasure; while pleasure reigns, still, it is the time of the glad tidings of the birth of our Saviour. Santa Claus and presents do not crowd out Christ and the old, old story. There is no story of this kind among the children,—they grow up with the clear understanding that this is the day commemorating the birth of Christ, and that all these gifts come through the Great Gift. So they learn to love the sacred story,—love it for the associations, the happiness it brings.

On Christmas Eve, the gospel story of Bethlehem is read. The Christmas celebration is held in the families on Christmas Eve. It is called the "Holy Night." From every window blazes a Christmas tree,—a vast illumination through the city. Every family has a tree; even though it be a little branch of green, a humble family may gather about it, and find a sacred happiness there, that may touch our hearts to deeper reverence and love. Here is not a rush for gifts and forgetfulness of the Giver. A ceremony must precede—and no gift is touched until the Giver is thanked. Before the lighted tree, the family stands in devotion: "Holy Night" is sung with solemn hearts, the story is read with loving remembrance, the prayer is offered in fervent gratitude. Is it not right on a *sacred* holiday?

The nation as well as the family makes it a religious season. For several days church is held twice a day, and the churches are filled. It is the time for that wonderful music when the glorious chorals of Bach and Handel fill the sacred places with divine harmonies. The children are gathered for service—not of entertainment, but of the responsive reading of the same story of the Babe in Bethlehem. Over and over it is the same story: turn where you will, it is sung, chanted, repeated, read; the children, the old, in church, at home,—still the old, old story of that first holy night when the angels sang

their hallelujahs, while shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the bright star shone to guide the wise men on their way to the young Babe, lying in its humble bed in the manger in Bethlehem, in Judea.

It is right to make this a religious festival, to keep foremost the birth of the Saviour. May this spirit grow in our midst, and may not merry-making eclipse the bright light of holiness that radiates this sacred time, and, while the heart is filled with gladness, good-will, joy, let it learn sweet new lessons of love, reverence, adoration, and peace in Christ, once the Babe bringing that first "Holy Night."

CHAPTER VIII.

PROSIT NEUE JAHR!

It was Mohammed — was it not? — who cried, “Can one see Heaven and Mecca too?” So during these delightful holidays our enjoyment has been so keen that we take up the cry, “Can one see Berlin and Heaven too?” Foreigners live in a state of happy realization and anticipation — the union of the two highest stages of bliss. If one could only tell all the little customs and observances that give the spirit and charm to the festival, but it is these very characteristic “little things” that elude our grasp: words fail, and an outline-picture or faint shadow only responds to our attempt to portray the rich, glowing reality.

Christmas, with its *erste, zweite, dritte* Feiertage, is scarcely past when comes Sylvester Abend and New Year. The last day of the year is called “Sylvester Abend.” Then the people drink chocolate and eat “Berliner Pfannenkuchen,” a delicious sort of a doughnut, with a heart of jelly. Then they go to church for the beautiful liturgical service; and then the old year goes out with a turmoil and din, and the new year is received with

uproar and confusion. These border moments, when the old year is vanishing and the new year is dawning, are not allowed to slip by unnoticed in Germany. What an hour! Then the ball-rooms release their masked revellers, the saloon and Kneip corners send forth their guests; and turmoil, high carnival, reigns in the city. The noise, the fun, the spirit, cannot be imagined! The main streets of Berlin in wild confusion, surging masses swayed to and fro as excited cries from opposite corners call them first in one and then in another direction, and the squad of police, on horseback, riding even into their very midst, even upon the pavements, compel the excited mass to retire. A good-natured crowd, held in check by the police, who allow the fun, merely watching, guarding against accident, always holding it in their power. Why, wherefore this crowd and such a riot, we do not know. Probably, there is no object, — merely an hour of no law, no rule or order, — an hour of unrestrained fun! Bands of men or boys, with locked arms, all yelling, "Prosit Neue Jahr!" compel a way; a long line, with serpentine gliding, winds through the midst. Groups with funnel-shaped paper caps, fool's-caps, masks, salute all with bows, and all sorts of humorous incidents happen. Woe to the girl or woman who chances to be detained late on this night! A kiss is claimed, and some of our American students quite distinguished themselves by pro-

tecting several German girls, accidentally delayed, who were thus greeted by the German crowd. Even with an escort, it required care to get safely through, and we were always obliged to respond, "Prosit Neue Jahr!" as quickly as we were greeted. Respond in good-humor, and you are safe; but if no response is forthcoming, they will persist, — a kiss here is the forfeit, too. With deep bows, profound reverence, hats off, hand on heart, — so the ladies were greeted; and the pass-word *must* be spoken, and then you may pass on in peace. It was a wild scene, and we can never forget the passing of '83 and the entering of '84.

Americans affect not to care for royalty. To be sure, one will see a snob now and then, who speaks with lofty tone of the calls, dinners, "und so weiter," among the court people; but, as a rule, this is a matter of little concern to the Americans who have come for a purpose, and devote thought and time to that purpose. Nevertheless, it is an extreme not to care for it at all. Some acquaintance with royalty is necessary to a good understanding of foreign life. Moreover, these in the highest position are historical characters, living history. The union of Germany, a scheme against which France has worked for centuries, a union which has raised her to take rank as a foremost power in Europe, — this is history most important, — its chief actors, Von Moltke, Bismarck, the Crown Prince, and Wil-

helm, the First Emperor of this United German Empire. It is worth something to see characters so great in history.

On New Year's day we had a satisfactory view of royalty. We often meet the Emperor, for he drives out daily, and, as he passes along, greets the people. The Crown Prince and Von Moltke are often seen, but these are only flitting glimpses on the street. We were to have a near, long, satisfactory observation. We went to the Dom, the court church. The imperial box was full. There stood the grand old Emperor, so justly beloved by his people, so honored by the world. He is a wonderful man, born in the last century, 1797, at this time nearly eighty-seven years old, and yet he stood erect during the entire lengthy liturgical service. He wore his full court uniform, his breast glittering with stars and marks of various orders. — Then the Crown Prince! O, the Crown Prince is grand! every inch a king! A magnificent-looking man, of fine figure, noble head, and royal bearing! He, too, wears his uniform, the splendid white one, and with a mass of orders on his breast. The Crown Princess is quite a contrast to him. The Germans do not like her much, and say the Hohenzollern beauty has been spoiled since the entrance of this Queen Victoria's oldest daughter into the German royal family. True, her children are homely, and Prince Wilhelm seems rather insig-

nificant in contrast with the line before him, — his father, the Crown Prince, Emperor Wilhelm I., Friedrich Wilhelm IV., the Third, — yes, even down to the Great Elector, leaving out Frederick the Great, who was just as insignificant-looking. — But this Prince is young, and the Hohenzollern majesty may yet develop in him. The Crown Princess is homely, but not, as the Berliners say, an “*echte Köchin*.” She has done much for Berlin, and brought progress. Before her time, the Thiergarten was the Park for the aristocracy; now, it is the delight of all classes, and the happy play-ground for the children. In the various open squares, loads of sand are placed for the pleasure of the children, through her influence; and the Victoria Lyceum, so grand for the help of women’s higher education, was started and is upheld by her support. So Victoria’s daughter has a right to some love from the German people. The Crown Prince is over fifty years old, — is late in coming into rule, and they say the Crown Princess is anxious for the title of Empress. O, it is the delight of the people to gossip about the *Hof-leute*!

In what state the party returned from church! On New Year’s day, the full magnificence is displayed. Grand coaches, all glass and gold, heralds before, footmen behind, all in rich livery, and most charmingly picturesque, with lace, and plumes, and curled, powdered wigs. The coach

of the Crown Prince was drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned, and a coachman in dazzling livery held the many lines, all of red satin. It seems one of the old fairy-tales made real life.

Then the scene that followed! Could it be real? Again and again we question ourselves, — not a play, not a dream, — but is it reality? In our country we are accustomed to see such costumes and parade merely as a spectacle, an exhibition arranged for some occasion; and it is hard to dismiss this preconceived idea, — to recognize that *that* was the copy, the farce, and this the reality; and here are serious, earnest, true history and life before us! For the next few hours the Emperor received congratulations. We stood under the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, opposite the Imperial Palace, and took our glimpses of court life. Carriages rolled up to the palace door, the guards on each side presented arms, the footman sprang lightly forward, the officers stepped out — the riding-cap is handed to the footman, the cloak is thrown to him, the plumed hat is assumed, and, in glittering uniform, the caller enters. The attendant at the door is a picture, gorgeous in red and gold and jewels — a shield-shaped, bejewelled hat, a silver-mounted rod in his hand, his bows and smiles measured by the rank of the caller. He cuts a funny figure!

What uniforms! — Ah, but the plain white and gold are the most beautiful, although the silver eagle helmets are handsome! The army calls first, all the officers; and, as Von Moltke appears, in open carriage, the crowd sends up a shout and and a cheer to greet the old general. Bismarck does not come—he is seldom seen in public. The enthusiastic, “hoch, hoch!” and hats in the air, announce the Crown Prince, in a second magnificent coach. He, too, calls on his royal father. We wonder if they love one another? It is said they do, but history has so many cases of the strange feeling between two who thus look at each other, — one longing to hold his power, the other eager to receive it. So much heart-life is lost in royal families! — witness the principles on which the marriages are made. Prince Wilhelm comes in far grander style than any, — even than that of his royal father. A coach nearly all of glass, a marriage present from his grandmother, Queen Victoria, eight cream-white horses, ornamented with light blue plush trappings, heralds before and footmen behind, with white wigs and pale blue livery, decorated with silver. Cinderella’s godmother could call forth nothing more dazzling, nothing more delicately lovely, from all fairy-land!

Then the court ladies and gentlemen arrive in coupés distinguished with the imperial eagle. The lower classes look to these with greatest respect.

To us it seems a false system, and we admire our ancestors for leaving these old countries where birth and not worth establishes the position of the people. Finally, the greatest glory—the Botschaften, ambassadors from all lands. What splendor! Here are the representatives of Turkey, Persia, China, Japan, Austria, France,—in wonderful equipages and court costumes! “It is not a play, it is real history”—we continually assure ourselves of this, for it seems too glorious for reality. As the coaches, having deposited their envoys, draw up in the open square, what a tableau! Scarlet and gold of nodding plumes, and glittering ornament, blazing jewel, oriental grandeur, and royal splendor! Here are all countries in their peculiar governments and life,—how such a sight suggests, broadens, quickens thought!

How great a contrast to the simplicity of our customs! In the evening, our United States minister, Mr. Sargent, received his American friends. Simply—yet how nobly, with true nobility!—were we received. No state, no kissing of the hand, no bow of homage, but the honest hand-shake and the clear look in true eyes. And the gathering, how characteristic of our country!—a basis of character its only royalty; students of music, art, science, literature; inventors, philosophers, authors, correspondents, and the usual sprinkling of wealthy society people. It is strange thus to meet each other. — Our past, our old position, — all is

left behind ; character alone must speak. What a future is here also ! This is history too, — although life founded on widely different principles. There is something grand about a long line of rulers of one family ; yet there is something much grander in the rise of worth and character into power.

· This touch of the court life, these views afar of royalty, whetted our appetite for more, and we at once put into execution our long-talked-of plan of visiting the Old Palace, — the palace of Hohenzollerns, from the first great one, the Great Elector, down to present times, and so a historical place. It is an immense structure, of dark gray stone, and dates from 1699. Dimensions are unsatisfactory, capacity more comprehensible. So, vaguely, it is 148 metres long and 128 wide ; definitely, it contains 600 rooms. At the entrance are those magnificent bronzes that George Eliot so admired — two men curbing two strong horses, presented by Nicholas of Russia. The people, in derision, have named these “Progress Checked,” “Regression Encouraged” ! — what a world of bitterness in this ! There are statues all along the edge of the roof, as is usual in European buildings. This palace is not beautiful, but grand, gloomy, with a world of greatness, mystery, and tragedy suggested. We paid fifty pfennige, and the guide led the way.

As we entered the great salons, we were obliged to put on great felt slippers, so as not to rub or

scratch the polished floors. These inlaid wood floors, polished to the highest degree, are so slippery that we were glad to have the protection of the slippers, although they were so immense it was a constant struggle to keep them on. The guide led us through sixteen rooms, bare in their magnificence. There were fine paintings, portraits of the royal families, and battle scenes by Camphausen. It was dreary enough, and we sighed for the poor Hohenzollern princesses of the past, — those of the present century are saved from this desolate abode, the great palace only being in use for state occasions. The great hall for these state ceremonies is the Weisse Saal, a grand salon, lighted by twenty-six hundred candles, and the illumination must make a peculiarly dazzling light, with so many points of radiance. The Throne Room has several points of interest, — an orchestra box, once made of solid silver, which silver was afterward needed in the wars, and so now it is only plated ; a throne, consisting of chairs for king and queen, a background of red velvet embroidered in silver eagles, and, above, a canopy ; a rock-crystal chandelier, under which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms. There are two long picture-galleries, where the powdered princesses smiled down on us, striving to make us believe they were once happy in these old deserted halls ; but we had just read the "Reminiscences of the Margravine of Baireuth," sister of Frederick the

Great, and we knew that these walls echoed to her cries of agony as her royal father, Friedrich Wilhelm I., dragged her by the hair, — “the useless baggage,” he called her. The chapel used for the marriages and baptisms in the royal family is beautiful, and we honored the throne seats, but, as the guide told us this was all, we were disappointed.

We determined to know and see more. We knew the immense number of rooms in that building, and this was far too little to satisfy us. We spoke to the guide, but he said “no more to be seen.” We offered him money, and, wonderful to say, it failed. He had no keys. Miss W., the Deacon, who had tired of Hanover, and come to us in Berlin, and I went to the Kastellan who sells the tickets, and asked him, but he said it was impossible. While we were talking, a gentleman came from an inner room, — a handsome, courtly man. We presented our cause, told him we were foreigners, making a special study of German history, and particularly interested in all that concerned “Alter Fritz.” He was charming; made us promise not to “*plaudern*,” and to come again at half-past two, when our wishes would be gratified. We managed this all in German, and so were doubly happy.

At the proper time we presented ourselves for the grand tour, and it was a grand tour! Then we saw how kings really live, and what elegance

surrounds royalty. Thick carpets and rugs, the most luxurious satin and embroidered furniture, tapestried walls, magnificent paintings and statuary, exquisite *bric-à-brac*, pianos with pearl keys, carved doors and windows, stained glass, and flowers, artistic effects, and luxury on every hand. We were in the room in which Frederick the Great was born, and in the death room of the last king, the present Emperor's brother. The "Bridal Apartments" mentioned by the "wicked Wilhelmina" in her Memoirs were shown us. Whenever there is a marriage in the ruling family, the royal pair occupy this suite of rooms for three days. The Bridal Room is ugly, everything in it very old, of course, as it has been used as it is for two hundred years, and it is a law that this must be the bridal room. Next to it is a beautiful room, — the bedstead of gilt and hung with delicate lace curtains, the wedding present of Queen Victoria to her grand-daughter, the Princess Charlotte. There is much of interest in this grandest of the German palaces, which figures so largely in Wilhelmina's Memoirs. In spite of Carlyle's denunciation of her, her history is fascinating, and a vivid, realistic account of royal life. We hunted for her picture in the gallery: she is quite pretty, notwithstanding all the tribulations her poor looks called upon her in the tormenting question of the Double Marriage. There is a noble picture of Queen Louise here, one showing

her in a queenly, womanly beauty different from the girlish beauty usually given her.

We would have lingered longer but we were obliged to hasten home to get ready for Mrs. M.'s party, which was the "prettiest" party I ever attended, a beautiful close to the holiday season. As I entered, and greeted Mrs. M., she put a pretty little Venetian bracelet on my arm, as a token of the evening, or, as the German doctor said, "for remember." There were just ten couples. The table looked beautiful with colored wine-glasses and flowers, and at each lady's place was a bouquet, and an honor for her gentleman. There were seven courses, and, actually, ice-cream! We put the caps from the *bonbons* on our heads, and some looked pretty, some ridiculous, but altogether it was a feature to help on the merriment. Everything was arranged to keep up the fun. One would take a roll, and discover it was only a "pretend," and was in reality a little wooden box of *bonbons*. Another taking an apple has an equal surprise. Marzipan potatoes are mixed up with the real ones—another surprise. Conundrums and puzzles ran riot, and the two hours at table were charming. We played games until after twelve, and then the remarkable part of all happened, when the gentlemen let us all go home alone. Fortunately, we were able to procure droschkes to take us to our doors. The gentlemen afterward heard of our amazement at the pro-

cedure, and hastened to explain that they feared we would not feel free to use the American custom, as the German families, unaccustomed to it themselves, disapprove it in us. The German gentlemen do not accompany ladies unless married or engaged to them.

Thus the New Year has come in with happiness; but there must always be some shadow on the brightest day, and mine came in the shape of the announcement at the Lyceum that Professor Richter will leave the Lyceum soon. He has just been honored by the State. As I entered the class-room, for the new term, all the girls greeted me with the cry:—"Dr. Richter is made Professor!" On the blackboard they had written: "Professor Doctor Richter—gratulire!" and as we were rejoicing together, in he came, radiant, and beaming graciously over his gold glasses. We shook hands with him, saying, "gratulire," and he made no effort to disguise or subdue his delight. How much more pleasing the free expression of his natural feelings than the affected indifference usually met. Professor is a very honorable title, given only for special excellence in some department. So now it is Professor Richter! He is only a little over thirty years old, and deserves to be congratulated on his wonderful acquirements. But now he is to go to Rome and to the island of Capri to study the excavations there. I could not help showing my disappoint-

ment as he announced this new appointment ; so, after class, he walked a few squares with me, urging me to spend the next year in Rome, where he will still have classes, connected with the Archæological Institution. As he parted, he made the stiffest bow, most politely saying, "Empfehle mich, Addio !"

CHAPTER IX.

GERMAN WOMEN.

THE colony has been agitated by the Lasker trouble. We have all been so indignant at Bismarck! It may have been unwise in the United States to send the Lasker Resolutions, but that is no reason that Bismarck should treat our minister with indignity. We all like Mr. Sargent, and he has the interest of America at heart, so our sympathies are with him. Such a talk about Schweine-fleisch and Trichinæ and Lasker! One little American at the Jerusalemer pension will not touch a bit of German pork, as they are so down on ours. So many times the prejudice against America makes itself felt that we look for causes. Can it be that Germany is jealous?—so young a country, and yet calling away the thousands annually from her midst? There is a continual drifting toward America. We frequently see wagon-loads of these people, bound for America, crowded together on wagons, going through Berlin to take steamer at Hamburg or Bremen. The Berliners are sensitive on the subject, and when we first asked "Who are all these people?"

we were told that they were farm-hands, going to work in another part of the land. It is a bitter thing to them that so many leave, that the population has a continual proportionate decrease. Passing the depot, we saw eighteen car-loads bound for the new country. They were in fourth-class cars, and, as there are no seats, they were crowded in, standing, and hanging out of the narrow windows, to catch a breath of air. It is strange, with all the gush over the Vaterland, that so many do leave it. Yet it is often the Verhältnisse; the parents see no hope for their children in a poor, over-crowded country. Sometimes we run across such pitiful tales! Mrs. G. has been hunting for two good servant-girls, to take to America with her, and, when the fact became known, such applications! One, however, appealed especially to our hearts.

An old lady, probably about sixty years of age, applied, and seemed so very, very anxious to go, promising to be faithful, to learn all American work, although we explained how very much harder labor is with us, — yet she was eager to undertake all. We thought it strange that she would want to go, as she keeps a very respectable umbrella store, and seems to be doing a good business. So we went down and inquired about her in the neighborhood. Everybody spoke highly of her, as an honest, good-hearted, industrious woman. We then went in the store to talk over matters, and

there the poor woman could no longer keep back her story, but burst into weeping as she told us. She said that this little store was all she had in the world, — *mein ganzes Vermögen*, — and her daughter must be married, but she had no dowry. The daughter is in love with a certain young man, who is ready to marry her if she has a dowry. So this mother is ready to give the store, as her daughter's wedding portion. She has reasoned it out, and is ready to sacrifice herself. Her husband is an invalid, confined to his bed at a soldiers' hospital; and he has signed a paper giving up all claim to her, and declaring her free to go to America. In her old age, she is willing to leave husband, daughter, home, country, — all her past life and precious associations, — and to work her way among strangers, for the daughter she loves. She told us the story piteously, and begged us to help her get to America. She would not accept a place in Berlin, or even in Germany, as it might shame her daughter, who would move in a higher sphere. America seemed the only solution for the difficulty. The story made us all heart-sick; Mrs. G. could not sleep, in her worry as to her duty in the matter. It makes the heart ache at a sudden insight into the misery and human suffering that underlies society. The next morning the daughter came and in short tones told us that the mother could not go to America, as other provision had been made for her. We never heard anything more about the matter.

It is a serious thing to encourage these girls to go so far from home, yet they are all ready to seize an opportunity. Some of the trained nurses have a desire to go to America, and that would be of benefit to our country, for the training here is perfect. These Deaconesses, as they are called, are lovely, useful Christian women. They form a sisterhood, — a Protestant sisterhood, — distributed in several institutions or hospitals. A training-school is connected with each, and there are more applicants for places in the training-school than can be accommodated. These young candidates — *Probeschwestern* they are called — receive a thorough education in general branches, and special lectures in anatomy, physiology, pharmacy, and the final practical work in the hospitals and schools connected with the Anstalt, which has many branches over the city. Many of the deaconesses are of noble families, yet they give their lives to this hard labor. The Probeschwestern, or young nurses in training, have a happy life; at least, the older sisters refer to it as a "*selige Zeit*," "*goldene Tagen*." The training is considered perfect, and several Americans have applied for admission. Where there is means, a large sum is always charged, and the Americans have offered this; but the difficulty seems to be that the foreigners want to learn only the medical and hospital work, whereas no exception can be made, and all the sisters must perform the most menial

and disagreeable duties. The hospitals of all classes are always full, and the sisters busy — preparing food, portioning it, tending patients, cleaning house, mixing drugs, — each has her own special duties, and O, how they were working ! Yet this is chosen voluntarily, and it is a rebuke to the idle of the world, to see other women laying down their lives for the sick and helpless. There is a children's department, another for cripples, a Kindergarten and day-school for the little ones, a seminary for the Probeschwestern, a recreation-home for the nurses, a stopping-place or home for the poor. The nurses are also sent out into families. Much embroidery and fancy-work is done for the decoration of churches. The pay department of the hospital is excellent, and one of the American ladies, who was here for six weeks, says there could not be more tender nursing, more loving care, or greater kindness. Here is a great field for women, this labor among the sick ; but it calls for devotion, goodness, self-sacrifice. A company of nurses are in training to go to America, to work among the Germans. Altogether, this is the most philanthropic work among her women that Germany knows. Philanthropic work — indeed, any broad society work, such as the women of America find of interest — is not a part of the sphere of the German woman.

A protracted life among the Germans reveals a difference between the character of the people of

the nation and our people, as indeed each nation has its own peculiar characteristics. Naturally, then, one must observe the distinctive features of the women there, as in contrast to those of the American women. Even a short stay among them brings many circumstances and incidents to mark the difference.

A few years ago a German American returned to his old home in America, bringing with him a German wife. She was all devotion to him, as the women of Germany are to their husbands; yet in America this was at times embarrassing to the gentleman, who found his own so comfortable relationship in Germany rather a contrast to the position of the American husbands. He was constantly being brought into awkward situations. Zum Beispiel (as the Germans say): One day a party started to climb a mountain, and warmed by the exercise, the gentlemen removed their overcoats, when the German wife immediately stepped up to her husband, saying, "Give me yours; I will carry it!" "Not here, not in America," he quickly whispered, but the rest of the company noted the incident, and laughingly congratulated him on his wisdom in securing his wife in Germany, and thus having insured his own comfort and ease in married life. The little event is a good illustration of the relative position of a German woman and that more blessed creature — an American woman!

The German by no means understands the American girl or woman. They have an idea that women are scarce in America, thinking of us as a new country still, forgetting that a hundred years of America means many hundred of Europe, and so they reason that the men are obliged to humor and pet the women as they are so rare. The fact that this was the case in early days may account for many of the privileges accorded her, but the increase of women has not changed her relation, and every year her world of usefulness, her interests, and labor in philanthropic work, in educational movements, and her participation in these broader spheres of life, increase. But to use the German himself as authority for his idea of the American women, and which, at the same time, bespeaks the opposite for the German woman, we translate from a Berlin daily paper. The article reveals how hardly can one nation know another, and warns us that our observations may be as superficial as these.

We quote in translation: "According to my opinion, no land in the world has more charming young girls than America. The subtle influence of the climate, and the air of the new land of which so many and such great things are prophesied, must have their unseen influence. Even the first descendants of German emigrants have an altogether different appearance from those born on German soil. The physique is more slender,

the carriage straighter and more elastic, the eyes become larger and brighter, and look out upon the world with an altogether different expression from the half-veiled glance of the German girl. The proportion and setting of the limbs and joints are more harmonious, the figure more delicate, yet, at the same time, more firm. The face loses its flabby red and assumes a browner tone. Most charming are these young Americans when in rainy weather, enveloped in a gossamer, the hood framing the round face, like nimble squirrels they trip through the streets. They seem like figures cut out of alabaster, only lacquered with black, all except the face. From their manners, so natural, one almost expects to catch the fresh fragrance of the heather, as in the German forester's daughter. They are hearty, impulsive, and have a lovely, winning *naïveté*. The lack of the higher, older, refined culture of Europe adds a charm to the American woman, for with higher culture a certain amount of deception is connected, which one would rather not find in the other sex. With all his observation, man returns to the opinion that the highest excellences of the other sex are those which come directly from the hand of Nature, and so what may be disadvantage to a man in the new world—lack of extended education—is directly to the advantage of woman. And what is the position of the charming sex in society? It is told in a few words. Their position is a privileged

one, and it is a rare and happy fortune to occupy a privileged position. The American woman is not a companion for her husband, with equal rights and duties, but she is an article of luxury, a plaything, half compensation for all that the American life lacks in charms. That the American women are able to play, with skill, this highly dangerous rôle bespeaks in them much character.

“A glance behind the scenes reveals much misery. The American father cares for his daughter, from childhood, far more than for his son, surrounds her with the most tender care, and provides her abundantly with pocket-money. This is a noble and chivalrous feeling, for they are the weaker sex, and a boy can push his way through the world. What we especially understand in Germany as feminine duties troubles the young ‘lady’ little, for the comfort of an American home is in its furniture, and an unlimited wash, whilst the kitchen is always — ‘good enough!’ An American housekeeper, who devotes herself to duty, and there are such, has a much harder task than a German, as the latter has many competent servants.

“An American house has always two irrevocable duties, long abandoned by us, — the home-baking, and the weekly wash. In this respect, however, the per cent of women who trouble themselves about the matter is small, as the majority occupy themselves with dressing, painting, shopping, with

educational plans of many kinds, and from girlhood recognize two things; namely, that a husband should be the obedient servant of his wife, and, second, that the best servant is he who can be the most devoted and bring the most money. This wisdom impresses itself all the more readily, as there is little danger that some romantic or sentimental tendency can lead into any foolishness opposed to this dogma of society. The American husband is the true image of the poet as he writes : —

‘ Ein guter Mann, ein braver Mann,
Ein Mann von Complaisance,
Er wäscht das Kind, und kocht den Brei,’ —

and more than that : he rises early, while the servant still rests in the arms of Morpheus, starts the fire and goes to market and makes the family purchases. There travelled with me, on a Columbia steamer, a hard-worked farmer with his wife, three children, and nineteen head of cattle. From morning until evening, the lady reposed in a rocking-chair, in the ladies' cabin, caring for nothing, while the poor husband busied himself, now with the cattle and then with his own three little worms. Another time, I saw a family on a Pullman sleeper. The lady reclined languidly upon her pillow, while the man dressed the children, washed them, combed their hair, while the fair queen of his heart, upon her throne, scarcely deigned him a careless glance. It is a fact that

our German emigrant women, unless driven by necessity to work, will adopt this American system, and follow it, if not with the same talent yet with equal zeal."

We see from this how unable the writer is to enter into our national life. He observes from his experience as we do from ours, and observation is always limited and judgment difficult on such experience. This article seems as much a commentary on the German men as on the American women. It seems a shame to him that the American men must bring devotion and money, too, to the marriage. That is so noticeable because the contrary rule prevails in Germany. The women must always furnish the household, and, in the case of the marriage of officers, if the gentleman has not a certain sum, the lady must assure him of that much. He dare not marry a poor girl, as the Army must be kept up in style, and so the officers are on the lookout for rich girls. The long lists of advertisements for a wife with money show how largely this element enters into the marriage question, and reveals more than all the poetry and sentiment can confute. In German poetry the wife is an ideal creature, in actual life she is most prosy. Hers has been called a "cutting bread and butter career," and when we consider that in Germany the men clamor for food five times a day, we may give "all honor to the bread and butter cutters of

life." The German women are satisfied,—no one more contented with her lot. "The day of small things not only suffices for her, but is to her a crown of glory," describes the German woman in her sphere. She scorns the peculiarities of other women, and is thankful she is not as they are. She fills her time with small things, as she does not trouble herself with the world at large. "Kingdoms may rise and fall; they are of less concern to her than the rise and fall of the price of Kalbfleisch as discussed in the select circle of her own Kaffee Klatsch friends." The man has discussed the affairs of the nations in the Garten, so he puffs his cigar in silence at home, and no element of the outside world intrudes itself among the stewing, weighing, sifting, concocting of the sphere of home. In this outside world she is interested in so far as it honors her husband. Her interests radiate from him. As he advances, her admiration grows, and, while he has the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, she plays her lowly part in caring for his physical comfort. "King of the house," not "queen of the home," is the spirit in the household. The husband watches the economy, knows the price of all articles and the quantities used, and sees generally that there is no carelessness in the home where the bride has furnished the plate, linen, and all necessities. There is little mutual interest outside of the housekeeping, although it

seems rather hard to put it as strong as Baring-Gould, who calls it a "divorce of souls." He is very strong on the situation, and adds : "The men have excluded them from their society. In their clubs and taverns they spend their leisure moments, and pour out their wealth of ideas among their fellow-men, but never in their homes. Both sexes suffer from the estrangement. The elimination of women from society has deteriorating effects upon men's minds and manners. It is this which causes rudeness of exterior and coarseness of grit in German men, a rudeness and coarseness painfully ever present to the observation of a foreigner. Women do not use their education. Their heads are filled, but it is never used. It is a pity that German men should not submit themselves to be kneaded and rolled into shape and gentility by the tender fingers of their wives and daughters. There can be no sweeter, tenderer refiners in the world than German ladies. They fret out their little lives because denied the right to execute their proper mission."

The character of Eleanor of Este, in Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," is true German — no other literature could create such a woman. Noble, womanly, yet held, ruled by custom, prejudice. *Sitten* rules the land. She rejects Tasso, although she loves him, because she is a princess, and he only a poet ! Our lecturer in the Lyceum ex-

tolled this Eleanor as the crown of womanhood — this regard for *Sitten*, the sacrifice of her love to this! If this *Sitten* were for a moment relaxed, society would fall asunder, and she sacrificed herself for the good of the world, — is the argument. “Nach Freiheit strebt der Mann, das Weib nach Sitte,” is Eleanor’s speech, and borne out in her actions, and lauded by the Germans. Maria, in “Gütz von Berlichingen,” is a character the nearest of all Goethe’s women to those of our own dramas: strong in conviction of duty to her brother, to her faithless lover, reliable, ready in trouble, strong in the hour of need, courageous yet tender. You seldom hear the Germans speak of this Maria. Clärchen, in “Egmont,” is a favorite, and a sweet, simple, attractive character, a young girl lost completely in her love for Egmont. Yet Goethe’s women are not ideal as Shakespeare’s — not Cordelia, Imogen, Portia, — naturally, the German ideal is different. The German men in the dramas are good. The Marquis von Posa, in “Don Carlos,” is the ideal type of friendship, and Max Piccolomini, in “Wallenstein,” rises to the nobility of the highest ideal in all its beauty.

The German endowed with steady endurance, genius, will, power, has in him the elements of the ideally perfect man, yet lacks the grace, sympathy, ready thoughtfulness, unselfishness. As diamond cuts diamond, so these two beings, — the German

man and woman, the Max Piccolomini and the Eleanor — by mutual association, would bring out the true beauty of either character, the woman strengthened, the man polished. There are noble qualities in both; the education of centuries has brought an unequal development. We believe that the position of American women does have its influence upon all the women of the world, and will yet bring a broader, better, more blessed life to the women of Germany. Let the German woman add to her love of home, of housekeeping, to her carefulness, devotion, industry, gentleness, — let her add to these, broad ideas, wide interests, companionship with the outside world, a knowledge and participation in its advancement, and what nobler women can there be than those of the Fatherland? Add to a Dorothea, a Lotta, a Clara, a Thusnelda, — an Elizabeth Fry, a Lucretia Mott, a Frances Willard. In Berlin there are but two female physicians, — lecturers, missionaries there are none. Even as girls, the American women know of such work, and grow up with an interest and a part in it. The girlhood in America is a training for a useful, independent life; but the German girls feel that daily labor for your own maintenance is beneath them. We learn early the dignity of labor and self-support, and it is the secret of daily happiness. The women in Germany, even in their homes, do not work as we in America; yet they speak of the idle Amer-

ican women! The American girl is brought up to take care of herself, her belongings and surroundings, and the German servants are shocked when we make any attempt to do things for ourselves,—even to brush our clothes. All this is delegated to the servants. We fancy the German men and women who have this idea of us, would be somewhat surprised to see the American woman in her own home, with all its cares and the duties that even the German woman never assumes.

However, much writing or speaking cannot explain nations to each other. The American girl is considered “fast” — a “flirt.” European men do not understand her way; so, on European soil, it is best to conform to European strictures. Our girls have been accustomed to gentlemen all their lives, and so, naturally, cannot have the timidity, embarrassment, fear, seen in the German girl when in gentleman society. Fearless, self-possessed, she nevertheless loses naught of modesty or womanliness. Here lies the difference not to be understood. How much the German girl misses that makes up much of the delight and pleasure of American girlhood!—no boating, no croquet, readings, sketchings, rambles, no interesting friendships in their young lives! Our girls are accustomed to attentions, gallantries. The German girl knows only a form, and such a form as this; the young officer at his post will

salute her as she passes, thus : "He draws himself up in *strenge militairische Haltung*, clicks his spurred heels together, brings his head to the level of his sword belt, and, if that is not devotion, chivalric behavior and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an irrational and an exacting malcontent." The same bowing and stiff air greets her at the party, and her idea of a man is this distant, awful being, before which her spirit bows. The American girl knows him better, and, naturally, has a different bearing to gentlemen, but she must reserve this for the American, as the European will always put a wrong construction on it.

Our American men, too, receive their share of criticism. In literature they caricature the American men because, seeing a few peculiarities of a few they have seen, they cling to these as representing the American character. In the German and French plays, the American man is represented with a loud voice, constantly spitting, in his shirt-sleeves, hat always on his head, speaking abruptly and interrupting conversation, coming and going without apology or ceremony. Putting the feet upon the window-sill, tipping the chair back, or sitting with the back of the chair in front, is called "the American style." This is unfair ; but, however much or however little truth there is in it, these things are far more easily endured than all the formal manners with the looser morals of the European men.

Richard Grant White, in his "Fate of Mansfield Humphrey," has an American represent the English idea of an American. It is a droll picture, combining in one person all the idiosyncrasies of many; yet this, exaggerated as it seems, is pale in comparison with the German idea of the American, and Washington Adams, with all his absurd touches, needs a few more "American traits" in the eyes of the German.

Of one thing we American women are sincerely and firmly certain,—that the European is unable to comprehend the higher qualities of the soul in the American which urges him to take a true position and a noble one toward many things in the world, not the least of which is his courtesy and chivalry toward women. Our women may seem peculiar to the German, the European; but we, in the pride and happiness of our own broader life, are well able to endure the reproach cast upon us by nations unable to recognize or give a higher life to its women.

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3-11-52

THE END

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opens before me, and kindness seems as free and universal as air.

The Professor of Philosophy was ill, so I was liberated from the Lyceum early, and determined to take a long walk and go a roundabout way to Mrs. M.'s. I would take a thorough "constitutional." I wandered on and on, into new quarters of the city, poor, narrow, ugly streets, — you would scarcely believe Berlin had such streets. Turning a corner, I came upon Mrs. M. — a surprise to both of us. She had been among her poor, and, as we walked along, told me of a new case that was then weighing upon her heart. Her sewing-girl told her of a poor woman, with a little baby, whose husband's arm had just been taken off in the factory. The family was in great need; so, without delay, she — Mrs. M. — had gone down to see them. She found the man alone, trying to peel potatoes, and vainly endeavoring to soothe the wailing infant — his one arm not enough for the hour of need, and his pain forgotten in the general misery. Then that dear creature, who knows no labor in her own home, washed and dressed and fed the baby, and put it to sleep. It seems the wife had become worse and had been taken to the hospital, and there was that helpless man and baby! What awful, awful, pitiable things in the world! Such a gulf of misery down among the suffering poor! — and we so happy, so blessed, and yet so often dis-

contented! — Mrs. M. was so touched, so anxious, and had only wished that her mother — Mrs. A. — had been there, to have done more, but she had promised that they would both see him in the morning.

Another case was on her mind, not to worry her, however. She told me the most touching story of two of her little hospital patients. This happened that morning. The two have beds next each other, and one of the little ones has been suffering with a diseased leg. Yesterday, the physician, who thought her asleep, said to the nurse, "To-morrow the limb must be amputated; there is no other possibility of saving her life." But the child had been awake, and, when the doctor had gone, she expressed her dread and terror to her little friend saying, that she could not bear it, and what was she to do! The other child thought awhile, and said, "Why, just tell Jesus about it! beg him to make it so your leg will not have to be taken off, and I am sure he will find a way." "Yes, I will," she answered, "but, there are so many little girls lying here, how will Jesus know which one it is that is praying about her leg?" "Well, I'll tell you. Just tell him you'll lay your hands crosswise outside on the quilt, and then he'll know you when he comes." In perfect trust, the little sufferer laid her hands as a cross, and went to sleep. The next morning, they found her quite unchanged

in her position, but her little spirit had fled to where no more suffering brings its sorrow. Such a case brings a sadness, but a happiness in it, — whereas the continued misery of sufferers is hard to bear. There is so much — how can all be reached! Another new family had just sent for them. They went there: the man had no work, the woman was paralyzed, and six little children were sitting on the floor, around a common tin pail, feeding on rice and water — everything around in corresponding wretchedness. And the favored of the earth know naught of its misery!

The cares and distresses of these poor are laid on the hearts of these Christian women, and in a quiet, obscure way, the world knowing naught of it, they go about doing good. Each day the care of their poor is considered, and, with a basket of necessities, they go out to minister to them, and find what is needed and what must be done the next day. This really is the work of the Christian — is it ignorance, or unfaithfulness, that makes it so rare?

After dinner, which always seems like a home-treat to me at Mrs. A.'s, we went to the lecture, and it was such a bright, witty, genial talk as only Frommel can give. Golden words come always for Frommel, — every sentence precious. The Emperor loves him as well as the people. The poor go to him for counsel; the Emperor waits on his wondrous thoughts. One Sabbath,

in the midst of the sermon, the Emperor cried out, "Say that again, my dear Frommel; say that again!" Every time we hear him, we carry away gems that are priceless. As we listened to this lecture on Flattich, it seemed to us that Frommel himself must have drawn much of this spirit from another South Germany preacher of the early days of this century: Flattich, of the same land, the warm, genial, Southern country, a man with the same genius of humor, the same warmth of heart, deep love of humanity, all ruled by a philosophic mind. As Frommel revealed the wisdom of this Suabian preacher from his own land of the South (whence come that geniality, humor, gentleness, and charm never found in the North German character), we felt that equal stories could be told of Frommel. But there was so much that was good, and so unique and worthy of record, that we made an outline of the Frommel lecture:—

This Flattich was only a village preacher; his name is not written where generals and princes and lords find place, but his influence is far more enduring than that of any of these petty authorities. It was a small village in which he first preached, and his salary was but eight groschen (about twenty cents) a day. He had fourteen children, there were usually twenty persons at his table, and on Sabbath frequently sixty. All were welcome. "Put a little more water on the tea," he said; "we greet

them with love, and, where love is rich, the tea is a small matter." After the Duke of the province heard him, he was given a better place, but the life of a village preacher is always humble. His sermons were rich with plain, simple illustrations of truth, and full of help to the people; but his teaching was not limited to this office, — his most forcible lessons were those taught "by the wayside." One man in his congregation came regularly to church week in and week out for three years, but there was no change nor improvement in his life. Flattich sent him a new pair of boots. They were received with delight, and the man hastened to thank the pastor. "But," said he, "why, Herr Pastor, why did you give me such a present?" "Well," Flattich replied, "for three years you have come to hear me preach; I desire that my hearers should be profited, — if not, at least they shall lose nothing through me. I have done you no good, so you must not lose the boots you have worn out in coming to hear me." It was a lesson to him, for he reflected and changed; it is a lesson for all time. He had a servant that drank, and he was often advised to send her away. One day, in her presence, it was again urged. "No," said he, "I must keep her. She could never find another home. Wherever she would go, the people would soon find it out and dismiss her, so she would wander about with no home. I must keep her." The servant was cured. A woman, a great scold,

came to him for advice, her husband was so cross. "Here is a small stone," he said; "to-night, when you see him coming from work, put it under your tongue. Try it a week; then come to me again." In a week she returned in glee. "Herr Pastor, Herr Pastor, my man is reformed. We are happy again!" She begged for the magic stone, and the wise man willingly gave it. He was also willing to take advice, too. Many are more willing to give than receive, but he valued it from others. One day, while walking through the village, he heard two washerwomen discussing his manner of bringing up his children. He returned home, thoughtfully pondering the matter. Arriving there, he bade his daughter take a jug of milk and a loaf of bread to each of the women as their wages. (This was the wages for a day's washing). The women came to him in great haste, saying: "Herr Pastor, you owe us nothing; we have done no washing for you!" "Yes, you have," he replied; "a most thorough washing you have given me, and no one should go without the reward of his labor."

He had many pupils in his home, all the "three-cornered, five-cornered, and many-cornered boys" of the region, whom no one else could master. He trained them carefully, and, of the two thousand that passed under his protection, many came to hold responsible and respected positions. He corrected them in unique ways. One night, returning home late, he saw a light in the boys' room,

and, entering, found them at cards. They were dismayed, but, with beaming face, he sat down in their midst, saying: "Oh, cards, is it? I can play cards, too." The boys were delighted, and one game followed another. How jolly it was! Twelve o'clock came, the boys a little tired. One o'clock: they suggest it is time to quit. "Oh, no," he exclaims, "cards are fine at night!" Two o'clock: the boys terribly sleepy. Three—four; nearly crazy for sleep; five: crying, begging,—despising cards. They were then released. He had no more trouble with card-playing. One of the boys annoyed him by continually cracking a whip under his window. One day he looked out, and asked the boy if he enjoyed it. The boy assented. "Well," said Flattich, "then I shall try to, also. Continue as long as I like it, and I will give you a groschen." The first quarter of an hour was high enjoyment to the lad, the next he called out for release, but Flattich said: "Go on, go on!" Finally, with aching arms, the boy cried out: "I don't care for the groschen, Herr Pastor," and walked away. It was enough.

Some of his lessons were beautiful. Oh, to convey the impression of the language itself! A lady came in great distress, saying she had been seeking and longing for the Holy Spirit, but could not find it. It was her sincere, great desire, but she could not attain to it. "Ah, a little thing similar happened to me the other day," said Flat-

tich. "I wanted to find my stocking. I searched all over, — under the bed, in the drawer, and cupboard. I knew I had one, but I could not find it. All at once, I discovered that I had it on! So, my dear lady, it is with you. You have what you desire. Your seeking and longing shows the presence of the Spirit working in you. Cease your search, accept it, receive it gladly, and be happy." She went away at peace and satisfied. Oh, how much this may mean to many timid souls, whose desires are stronger than their faith!

It is impossible to give the strength of these as coming down the German idiom, but enough of power still breathes in them. So many signal thoughts were uttered — rare jewels making rich the receiver. To his Duke he said — "Nobles should have noble thoughts." Looking forward to old age he had no dread; he said: "Man is happy only when he grows and receives. In old age we cannot grow in knowledge — we grow back again in childhood. It seems a downward growth, but, remember, the deeper the roots strike into the earth, the higher the summit reaches into the heavens." He fed the flies at the table, saying, "They, too, need to live," and, when asked if they did not annoy him, answered: "We must have patience with flies, — they are such weak, silly little things. I would not have so much with an elephant, it has more understanding. With creatures of little reason and understanding, we must have

much patience and tolerance." What a truth, and how simply told ! Other sayings : " One love plants another. Honey is better than vinegar." — " Let people make failures. Let friends have faults. We all learn so." — " Men desire three things : physical necessities, spiritual good, and temporal advancement. God has promised us the first two, let us not worry about them, — the last, naturally, brings labor, trial, suffering." — " Men are like clocks. Many a weight is hung upon them by the Master's hand, to keep them right." — The gem of all, however, and worthy a place as a life principle, is this : " We do not like all people, yet, as we must have them, it is better to have them kindly and with love." — *Wir mögen nicht alle Leute; doch, weil wir sie haben müssen, besser ist es dasz wir sie gern haben.* Every one loved him. When he died, and much was spoken of his words, a peasant said, " If we would know all the good in Flattich, we must look above, in the Book of Life " (*Das Buch des Lebens*).

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL LIFE.

THE Germans possess a peculiar genius for friendliness. *Gemüthlichkeit* they call it, and very proud of the word are they. They say we have no equivalent word in the English language, which argues that the trait does not exist among the English people. It is this very peculiarity, this *Gemüthlichkeit*, that has obtained for the German home-life its renown. Although we luxuriate in a more advanced state of modern convenience and comfort, yet, as a counter-balance, the Germans are free from our bigotry of exclusiveness, and possess a broad sympathy and friendliness. Our nation is hampered by its spirit of activity and rush,—a paradox, yet a truth. We are so busy, so hurried! The Germans are slow; they will take enjoyment out of the quickly passing life, and not madly drive onward and know no joy in daily living. They always have time for little pleasures, and the courtesies that make life more than mere labor. While we chafe at their slowness, we must acknowledge that it is far more philosophical, and that life should cultivate the

spirit of good-will rather than crush it by the absorbing pursuit of gain. We translate from a Berlin daily paper :—

“ Grant that America, as a nation, is great ; yet the American himself is pretentious, unscrupulous, and superficial. He knows nothing of the quiet enjoyment of life, nothing of love or contemplation, — only a restless pursuit of his aim. The American school-boy is like a dog in chains. He has no idea that life, health, and intellect have been given him for any other purpose than to obtain money and ostentation. He is the most mature boy that the world knows, and most frequently is an old man before he has left his youthful years. As soon as he leaves school, he at once begins the fierce struggle for existence. With the national motto, ‘ Forward,’ ‘ Look sharp,’ on his lips, he strains body and spirit to make his living, until an outraged nature cries, ‘ Halt !’ He is like a wanderer who chooses the shortest way to reach the set goal, although it leads through dangerous abysses and over steep mountains. There is an easier way to the same goal, more slow yet safe, where the end is reached without danger, and lies not on the high-road to ruin.”

The morning we Americans in Berlin read this, we repudiated it with great indignation. It is exaggerated ; but there is an essence of truth in it, — the eager pursuit of gain in America. Yet, to our eyes, the children of America have far more

real child-life and natural freshness than is revealed to an observer in Germany, so we will exchange compliments, and say that if ours are mature, theirs are veritable little men and women. Many a time have we amused ourselves in the Thiergarten listening to the children. For instance, two little girls or boys meet, — they shake hands as their elders, and then the dialogue:—

“Good morning, my dear Henry, how are you?”

“Good morning, dear William. Thank you, I am well;— and you?”

“Thank you, the same. I am pleased you are well. And how is your lady mother?”

“Alas, she is ill.”

“Ah, that grieves me,” and so on. Thus they continue and ask after each member of the family, — the honored papa, the gracious sister, — expressing set terms of rejoicing or sorrow as the occasion demands. Quite different from the random “Hello!” and the free, fresh, natural vivacity of our country, where freedom and independence have left childhood also to work out its individuality. You see the little things going to school in the gray gloom of the early winter morning, their huge furry knapsacks, heavy with books, upon their backs, and they are as settled and sedate as you would expect in conservative Germany, — the typical child-scholar. You do not see them out-of-doors playing. The girls grow up with needle in

hand, the boys with a book or at manual work. The college boys know nothing of the invigorating pleasure of field sports, but, like the older men, puff their long pipes in the beer-gardens. The American observer sees this in German youth, as deplorable as our early eagerness for gain.

Baring-Gould expresses the condition of the German youth in a striking manner: "German boys have no public games. All their energies are exhausted in school. In it they do have an interest, and the principal reason is that from early childhood it is impressed upon them that their whole future depends on it. The *Arbiturienten Examen* is the day of judgment looming before the child's eyes, and childhood is a solemn march to that *Dies iræ*. At the close of youth, before entering manhood, comes the terrible day which irrevocably fixes their fate. Unless they issue from that Examen with a testimonial of their 'ripeness,' every learned profession is closed to them, and three years of military drill instead of one is their doom. As the boy goes to school, he passes the barrack-yard or the Platz, where the recruits are drilling. He sees them posturing, goose-stepping, tumbling, fencing, marching in mud and snow, and he thinks:—'I shall have three years of this unless I work!' and it acts as a daily stimulus to exertion. . . . Their Boy is but the diminutive Man. Responsibility falls too soon on young shoulders, and crushes the elasticity of youth out of childish hearts."

Yet there is truth in the point that our nation forgets all in the mad pursuit of wealth, losing sight of the enjoyment by the wayside, just within easy grasp. We even neglect many of the forms of politeness, for it is the form that the American omits,—the true deep wells of real politeness are inherent in the American nature. The delicacy, chivalry, thoughtfulness in the attitude toward women is an evidence that speaks an unanswerable argument for natural politeness, in the heart, more convincing than the whole congregated mass of European forms. True politeness, deep in the character, has a value in comparison with which these forms are but as the flitting rainbow to the sun and rain that create it. Yet the rainbow adds beauty to nature, and courtesy gives grace to life.

They say that in America every one is always in a hurry. The easy, slow deliberation of the German is amazing to us. When the men meet each other on the street, what profuse greetings!—hats off, not merely touched, or tipped, or raised, but they are removed, as the men almost wave them at each other, accompanied by the broadest of smiles and heartiest of nods. They generally stop to shake hands, and inquire about the family, and send an exchange of greetings. We really ought to have that much interest in one another. While this much is more than the

practical American can naturally assume, still it is better than the hurried nod we give, which seems to value one's friends less than the moment of time. A pleasant, friendly greeting is a brightness in days of care, and these little courtesies speak of human sympathy beneath all the money-getting material world. The German keeps sympathy alive by friendly greeting. In the country, everybody greets the traveller, wishes him pleasure; the toll-gate keeper calls out, "Viel Vergnügen"; the children cast flowers after him, and one feels the kindred of the human race. When a passenger enters the coach, "Guten Tag" salutes him, and when he leaves, a pleasant-voiced "Adieu, glückliche Reise," follows him. The street-car conductor salutes with a respectful "*Guten Morgen!*" And, in spite of class system, the people are not too stiff to give the return, "Morgen!" Salutations are exchanged in stores, the men remove their hats, and they always wear gloves, and are ready with a polite form on all occasions. We will except the officers, the "unproductive consumers of Wurst" George Eliot calls them, who never will step aside on the pavement, and whose swords threaten to trip us up at every turn of the street. Yes, we must say, too, that, with this excessive politeness, we have seen the most offensive rudeness. These same polite gentlemen have followed our American, and, also, the Ger-

man girls again and again, accosted them, and persisted in walking with them for squares, and it was an ordinary thing to hear some one softly say, "May I walk with you, beautiful miss?" or the bolder words, "Oh, what beautiful eyes!" We believe it is perfectly safe upon the streets, but one is never sure of not being followed or spoken to, which, to say the least, is annoying. We have seen officers raise their opera glasses and fix them steadfastly upon some young girls quietly sitting at a table near them, at a restaurant, and even the presence of elderly gentlemen escorts was no safeguard against such impudence. The true spirit of politeness does not always exist where forms abound.

In the home are many greetings. There is the regular hand-shaking, and the "Gesegnete Mahlzeit" after every meal. At first, this was ridiculous, wishing "blessed meal-time," *after* the meal, but we soon gave it a new meaning, especially on the days of dreaded dishes, — potatoes and apples stewed together, warm tongue, raw herring, — then we let it refer to the future, the future in America, with choice vegetables and luscious fruits. No one leaves the house without stopping to say "adieu," and to receive the good-wishes — "*Amusiren Sie'sich!*" We Americans sometimes weary of this, or a silent mood makes it too great an effort; but the Germans do not have moods, — they cannot understand this freak

of the American disposition. Our quick sensitiveness, our irritation under restraint or espionage; — how can this slow, equable people understand us? So they calmly continue to ask us all about our private affairs, and never allow us to leave the house without knowing why and where we go, discuss fully every letter and every visitor that comes to us, and we can only endure, — it is useless to kick against the pricks.

At the dinners, in company, we learned the gushing tenderness and use of titles, how "Excellenz" to the General's wife is a sweet morsel to the German tongue. To the American it is unpalatable, and yet we like to be called "gnädiges Fräulein." It is almost a capital crime to slight a title. One of our American students, in Leipsic, called on Professor Delitzsch, asking for him simply as such, whereupon the servant in waiting poured upon his innocent head a volley of wrath for his insult to Herr — Doctor — Professor — Universitäts Prediger — etc., etc. — Delitzsch. In Berlin, they tell how the King, who was a friend of Neander, would call out to the bushy-browed philosopher, as he wandered abstractedly through the Thiergarten, "Guten Tag, mein lieber Herr, Doctor, Professor, General-Superintendent, Consistoriam Rath Neander!" On every occasion these distinctions are used. In addressing an envelope they will add to the name *Hoch wohlgeboren*. And actually there was

this distinction given a few years ago, — *Hoch wohlgeboren zur Zeit* — high, well born for a time! Even the Germans laugh at it, *high, well born for a time!* The title was removed, but still business envelopes are stamped "*Ew. (ewige) Hoch wohlgeboren*, — forever well born as distinguished from those only well born *zur Zeit!*

Family friendships are carefully cultivated. You find families whose ancestors have been thus connected in friendship, and generation after generation cherishes it. Not merely formal calls and state visits mark the friendship, but there is a very close interest in the family life. Year after year the birthdays are remembered, and, as events demand, congratulations or condolences are exchanged. Little special remembrances keep the friendship warm. A little bunch of the first snowdrops, in February, or a few tender pussy-willows will bear the *Frühlings Gruss*, and from papa's hunting some rabbits are sent, or a bottle of wine from the latest importation. Yet, somehow, families never "drop in" to see each other in the free, easy, familiar way that we do. They seem to come at certain hours or by special invitation. We foreigners never dared run in in a German home, and I believe the Germans themselves would not — they are too much for form, even in minute things. One day, when out walking with Frau Hauptmann, I noticed her silence, as she is usually talkative; at the same time, I

remembered the custom, and slipped around to her left, and this required mark of respect restored the usual interesting entertainment. A stranger must call upon the residents first, and, if she is agreeable, the call will be returned within three days, and an invitation to dine will follow. When you dine out, the servant in waiting is feed, as you leave the table, and at an evening party the maid in attendance receives a fee. There is feeing on all sides. When you visit for several days, you must fee every servant, and very few houses have less than two, generally more. We dislike the feeing, not only because it is burdensome, but, also, on general principles. It must take from the self-respect of a character. We never knew but one person refuse a fee — an old lady at the Luther Church in Eisleben. Some of the grandest officials, all bedecked with orders and medals, are ready for the smallest, but prefer the largest fee. As we went through the Prussian Royal Library, fee in hand, an American, lately arrived, whispered that she was afraid to give it to such a man. He was a scholar, discussed upon each MS. as he showed it : Beethoven's MSS. of the Ninth Symphony, leaves of the Tischendorf Sinaitic Testament, Tetzels Indulgences, the Bible and Prayer Book of Charles I. (presented to Juxton just before his execution), the original 95 Theses, MS. of the Gospels, of the eighth century (a present of Charlemagne to Duke Wittekind),

MSS. of Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Kant, Niebuhr, — Chinese and Arabian books, amulets, relics, Otto von Guericke's air-pump, — all these, and more, he explained, and added a vast fund of information. He talked of the wars, the government, showed his own honor marks, and his manners were courtly and distinguished. Nevertheless, we each quietly slipped our half-mark into his ready hand! Think of presenting any of our American officials with a fee — and such a fee! Here, we feel tempted to say, however, that we never saw a Custom-House officer in Europe take a bribe, and that is not the case on the American side of the Atlantic.

The class system is very marked, and seems to be accepted by the people as a natural law. It is seen in many unlooked-for ways. Coming home from the Lyceum one morning, we were attracted by sounds of music, and noticed a funeral winding its way through the streets. The hearse and horses were draped with heavy black cloth, almost touching the ground, — longer and heavier draping than is usual. We stopped and inquired the cause. O, the look of disdain that withered us, as our ignorance of high life was rebuked — *Nun, ja-erste Klasse!* We had heard of "first-class funerals" before, but had never taken them in a literal sense, until this face-to-face encounter. The court had sent a carriage, the powdered, bewigged, dazzling foot-

men were in their places, and the proud equipage, having no mourners within, closely followed the hearse. The court families rarely attend funerals, but send their empty carriages in full state, and the family feels highly honored, and the people look on with admiring awe. The crowds worship display, and the lower classes recognize and contentedly accept their lower position. Yet this lower class sustains the burden of taxation, — especially the peasants, or *Bauer* order. A favorite print in the village inns is a fair representation of the German system. The Bauer and the parasites that prey upon him are arranged in a scale. The Emperor stands on one step, with the motto, "I live on the taxes." The soldier, on another, boasts, "I pay for nothing." The preacher, a step lower, chants, "I am supported by the tithes." The beggar whines, "I live on what is given me." The nobleman loftily speaks, "I pay no taxes." The Jew mutters, "I bleed them all," while beneath the whole crew stands the Bauer, with bent back, and brow of sweat, groaning, "Dear God, help me! I must support all these!"

Germany can call into the field, at any moment's notice, an army of a million and a half of trained men. A standing army of half a million makes its constant drain upon the people. Yet no one can dispute this necessity. France has also adopted a universal mili-

tary conscription, is working with might and main, and Germany dare not relax her watchfulness. No one doubts that France is determined to wipe away the humiliations of '70 and '71, and the Fatherland must be ever awake. This standing army is a great necessary burden; and not only the tax is an evil, but it entails other cares. Three years of the life of nearly all its young men must be sacrificed, when they are not only not earning money, but drawing on government, and the earnings of their parents. There is a class called *Freiwillige*, who may pass through in one year, — those who have passed a most rigid examination, who are able to bear the expense of uniforms, lodgings, board, and are of irreproachable conduct. They are of a higher class, and need not live at the barracks. We do not wonder that there is this devotion to study, in order to become an *Einjähriger*, and escape the living, working, sleeping, eating in a crowd. For the country clown this three years is an education. "It sharpens his intelligence, polishes his manners, widens his ideas, teaches him the advantages of organization and the necessity of discipline, and he returns to his village improved mentally, physically, morally." And, in spite of the drain upon the country in loss of labor and burden of taxes, to the whole nation the army is a school for polishing manners, quickening intelligence, but, more than

that, in infusing patriotism and training the spirit of unity among the many provinces. "It is fusing Hessian and Prussian, and Badischer and Würtemberger, Hanoverian and Saxon, into one German people. It is undoing the particularism which was the bane of the past." It is an expensive lesson; this generation pays for the dissensions of their ancestors, but it lays the only sure foundation for a future, and so the army is well worth the drain made upon the people.

This patriotism has so grown in the nation that it really takes the place of religion to a large extent. We were visiting the public schools, and chanced in one room at the hour when "Religion" was being taught. An hour a day is devoted to this subject; there are text-books for the various grades, and the children know the whole Bible by the time the education is, to an extent, completed,—in its history, geography, prophecy, almost verse after verse, and word for word. The subject that morning was the Holy Spirit,—the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. The Bible account was recited word for word, and then came the illustration. The teacher asked if there had been any instance in modern times of the descent of this same Spirit. Immediately the children responded "*Siebenzig und ein und siebenzig!*" ('70 and '71). "Yes," she answered, "what else would have impelled our soldiers so

upon the French! The Holy Ghost fell upon them, *und dann ging's los!*" ("then it went loose!") We need not explain farther to show the fusion of patriotism and religion.

With this military system, it is not strange that the officers assume superior airs, and that the young girls "*schwärm*" for the *Offisieren*. The Emperor and Chancellor know that all power rests upon this bulwark, and every honor is given the army, and that social life is regulated by this order. This is probably the chief reason of Bismarck's dislike to America, — so many Germans emigrate, and the army loses so much "*Kanonenfütter.*" Whole tracts of country have been desolated by those seeking refuge from this compulsory military service, and, to avoid this, a prejudice is created toward foreign lands. And the German is a creature of prejudice. The Jew in their midst is made to feel it. The Jews associate together, and rarely are they seen in general society. They feel that there is a ban against them. In the late Lasker trouble, the Jews declared that much of the feeling against the American resolutions arose from the fact that he was a Jew. However that may be, the openly expressed opinion shows the position of the Jew. We know that some German ladies refused to speak to our American girls when walking with a Jewess. This seems so petty to us, and we have had such a mingling

of nations in America, that we are free from such narrow prejudices, that we are led more and more to despise all prejudice against any class, as mean and narrow. It makes us ashamed of our prejudice against the colored people, for all the human race has a claim upon the sympathy and tolerance of every human soul.

While the German has this prejudice against every other nation, — indeed, all Europe has to foreigners, — the nations there live in antagonism to each other, — still, to the individual the German is kind. They talk about our nation, ridicule it, yet they will try to please us. We never forget we are foreigners, — they do not allow us. They will discuss us freely, — talk about us personally, right before our faces — our eyes, complexion, clothes, manners. Perhaps they forget that we understand German, but it is ludicrous. Their natural friendliness leads them into many acts of kindness, — kindness often more delightful in thought than action, as in the case when our Frau surprised us with “American buckwheat cakes,” bringing them in at dinner for dessert, and we obliged to eat and smile and appear to enjoy that dark, stiff mixture, laden with sugar, with not the remotest hint of our delicate buckwheats. What must she think of our American food, — and our national digestion! — Their friendliness leads them to flattery, too, —

a flattery that our natural penetration easily understands. They will always tell you you speak a beautiful German, and praise it in highest terms. In our family they daily expressed gratification at our German. One day some visitors called, and, after delivering a long speech, no answer came from the visitors. In indignation I turned to Frau Hauptmann, crying, "See there, they do not even understand that German!" She explained to the visitors, and the plausible excuse was given—"They were so amazed at your beautiful German that they could not answer for astonishment!" Another time, a lady asked, "You say you are an American—can you talk English, then?"—implying that I spoke German so well that it appeared to be the national language. However, this arises from their kindness of disposition, and we can enjoy it. There is such a good-humor in the nation that our anger cools as fast as it rises. There is a simplicity in every deception that robs it of its malice. Even deception is so open. The most striking thing we ever heard was with regard to the "Prison Editor."—Bismarck keeps a sharp lookout on the press, and for expressing too liberal ideas the writer is sent to prison. One very free and radical paper in Berlin is continually brought to trial. A certain man, salaried for the regular position, bears the name of editor, receives the sentence, and takes his term in pris-

on, while the real editor sits back in his office and continues his liberal writing. This is openly talked of in the city, and the people think that a "Prison Editor" (his general name), drawing a fixed salary for "sitting his time," is quite a huge joke. — Another thing that always creates a laugh is the regular report of the hunting parties. The old Emperor will shoot a hundred hare; the vigorous Crown Prince, fifty; while the lusty young Prince Wilhelm can only reach twenty-five. This is the usual way — each must only shoot one-half as many as the one of higher rank! It is harmless; no one is deceived by it, yet to us it seems quite absurd. All is done in such a child-like way that we cannot find it in our hearts to utter the scorn that rises in our souls, and we laugh with them. All these things, as the many forms and ceremonies that have no necessity in a true, natural society, are the results of past ages, and the present society is not responsible for their existence.

A German writer has said, "With every higher culture, a certain amount of deception is necessary." Our high idea of true culture will never admit this as truth. True culture means nearer, ever nearer to truth, a cultivation of the highest expression of the noblest feelings of the heart. The heart must be cultured in truth, and in the expression of this, and this alone, — outward forms are but to express true feelings, and, as

such, they are of value and beauty. This is the culture that America is to seek, and for which she has an open field. Barbarism, heathendom, corruption, ages of force and cruelty and false systems, do not lie behind our history, are not fetters upon our society, and here there is a possibility of high, true, cultured society. Outward expressions are still uncouth, untrained, from the necessity to civilize a wild, new country, and the need for severe labor, admitting of no society or polish. We need something now to round the corners, make the rough places smooth and the crooked straight; something to soften the brusque, uneven awkwardness, to tone the loud, ostentatious self-consciousness, — forms we do need to tutor the intercourse of people with each other, some outer ceremonies may refine our national manners, — all this comes alone with time, settled society, material comfort, an older civilization. Then will the graces of culture be united to what exists in the nation, — truth of heart, and the result will be a society such as the Old World can never realize. This is the great problem for our nation to work out, — to develop a higher culture and at the same time maintain the integrity of the heart.

CHAPTER XII.

A WEEK IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE public buildings and public institutions of Germany are by no means open to the public. It is difficult to obtain entrance to them; it requires so much ceremony, delay, form — yea, diplomacy, that we often prefer to miss entirely places hedged in by such rites and ceremonies. In America, the public buildings belong to the public, and we may enter even the great Capitol at Washington, and wander as we will from House to Senate and thence to Supreme Court. To obtain a glimpse of the German National Assembly — the Reichstag — you must, first, go to the office in the Reichsgebäude, or Parliament building, and deposit a postal card, addressed to yourself on one side, and with your request for admittance written on the other. If the officials here see fit to grant your request, this card, with the official seal and the date on which it can be used, is returned you by mail in a week's time. Frequently ten cards are deposited before a favorable answer is returned. It depends upon the number of applicants and the

names you may mention as reference. Second, on the appointed day, you go an hour before the door is opened, and place yourself in a long line, that extends down the square, and, even then, when the ponderous doors swing back, the big stout German, unaccustomed to American deference to womankind, pushes ahead, until you feel you must push and run, or be left behind in the race. After all, you obtain a miserable position for observation, as the visitors' gallery is directly above the Speaker's chair; and, although you have a good view of the body, the various political factions, yet you can only obtain glimpses of the Chancellor, by leaning far over the railing, — not a polite, comfortable, or a safe position, but one to which you are constantly tempted as you hear his nervous, almost irritable voice whenever anything is said at all contrary to his aristocratic will. Then, as you pass out and down the halls, you naturally wish to make the most of the opportunity, and reconnoitre, as in the Capitol; but a bemedalled and uniformed officer waves you back, and you return exactly the way you came.

It is the same with the Public Library. You may be introduced by a friend, or you may sound the bell for an official to take charge of you. You will never dare to saunter through these rooms without the ceremonial safe-conduct at your side. If you wish to refer to a book, you must deposit a card of application on one day, and then call for

the book a day or two later. All the galleries and museums, however, are open to the public, with no other requirement than "No umbrella, no cane."

The public schools are most difficult of access, for, as a rule, visitors are not admitted — the work cannot be interrupted; there must be nothing to distract, nothing to injure the concentration of the pupils. And if there is one thing that reigns above all others in the schools, yea, in the education of Germany, it is CONCENTRATION. And it is this concentration that is the secret of the scholarship in this land of scholars.

I had tried, in various ways, to obtain entrance into the schools, with no success. I became acquainted with several teachers, but none seemed to think it desirable for them to be visited in their school-rooms. Probably, if I had applied directly to the principal, I might have gained my aim; but that is not so easy in a land of conservatism, — especially for an American girl, resting under the peculiar opinion concerning them.

One Saturday evening, as we sat at Abendbrod, a visitor for me was announced. The visitor was one of my classmates at the Lyceum, a teacher in the public schools. She had come to ask me to be Dolmetcher for the Prince of Siam in her school, the next week. Dolmetcher! Was there ever a sweeter-sounding word? At that time, it was magic to me, and I hastened to assure her

that I would be happy to be Dolmetcher, and to so high-born a creature. It chanced that this Prince of Siam wished to visit the schools, and, as he spoke no German, but was well acquainted with English, and this German Fräulein spoke fluent English, she had been requested to act as interpreter — or, as Mark Twain puts it, *interrupter* — for the Prince, converting the unintelligible Teutonic into the purer medium of Anglo-Saxon. My friend had consented, but, as the time drew near, her courage failed, and in her distress she came to me for assistance. Would I be Dolmetcher? I refused to be as modest with regard to my German as she was with her English, and I gladly consented. This was all the more gratifying to me as I had been made unhappy so often by the disparagement put upon American English, and now my English was recognized, and was accepted as pure currency in the language, aye, lifted from its scorned obscurity to play Dolmetcher to the Prince of Siam!

The family were as delighted as I — and my approaching nearness to a royal office gave me new charms in their eyes. They have always assumed a personal pride in any seeming honor to me. When Miss Sargent calls, and sends up the liveried footman, no words can express the gratification of Herr Hauptmann. The next Sabbath day, we all seemed to have stepped into a higher world, — just the shadow of royalty, falling on us,

had elevated us! Even I—democratic American—even I, devout in church service,—how could I refrain from thoughts of the morrow, or keep my eyes from wandering to the royal box, and comparing the kingly figure of the Prussian Crown Prince with that mental picture of the scion of the House of Siam!

Monday morning, I crossed the inner court, also the school-yard, just as the children were drawn up in orderly lines and about to enter the building, which they did with military precision and perfect order. It was examination time, and I was conducted to the hall where these examinations were held: they are oral and open to the public. I found a large assembly of the parents, fathers and mothers, of the pupils, and those interested in education,—the latter, a large class in Germany. At one side of the hall was a long table, at which sat an important-looking body. This was the School Committee. They have an intelligent interest in methods of school-work, — some of them make it a study, and their office is to them a high trust, which they faithfully fulfil. Incapable, ignorant, low-class people cannot hold office,—and it is not dependent on politics. Upon this table the drawing and copy books were placed, and each one carefully examined. Writing with a pen and drawing with a pencil are begun in the lowest grades, and, as the pupils advance, the drawings become more complicate,

and in the higher grades the sketches from life and models are highly artistic. Some bright colors across the hall attracted me, and here I found a wonderful array of the handiwork of the girls. Piles on piles of garments, made most exquisitely, and with the finest hand-sewing, and a most bewildering mass of knitting and embroidery, — huge, coarse socks; delicate, fleecy, snow-flake laces, — sewing, stitching, knitting of every kind and description. Awards are given, — prizes of small value, but most precious to the receiver. Some of the mothers were “blessedly happy,” as the Germans say, over the bit of red or blue ribbon testifying to the skilful fingers of Marie or Gretchen.

The various classes were brought into the hall, — one class at a time. After respectfully making their courtesy to committee and audience, the catechization began. The examination in numbers fairly made my brain reel. They have a system, which I believe is adopted also in our country, of dividing the tens into parts, which facilitates computation to such a degree that numerical processes which in former days required much ciphering with the pencil are now solved mentally, and the results of an intricate addition or multiplication are seen almost instantaneously. The children would promptly deliver an answer while I was still laboriously halting through the first steps of the calculation. Each

child had several questions, the teacher darting one question after the other,—practical questions, too, in addition to the abstract calculations—about the common weights and measures in use—the *kilos, metres, litres, grammes*. I was much impressed,—yea, *imponirt* by the system!

One class after another was brought in, the catechization of each lasting about three-quarters of an hour. The geography was made practical by the use of globes and maps, and its connection with history; still, I had been so often vexed with the German ignorance of the geography of the Western Continent, that, while acknowledging the philosophy of their method, still my own experience made me question whether the teaching was not narrow. Europe is known in detail. They say this is one of the reasons of the German success in war,—familiarity with localities. This, with their study of modern languages, makes them at home in the enemy's camp. They have many flat or table maps, representing the State, with hills, streams, towns, and every natural feature. In the study of history, such maps are made of a single battle-field, and thus all its details can be explained and understood. In connection with the history and geography, much of the German literature is taught. There surely never were people with the faculty of memory equal to that of these Germans! They can recite poetry hour after hour, day in and day out, and

yet not exhaust their store. The dramas of Goethe and Schiller are familiar as household speech, while the longer poems, as the "Lay of the Bell," are complete in every memory. The memory, thus carefully trained from childhood, becomes a wonderful power to a scholar. Professor Richter, in his lectures on the "History of the City of Rome," talks on uninterruptedly for over an hour—with names, dates, dimensions—and not a scrap of paper for reference or help. It is the same thing in "History of the Present Day"; Professor Breslau never has a note, and gives days and hours and exact words!—and you know they are perfect in point of accuracy. Exactness is the law of their mental being. It is the result of their early education, when perfect mental habits were formed. We in America are so quick, and have such fine intuitive power, yet all natural gifts fail without this training—this severe discipline. We admire drill, but we hate it. It takes courage to put yourself in the harness.

These public examinations, however, reveal results rather than working systems; and I was anxious for the Prince to arrive, that I might enter the working-rooms. My friend bade me meet her in her recitation-room the next morning, and there I saw her give one of those celebrated picture-lessons. The underlying principle is that in young children the first faculties to be awakened are perception, observation, which leads to thought,

and then the language is to be developed. It was a charming lesson, and I never knew German children could be so effusive. Before strangers in their homes they are properly kept in the background. The children were wild to tell all that could be seen in the picture, which was a snow scene. And then a story was developed from it, and several little verses of poetry taught, also a dialogue, and finally a song. I admired the ingenuity of the teacher; but she showed me a little book in which were twenty lessons prepared, questions, verses, all, so that the teacher is carefully guided in the work. In our Normal Schools, the pupil-teachers are trained to give such lessons; they are part of the primary course in the schools. But the teacher has no help; and such work requires a gift not possessed by all nor many primary teachers.

In a number lesson which followed, the children used various colored balls that were fastened on each desk. The teaching of spelling is phonetic, as the German language in sound and orthography is perfectly consistent, and admits the system with no confusion in following its principles. In reading, the children make the words from cards, as little ones do with building-blocks. In the higher classes, there is a marked characteristic in the reading-books,—the principle of teaching loyalty, the use of this means to train German citizens with love and pride for the State. The

public-school teaching has this as one of its aims — to train citizens for the State, — and there is not a branch taught that cannot, in some way, tend to this purpose. Religion is taught daily, as any other subject, with equal time for its study, year after year. The Bible is known from cover to cover, in its history, chronology, narrative, prophecy, and such parts as the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, the Luther Psalm, the Mars Hill address, are known word for word. Later, in these schools, doctrines are taught. It is amazing, with all this religious teaching, that Germany should be considered skeptical. All the hymns are taught, — the same hymn-book is used all over the Empire, in every church, and these same hymns, words and tunes, have been sung for decades of years, one generation handing them down to the next. Thus it happens that every one in church can sing, and into whatever church one may chance to enter, there is that part of the service in which he may join.

Modern languages are taught, as also the ancient. The boys begin the study of Latin the third year after entering, and continue it for years, — and thus, beginning at nine years of age, and with constant practice and years of discipline, it is not strange that among scholars there is such familiarity with it. Modern languages alone are in the course for girls, — Latin is, therefore, un-
womanly.

The reasoning faculties of woman, too, are considered limited; at least, they are not worth a mathematical training, and her study of Mathematics is curtailed. She receives enough to enable her to calculate her little household expenses; but why should she measure her lord's whole estate? Six hours a week, the time for extra mathematics for the boys, is devoted by the girls to needle-work. It may be a good thing to have some handiwork in the schools, but to me it was exasperating beyond measure to see those boys at work with their brains, while the girls plied the needle,—work that a machine could do better in less time,—this sewing were better a lost art when supplied by better agencies. These girls would know enough of such labor, and little enough of intellectual work, and one bright little miss, with the independence of thought of an American, ventured to say, "My mother makes me do this all the time at home; I wish I could do something else at school." It was with difficulty that I obtained entrance into the sewing-room; I believe the teacher must have felt my antagonism. However, the lesson gave me some new insight into the advantages of this branch in the schools. It was made more than mere unthinking labor. A certain garment was to be made. A girl at the blackboard began to draw the figure geometrically, and thus the whole figure was outlined according to geometry, and the demonstration was logical.

This was copied into their book of patterns, — all geometrical figures. This will be of advantage to them in home-cutting, and has scientific method to it. Next, the cloth was taken according to the plan, and cut. The work on this would continue until the garment was finished. The girls learn how to make a complete wardrobe, and general family sewing, during the years at the *Gemeinde Schule*; and fancy-work, embroidery, knitting, fine stitching, — all this is learned in extra time, by those who finish a garment first, and as a reward for good plain work. There are three lessons a week, — each two hours long. By this time my interest in the work had thawed the little sewing-teacher, and from the closet she brought out pile after pile of clothing, tied up in ribbons, that the children had made.

I made a General Outline of the course of study, in order to see the relative importance of the studies.

In the *Gymnasium*, or Middle School, where pupils attend from the age of nine until about eighteen, after which they go to the University, the great body of German youth is educated. The *Lehrplan*, or course of study, is fixed for all the schools throughout the Empire by ministerial authority, as in France and Italy. It does not arrange the detailed programme, but fixes subjects of instruction, the hours allotted to each, and the gradual development in true order from grade to

grade. Within the limits of this general plan, the greatest freedom is left to the teacher. Some years ago, the hours of work were thirty-two a week. This was found too heavy, and has been changed to twenty-eight or thirty: from 7 to 11 A.M. in summer, 8 until 12 in winter,—in the afternoon, 2 till 4 the year around. There is but one half-holiday in the week, and that in the middle of the week. Latin, during all these years, receives the most attention, having given to it ten hours a week. Mathematics has four; Greek, the only optional study, six; the mother-tongue, two; French or English, three: Geography and History, two; Science, two; Drawing, two; Religion, three.

All schools, whether public or private, are under the government, and controlled by the Minister of Education, and a Board of Councillors of scholars (some of the most noted of Germany), and in every local Board there must be at least one man who has given special attention to the subject of education. The schools and all officials are vested with a State dignity. Every teacher is considered a benefactor to the State, and, after a certain number of years of service, is pensioned by the government, in token of the good rendered the State. Education is a serious matter of care for the State. In Germany the State supposes itself responsible to see that the education given to all classes be wholesome and solid, and to ward off

the perils of having its young incompletely or inefficiently instructed. That is to say, "the education of the country is taken, like the post-office and railways, into the hands of the State. It will guarantee to the country that no man unqualified shall physic their bodies or educate their minds; it supervises the butcher-shops that no diseased meat shall be sold, and the schools, that no unwholesome teaching shall be imparted. The nation, collectively and individually, is strained to get the utmost knowledge. No chance for these little ones to play truant. Education is compulsory. From six to fourteen, the child must go to school, and I have seen a big officer marching a tiny delinquent to his unwilling task. It is all right in principle, but one feels sorry for these little German children; they must work so hard, and seem to lack that exuberance of life, spirits, and childish glee that make American children harder to train, but leave them the memory of a happy childhood. But there must be play somewhere among the German children, for such toy-stores as are in Berlin I have never seen. — A list of the absentees is sent to the Board, the Board admonishes the parents, and, if this is ineffective, they are fined or sent to jail. Every day missed during these eight years must be made up afterward. The children in the German schools work as no other children in the world, and the chief reason is that their future — one or three

years of military service — depends upon the final examination. It is humorous and yet pitiful, the serious, earnest way in which the little men devote themselves to study. Yet, while the final end and the future is determined by this great examination, the great aim in the educational system is to develop the reasoning powers, to make thinking men, to create intelligence rather than give knowledge. It calls forth the exercise of the functions of the mind, as averse to the cram system. The examinations are so held as to be a test rather of intelligence and ability than of knowledge or script.

Assuredly, the German *knows everything*. Yet he is not bright nor quick. The much learning has made him thoughtful, and his jokes are stupid and heavy. Moreover, the University labor, which calls for seven or eight hours of brain-work a day, is too hard on the mind, and the strain on the eyes alone has made a nation wearing spectacles.

In the meantime, as I gathered information, where was my office as Dolmetcher — the reason for my existing on that spot? Impatiently I passed the first hours of each day awaiting him, but forgot my disappointment in the work before me. Yet the Prince came. His Highness appeared just before the close of school one morning. The pupils arose in respect as he entered, with the indispensable officer in the State uniform.

With greatest gravity bows were exchanged. It was a Geology lesson. Could there be a more unfortunate time? Chemistry or Metaphysics only could have been worse. Think of translating Geology into another language!—as taught by a German speculative scientist, too! The professor was giving a most philosophical account of the theory of the formation of certain rocks, which were piled up before him, and rapidly took up one after the other in illustration or proof.

Did I not understand him, or did the Prince not understand me? Did I not understand German, or did the Prince not understand English? Was he disappointed that his Dolmetcher was not a German Fräulein, or was he stunned at this close relation to that mystery of mysteries—the American woman? I do not know. I can never tell you. It may have been only the custom of the lords of Siam toward the women in the land of the white elephant. I only know that never by glance or change of his dark countenance did he once betray interest or intelligence in my rapid deliverance of the lecturer's remarks—and, beyond the profound bows at greeting and parting, he gave no manifestation of his consciousness of our presence. Silently as he came, he left.

Our great expectations had proved a delusion, nevertheless, the Prince had served me a good turn, and had gained for me a week in the Public Schools. When the time was over, the Rector

expressed himself pleased at an American's interest in the German schools. He had heard so much of our *grössere Verhältnisse* in rich America, and feared we would despise their poorer accommodations. He was happy when I told him (in true German style) that I was so *imponirt* with the system and teaching that I had not noticed the *geringere Verhältnisse*. I told him, however, that we knew more about ventilation in all our public buildings. The school-houses are old, poorly furnished, as I noticed when my attention had thus been called. Yet I think that all people, as well as all educators, will endorse the opinion that all our magnificent buildings can in no degree outweigh the value of the philosophy of education that has come to us and to the world from the land of Froebel and Pestalozzi.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

EMERSON says, "Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe"; yet nothing is stronger to create the passion for America than a touch of the passion for Europe. Old in wickedness is the Old World, and only in a land where there is a higher moral life and individual freedom is there a possibility of that for which Emerson, in the same paragraph, cries, "Here let there be what the world waits for—exalted manhood!"

Our country is so new, we have grown up in the surroundings of a Present, and we are unaccustomed to the presence of a Past around and about us everywhere. We feel this Past keenly in the Old World. One seems to live in the shadow of the great past, and at times this shadow is more real than the reality itself, which passes before one as a mockery or play. We have just had this experience, in its most exaggerated vividness, in the celebration of a marriage in an old church.

A marriage,—the very height of life,—and everywhere the presence of death! There stand the wedding guests, there the bridal pair; but

within the old pile are the countless tombs, while from the walls the dead look down upon the scene, and the place seems filled with the rustling spirits of the ages. It may be that these spirits are murmuring against the hollowness and mockery of these ceremonies, once full of solemn, holy sanctity. For marriage in Germany is no longer an institution of the Church; it is a civil form, and belongs to the State. Formerly, marriages were made in heaven, now they are made in the Standes Amt — has become a proverbial saying in Germany. The Church has no power to unite a couple in marriage; the State alone has this authority. This is one of the results of the union of Church and State. So, the seal of the Church and religion does not rest upon the newly married pair, and when marriage is thus removed from its "divine order," the bought and sold marriages, so common, seem naturally a part of the business system, and not a most horrible profanity.

In higher circles, and among Christian people, the religious ceremony is frequently added to the civil contract. Yet this previous civil marriage robs the hour of its deepest significance. The long, tedious exercise, added to the fact that it is only a form and of no power, that the couple are already married, — all brings into sharp contrast the beauty, simplicity, solemnity of the American marriage. The American bride, at the German altar, must feel this with shuddering. It would

not be surprising if, even at the altar, they would shrink and falter, — for there is more death than happy life in it to a sensitive soul. Gloom and sadness filled our hearts as we accepted the invitation of one of the American girls to witness her marriage in the old land. It may be because she was one of our number, because the bridegroom was a foreigner, and that home and country were thus given up, that the hour was so sombre and dark, and every feeling of foreboding intensified.

“Merry as a marriage bell!” — Ah, that has meaning in America — not here! Even on an American girl’s wedding-day, the leaden skies of Berlin refused to dispel the gray clouds, and show the long hidden blue we love so well. We sigh for our American friend, as we roll through the slippery streets, in a one-horse droschke, to the antique church. It has been raining, and the asphalt is slippery; and, as usual, the horse has several falls, but he is whipped up and onward. We pass castles and palaces; the old, dismal Hohenzollern Castle, where the early, cruel, barbaric founders of the line lived and tyrannized. How can this royalty be so blindly worshipped by a subject people? While there is something grand in a long line of kings, still it is a survival of “might makes right”; and the dark record of kings, showing the lack of true nobility of character, rouses horror in the soul of a republican, and

indignation that such a rule is tolerated. Where is its right to exist?

We rattle through the narrow streets, down Heilige Geist Strasse (Holy Ghost Street), past the old home of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, Lessing's ideal for his Nathan the Wise, when, suddenly, a horrible head, obtruding from a house-front, startles us. It is the head of a woman!—how repulsive! Serpents are curling about her forehead, neck, and mouth; a lolling tongue; hideous features; obtruding, vicious eyes; a ghastly, scrawny neck! Ugh!—we shudder! Cold chills pass over us. The story is that a woman who lived in this house was such a dreadful scold, virago, and gossip that Frederick II. had this head put here as a warning. It has been here over a century. It is horrid!—an insult to womanhood! What woman can see it without this feeling?

Here is the church — Marien Kirche. It is the oldest in Berlin, dating from the twelfth century, — ages before America's star was seen glimmering in the darkness. Its great Gothic towers — of a later date — reach far into the misty darkness of the upper air; and from the phantom turrets the deep, hollow sounds of the bell mutter, — a vision and a voice from the Dark Ages. Over cobble-stones, through byways, behind a mass of buildings, we find our way to the entrance.

As you enter here, you enter the Middle Ages.

At the door, outside, is a rude stone cross. It marks the spot where one or more of the priests were murdered in those bloody days of combat, and in that open Market Square many were burned. These old churches are old battle-grounds, where storm and terror were no strangers. The hall vestibule is chilling; it turns warm blood almost into ice in one's very veins. At once, you encounter on the walls the frightful painting, the "Todten Tanz" (the "Dance of Death"). It is a mediæval painting, and so has no beauty of form or color to relieve the ghastliness of the subject; neither is it on canvas, or wood, or metal, nor has it a frame or border to relieve it, — but there it is, painted at once upon the rough walls, around the hall and up the crooked stairway. There is a long procession, — young and old, the bride, nun, soldier, king, and with each the fearful spectre. It was painted here in the fifteenth century, just after a pest had raged in Berlin, — its object to show that death comes to all, — high or low, young or old. Ugh! — what a grim people lived then! — We turn from it, but these grim old people have left their spirit on all sides, and opposite to this are great stone figures cut in the wall, — figures in robes, weapon in hand, long, evenly curled hair and a death's-head at their feet, grinning in chilling glee and freezing mockery. Another door is opened, and, within, a blazing fire strives in vain to impart warmth and

cheer : it is too weak against the death-chill of ages. An unholy odor prevails. Pass down the long, dim aisles, now seeming to be peopled with the ghosts of the past. The monks, as of yore, seem to file down the dark passages, chanting, while the veiled nuns mingle their Ave Marias, and the air gives back in whispers the gentle echoes.

The bride must walk through this. We hope she has no sensitive imagination to see and feel all that rests its heavy weight upon our souls. At the remote end of the vast interior is a gleam. The candles at the altar are lighted. The dark lengths of gloom fade, and the eager expectation of the expectant people, here gathered, imparts life. The Germans are used to these places, and now no such thoughts : yet to us the demonstrative company, crowding here, jumping on benches to catch a good view, jostling, laughing, scolding, - all this seems less real than the great company of the dead, calling out to us from the tombs, *Omnia est vanitas.*" The wedding guests, in such array, take their seats within the altar railing. The organ, from its distant heights, wafts a few faint chords. The preacher enters, then the bride and groom, four little children are attendants, and sixteen young ladies are bridesmaids. The bride wears the conventional white and a myrtle-wreath, the others are in all the loveliest tints and shades of beautiful colors. It is a beautiful procession,

and forms a lovely tableau as they arrange themselves within the sacred place. They all stand, and the service begins. It is a long ceremony, and they must stand the entire time. A hymn is sung, — that is, three long verses are doled out ; now and then, a few stray words or notes are heard. It seems more like a funeral. Then follows a sermon of twenty minutes. It is cold : the bare arms and necks of the bridesmaids have become pink, the bride sneezes, the groom shifts his footing, while the old knights frown from their lofty heights on the walls, the coats-of-mail rattle on their hooks, the many death's-heads assume a more ghastly grin, — ah, it is enough to turn a bride into a raving maniac !

Where is the beauty and solemnity of our simple service ? Even the soul of this tedious ceremony is removed, when you remember that it has no legal power, no weight, — that this couple was already made man and wife the previous day ! The long sermon finally ends, and the only poetical feature of all is the beautiful quartette “ Heilig, heilig,” that follows. Would that they could have been dismissed with the peaceful benediction, “ holy, holy ” ; but another long hymn by the scattered voices breaks its sacred spell. We ask the German Frau why they do not change the service, have it shorter, or allow the people to sit down, or — She quickly interrupts : “ Change ! Why, we have *always* had it so ! ” and her horri-

fied expression plainly foretells that they always will have it so.

The crowd rushes out to see the end, with a total irreverence of the past. It is nothing to them—an old story. To us it is a wonderful Old Past. We linger to read, or attempt to read, the old German inscriptions on tablets and stones. There are very many—the sexton cannot tell how many. The pictures are memorials, too, and the walls are completely covered with them. The groups in stone are parting scenes, the paintings are weeping circles, and the death's-head is everywhere. Europe is rich in such old treasures; but it is a wealth that begets poverty. It is a wealth that stands in the way of progress, spiritual growth, and independent, ideal life.

The weight of the past rested for several days upon the too sensitive imagination, when the oppressive feeling and the gloom of spirit were most happily dissipated by an experience that was a supplement to this American-German wedding, to reveal to us that these forebodings are morbid and superficial, and that real happiness may follow. Fortunately, just at this time, we had the opportunity to look into a home founded on such a marriage; so that within the one week we viewed the two pictures, "The Wedding Day," and "Five Years After," and all the gloom and foreboding we found in the first is changed into sunshine and happiness in the second.

Through Professor S. and his wife, we were invited to take tea at Professor I.'s, in the Joachim Valley, a suburb of Berlin. He is Professor in the Joachim Gymnasium, and the Professor's houses are grouped about the institution. Professor I.'s wife is an American, from my own city. She came over here to study music, and met the Professor; but she felt she could not give up her home and country for him, and so returned to America. But "many waters cannot quench love," and she crossed the Atlantic again to become his wife. They have a lovely home, the most tasteful I have seen in Germany. I was eager to see Mrs. I., not only because she was an American, and had been one of the "home girls," but she is the translator of "German Love," by Max Müller. I felt that the person who would be impelled to translate a book of that kind must have a lovely nature, and I was not disappointed. The Professor is very proud of his American wife, and you can see the difference between her and the German wives, and the Professor knows how to cherish the relation. Mrs. I.'s parents and sisters have visited her, yet she finds the separation hard.

She told us a charming little episode connected with this home. In one room there is a marble tablet on the wall, with the inscription stating that in this room the Kaiser had stood, and the date. It happened in this way. When Joachim

Gymnasium was dedicated, the Emperor was present, and, after visiting the school, he expressed the desire to visit one of the professors' houses. Professor I.'s was chosen, we will say because it was arranged the prettiest by his American wife, with American taste. While the Emperor was in the salon, he heard ladies' voices in another room, and asked the Professor if that was his wife, and asked to be presented. Mrs. I. and the Emperor thus met, and she presented her sister, just from America. The American sister could not manage the "Ihre Majestät" and all the reverences and homage in her speech to the Emperor, so the Professor apologized for her, explaining her difficulty and ignorance as a foreigner. This led to inquiry as to the marriage, and the Emperor was highly interested in the story of their love and marriage. At the close, His Majesty turned to Mrs. I., saying, "So he chained you fast, then?" (*fest gefesselt*). "O, no," broke in the gallant Professor; "she has chained me fast!" They are very proud of the incident, and it is a worthy pride.

The Professor is the author of several scholarly works, and is a brilliant conversationalist. He was amazed to know that I was studying Latin, and at what I had read; but refused to believe that Latin could be serious in a woman, only "a higher kind of intellectual amusement." He always asks his American visitors what they find

most *frappante* in Germany, and keeps a list of the answers. Just then the most striking thing that occurred to me was the peculiar ideas that are held about our English. My Professor had accosted me that morning, in this way: "That American language is very odd. I have just been looking over a book by Mr. Artemas Ward. The spelling seems more philosophical than that of the English, but it is a droll book." Actually, the Professor thought this book was a pure specimen of the American language. They fail to understand our humorists, and think the writing serious, the language odd. Professor I. says every American tells him something different. He seems to like Americans, but he has proved that beyond his words. We spent a happy evening, and some of our prejudices about the foreign marriages were removed.

However, I have had a finer and nearer touch of royal blood than only to have stood in the room where His Royal Majesty once entered — I have been in the presence of royalty itself! — We have a new interest in the lectures on *Neurste Geschichte*, in the presence of a new auditor, — Princess Wilhelm, wife of Prince Wilhelm, oldest son of the Crown Prince, who, after the next reign, will rule as Empress, if Germany continues to remain an Empire that long, which the Socialists refuse to believe. One day when I entered the lecture-room, I went as usual to a

seat directly in front of the desk, as I must watch Professor Breslau very carefully in order to understand his rapid speech. This day a lady leaned over in greatest excitement and distress, saying, "That seat is for the Frau Princessin," and I quickly vacated. With my usual absent-mindedness, I had not noticed that this was a special arm-chair, covered with a robe, and a rug placed for the feet, and I had taken possession of these royal comforts to the horror of the loyal German ladies! The Princess is fair, young, slender, quite girlish, although she has several children, and dresses very plainly in dark woollen garments. A gentleman — Kammerherr — and a lady always accompany her. The audience rises as she enters, — she bows; the same performance marks her departure. It is rather opposed to our democratic ideas, but we feel constrained to conform to the custom. Somehow, this fair young Schlesien appeals to one's sympathies. I fear my eyes wander from the lecturer's severe features to her delicate, sensitive face. She listens carefully, and takes notes, as nearly all of the ladies do. Even at church, the people take notes.

The presence of royalty in a country is very entertaining, not only to us, but to the people themselves, and probably that is one reason they cling to it, — they like to be amused, and think no farther. We have had a grand day here again, a celebration that makes pale all our Fourth of

July glory. It is amazing how these Germans — such a slow, steady-going folk — just plunge into the wildest excitement, whenever opportunity is given. This occasion was the Emperor's Birthday, — March 22, — nearly ninety years old, yet hale, hearty, and ruling well! In the morning, the congratulations were received from family, army, court, embassy, — a repetition of New Year's day, with more glory, if possible. We again took our place under the Alter Fritz statue, which on this day is decorated with vines, plants, and flowers. We watched for the Princess Wilhelm, of our history class, and saw her and the baby in the glass equipage, dressed in blue, to correspond with the turnout. There was the shouting and throwing of hats, and Bismarck called, but in a close coupé, and we could not see him. In the evening there was excitement beyond control. The streets were ablaze: every window twinkled with candles or gas-jets in artistic designs, or in colored lights. The palaces glittered in dazzling radiance — eagles, crowns, mottoes, letters, numbers, arches, like a fairy scene. We were in terrible crowds, but ran and screamed like the rest. All the fine equipages were out again taking the guests to the grand ball at the Old Castle, in the Weisse Saal, with its hundreds and thousands of twinkling tapers. The crowd presses right up to the carriages to look at the ladies in their ball costumes, — lovely

in shining satins and flowers, and brilliant in jewels and laces. What a scene in the Weisse Saal—the heart of that gloomy castle! The mad crowd pushes and yells, and we, under the maddening influence, form a line with linked hands, to keep together, and run and scream as the rest. With vulgar curiosity, we watch the high dames trip into the castle. Then we went to the Hof-Conditorei, and had a German treat—a round chocolate horn filled with whipped cream. We were out until midnight, and even then the frenzy had not abated. Each year the celebration is more elaborate, as the Emperor is so old they always fear it will be the last birthday, and so they desire to make it worthy.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSION WEEK AND EASTER.

SPRING has been coming here early. I picked a bunch of snow-drops in our little front yard on the eighth of February, and now the fulness of the spring is here. Gloomy and disagreeable as the winter has been, in the same degree is the German spring-time fresh and beautiful. With it has come the Easter vacation, and farewell to Professor Richter. He has gone. I felt sad to say a final "Adieu," and my heart echoed his hope, "Auf Wiedersehen in Rom!" The University has closed its Semester, and our winter society is breaking up. It is the inevitable, yet that does not lessen the pain. We belong to different and widely separated parts of the United States, and will probably never see one another again. There is a general breaking-up, as the schools suspend and the nation pauses in holiday. Why? — For a religious festival, and at this time religion rules the State. Religion regulates the German world. Is this rationalistic Germany? Is this the land where the deepest truths of the Christian faith are assailed? Is this the skeptical,

unbelieving, dangerous spot of Christendom? Is this the Fatherland whose irreligious tendencies are bewailed, — warnings of which resound throughout the earth?

These are the questions that rush upon the mind at the great church festival seasons in Germany, and there seems but one answer — a decided denial. At such times it is hard to believe in Germany's skepticism. If one may judge the religious state of a country by the strictness and zeal of the memorials of the Gospel story, then to the above questions most emphatically we answer, "No, — a thousand times, no. It is all a mistake, and Germany is a devout, fervent Christian nation."

Christmas week thus speaks, yet you feel that, perhaps, it is a universal celebration because it brings happiness and festivity, and there may be, after all, little religious meaning in it to the people. This last religious season, however, — Passion Week, or the "still week," — is of a different kind, directly opposed, appealing rather to feelings man naturally avoids; yet it, too, meets with the same voluntary observance, and we must believe that there exists a religious life in Germany. The teaching of the scholars, the writing of the theologians and philosophers, the pleasure-seeking, irreligious life of the multitudes, may argue otherwise; but, surely, there is a strong counter-argument in this deep devotion to the

solemnization of the most sacred and vital events in the life of Christ as the Saviour, the Son of God.

Berlin, to a great extent, must speak the thought of all Germany. It is the capital, — here is the court, parliament, university, with its five thousand students, and here the crowding masses of people gather. The state of this city must indicate some of the conditions of the whole country. How, then, does Berlin answer these questions? Truly, the general life of the people seems godless, there is no respect for the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day, yet there is one hopeful feature, — the preaching in the churches, and its reception by the people. The churches are not empty, as we had supposed; the preaching is not dead or rationalistic, as we had been led to believe.

Passion Week and Easter reveal a living spirit in the church, that we must trust. Think of a whole people, and an industrious and a pleasure-seeking people, turning from both industry and pleasure to solemnly remember the time of the Saviour's suffering, death, and resurrection. Is it merely a form, an empty show, no truth beneath? Much may be formal, but there is a breathing spirit. With no religious feeling in the heart, we do not see people eagerly seeking the house of God, — at all hours, in busy times, abandoning all else, giving themselves wholly to

service. Such a church-going we know nothing about,—four services a day, for several days, in every church, and each service crowded.

True, Church and State are united; these are national holidays, and service must be held. Yet that does not call forth a people eager to hear the word of God,—the heart only can impel to that. That does not lead a people to stand hours before the church doors, anxious to secure a spot to hear the message,—and then to stand during the entire service, and, moreover, where the terrible non-ventilation brings the ever-present possibility of fainting. Regularly several are thus overcome. It is labor to go to church here, and an indifferent people could find ready excuse to omit it. The churches are few, at great distances, sure to be crowded, uncomfortable in every respect, yet they are sought. The old and feeble in Berlin have but a poor chance to hear the Gospel.

The Church year is the national and business year. The Christian year regulates all things. Much of the observance may be only in name, but it keeps the sacred history before the people. William I., in his religious reverence, has had an influence that will work far into the future; and, although the religious class fear that his death will usher in a more liberal spirit, still the piety fostered by the Emperor will have given an impulse which will lead to a more natural growth when strict requirements are removed.

Passion Week! Once a year such a celebration, what ought not its influence to be! Palm Sunday dawns, and the confirmations begin. So many are confirmed that several services are necessary, and thousands are made members of the Church. A previous examination tests the familiarity with the required course of religious instruction. We are glad when the Church holidays arrive, for then we have the opportunity to hear our favorite preachers, — Germany's greatest, as the first preacher always conducts service on these days. We choose between Koegel, first court preacher at the Dom, Frommel at the Garnisen, and Dryander of Trinity. To hear these, the crowds are always great, so at the Easter confirmation it is necessary to issue tickets to secure seats for the relatives of the confirmants. We were a little doubtful as to our ability to gain entrance, but an American smile goes as far as a ticket, and while the ticketless Germans walked resignedly away, we obeyed the sexton's quick, secret motion and obtained admission.

For this service the churches are beautifully decorated; evergreens and plants outside the church doors, flowers in lovely profusion within. Palm Sunday opens the services, and the confirmations take place every day during the "still week." On Monday, Dryander confirmed over one hundred. This was but one of the confirmation classes. To many it was probably only

nominal. The whole system seems wrong to us, — confirmation made compulsory. Yet this is their idea of a Christian nation. It is the old barbarian idea of early centuries, — baptizing the army as a whole, and thus making them Christian, — all a ceremony and a name. Our custom is equally hard for their comprehension. When we speak of people not members of the Church, they say, "Why, have you so many heathens still among you?" Conversion they seem not to understand. Doubtless, many, very many, thus confirmed will fall away. Dryander seemed to feel it as he stood before them, — there was a yearning sadness as he spoke on the text of the day, common in all the churches, — "Fight the good fight of faith."

He spoke earnestly of the battle and the prize — eternal life. "To-day, confirmants, you have hold on eternal life. Will you fight for it, or will you let go your faith and lose it? At times when the struggle is hard, prayer difficult, still keep on, — even as August Hermann Francke, hold fast in darkest doubt. Prayer is the thread binding you to God, — keep hold until it draw you to him." Truly this is evangelical, and Germany may hope, with such earnest voices in her midst. The confirmation service is solemn and beautiful. To each a verse is given as a life motto, — each is blessed as he kneels at the altar; the chorus of boys softly chant, the sounds float far above from

the organ loft, the candles burn brightly in the dim old church; the solemn-robed priest, the kneeling children, the reverent, hushed people, — all enhance the solemnity of the sacred moment.

A day or two later came a confirmation at which we heard Frommel. The church was fresh and spring-like, with delicate, feathery birch-twigs, and the *Kanzel* completely covered, so that Frommel stood in the midst of the green, and the sun played on his white, beloved head. In conversation before he went to this service, he said that this day was the hardest of the whole year for him; the responsibility of sending these children out into the world, as finished, so to speak; the *Angst* that he had not done for them all he might have done, — not prayed enough, not devoted himself to them enough. Some, he knew, were not firm, not “ripe”; should they go astray, would not God demand an account of him, and yet he was conscious that, no matter how earnestly he had worked for them, many would go astray, and his work would be in vain. He seemed so anxious and distressed! How humble and childlike he is — the great, courted, brilliant genius! No wonder he went into the pulpit with burning words, when his heart was on fire with love for their souls! O, how he pleaded with those young people to let God help them: —

“Ihr kommt jetzt nicht aus der Schule; ihr geht erst in die Schule hinein, die Lebens-Schule!”

Then he told them to consider this hour as the summit of a mountain, which they had climbed in their lessons with him, from which they might descend with rapid strides, or which might be the first ascent in the Christian life, and they could mount higher and higher, to the summit of the mountain, with Christ. Then, also, when suffering and sorrow came over them like the waves of the sea, they should not let them close over their heads, but should look up, and they would see the Lord walking on them, and, at his command, they would be still. "Pray as though you could not work; work as though you could not pray."

On Thursday, — Grün Donnerstag, — the most sacred holiday arrives. There is a total suspension of business. It is communion-day. Can we, in our large cities, gather large congregations in the midst of business hours? Here, every church is filled. The usual altar-hangings give place to sombre black all this solemn week. The organ is hushed; the bells are silent. The sacred story is read in detail. If not in church once during the whole year, on this day the church-member feels it his duty to show his connection with the Christian Church. On Char Freitag, — our Good Friday, — each of the four services was well attended. On this day there is the utmost solemnity over the whole city. Many of the people dress in black. No sewing, no knitting, — *for once, everything* is silent and still. The places of

amusement are closed. For three nights, no performance is allowed in the Royal Opera House and Theatre. As at Christmas, the Gospel history is read, re-read, repeated, chanted. A beautiful, solemn liturgical service closes the day, called "the still day."

Easter Sabbath! The "still" is broken. The church bells peal out in gladness; the sadness is over. Gloom is scattered, sunshine and joy flood the earth, and the people are happy! The churches put on their white and gold altar-decorations, the choirs triumph in hallelujahs, the trumpets mingle with the organ-notes, and the service is joyous and glad. The people are glad, and the priest radiant with Easter happiness. Again comes the old, old story, the crowded churches, the wonderfully beautiful liturgical services at the vesper hour, and the glorious Easter music of the masters.

It is a holiday in the families, — almost equal to the Christmas season. There are family gatherings, and mementos are exchanged. The children are delighted with the eggs of chocolate or marzipan. For weeks before, the windows have foretold the day with fascinating suggestions, — nests of eggs, or a pretty little scene of a grass-plot, cunning rabbits half-hidden, and eggs in bright colors peeping forth amidst the green. It is the custom in the home to hide the eggs (the rabbit is the supposed "Santa Claus"), and let

the children hunt for them. How the little ones — and the big ones — enjoy it! The eggs may turn out to be a handsome work-box or jewel-casket. The spirit of play and childhood possesses every one, and even Herr Hauptmann was down on hands and knees, hunting under sofas and boxes until he found his egg — a new morning-cap! Now, the great Kuchen time begins again. Cake for the whole year is eaten at the festival times. Relatives and friends visit each other, and have the “gemüthliche Stunde,” with coffee and cake. Happy times have come again!

The festival is prolonged. There is *erste* Feiertag, — *zweite*, — yes, the people cling to *dritte* and *vierte*, and hate to let the holidays slip. The city is in gala trim; the soldiers with parade uniforms, guards don their white plumes, officials their badges, the people their best clothes, — banners fly, music sounds. It is welcome to spring. The heart breaks out into rejoicing that winter is past. It is the spirit of Easter, the day of Hope. Well, the human heart lives by hope, and this may well be the beloved Day. Precious Easter tide! Needful it is to laboring, burdened humanity, when the heart may drink deeply of its spirit — Hope, the sweet spirit of Easter!

CHAPTER XV.

A GERMAN IDYL.

Do you remember that little verse of Mrs. Browning — “The little birds sang east, The little birds sang west, And I smiled to think how God’s greatness, Lies about our incompleteness, His rest about our restlessness”? I cannot get it out of my mind these lovely spring days, particularly as we walk through the Thiergarten. There are many birds here, and singing constantly. Amidst the busy restlessness of the city, they trill on in their happy way. The people just live in the parks and this Thiergarten. Thiergarten is an ugly name, and means garden for animals; but it is a beautiful place, a great forest, in the heart of the city. Fountains, lakes, floral spots, bridges, statues, avenues, — and so arranged that in every direction the eye meets a charming picture. There are fine statues of Queen Louise and her husband, Frederick Wilhelm III. How could he marry another woman, after having loved so beautiful and noble a woman as Louise! The Germans have never forgiven him. It was a morganatic marriage, and

he was obliged to build a separate palace for her, as she could never be admitted into the Hohenzollern Palais. The Schaper monument of Goethe is here, too. In these balmy spring days, we bring our books to the park, and at intervals take a row on the lake, or loiter about the flower-beds, or for the hundredth time admire the Sieges-Säule, a shaft made of burnished cannon taken from the French in '70 and '71, the column crowned with a shining, glorious figure of Victory. Wherever you stroll, the flashing wings of Victory, dazzling in the sun, can be seen. And how the nightingales sing in the park! Early in the morning or late at night you hear the exquisite note of the nightingale. The ecstatic song, amidst the stillness, on the fresh morning air, thrills the heart with the fulness of spring.

The pine woods about here, with their spicy fragrance, are exhilarating to the students after the close work of the winter. Even the piano students relax their industry, and go to the pine woods in the German glad spring,—for never was spring so glad as here in Germany. Elizabeth and “little W.” and I take long, long walks,—once a walk of nine miles, and not a feeling of fatigue. The pine forests are so regularly laid out that they seem made by man rather than nature. The smell of the pine is quickening; we gather the wild flowers that thickly carpet the ground; we mimic the cuckoo as it calls. We

once stopped at an old ruin, kept by an old lady, and she told us she receives twenty-five pfennige a day for her services! Families take coffee with them from the city, and warm it at the restaurants by the road-side. There are signs on all sides: "Hier können Familien Kaffee kochen." — W. startled the Germans by telling them that in Africa the sign is reversed, and reads, "Hier können Kaffir Familien kochen." We are a happy crowd on our long walks, singing American college songs, and the American boys have composed a wonderful ditty, which shows well the genius in the American colony:—

"Tall girl,
Fair girl,
That I love so much!
It's a pity,
Though she's pretty,
That she's — Dutch!"

Which is not meant as an offence to the German girl, but it is so ridiculous that it is sung on all occasions.

Our Sunday afternoon walks are changed from the quiet, sedate promenades to rambles in the graveyards! You have no idea what interesting places these graveyards are! There are a number of them, scattered throughout the city, and we take one for exploration every Sabbath afternoon. They are in the midst of the city; probably they were once in the suburbs, but the

city has grown up all about them, and a huge, ugly wall encloses them. Within, the place is very crowded, with no lawns, no grass-plots or flower-beds, no room for any adornment. The graves are high above the ground, immense, square, high mounds, often overgrown thick with ivy or imbedded with flowers. Instead of monuments, there are iron crosses, with the inscription and a verse. They are painted black, but grow rusty. Wreaths are hung over these crosses. The place, with these high mounds, black crosses, and wreaths, seems very sombre and quaint; in wet weather it is doleful. Mendelssohn's grave is the favorite with music students; it is always covered with wreaths, the music students keep it remembered. These wreaths are of leaves, tied with ribbon, a bow and long streamers, white or black. Fanny Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, his beloved sister, lies beside him. These graves are marked by tombstones,—a score of music and an accompanying verse cut in the stone. Many of the students take slips of ivy, start them to growing to replant in America.

Rahel von Hagen von Euse, so brilliant in the salon, the peer in conversation of Jean Paul Richter and Goethe, with whom she passed many hours, also lies here. The grave is uncared-for—perhaps forgotten. However, there is little care and attention paid to any of the cemeteries. There cannot be that pride in the cemetery that is

known by even our smallest towns, as these are so crowded, — yet what another pride is here — the dust of the Great! Ground is so expensive, and there is such a heavy tax on monuments or the most simple stones, that the people are content with the iron crosses, and then regularly or on holidays wreath them with wreaths of leaves or immortelles.

In another part is the old burying-ground devoted apparently to architects and sculptors. We found there Schinkel, Schadow, Ranch, Stüler, Hitzig. The philosophers Fichte and Hegel are here; and the old philosophers of the present time, and the scholars bring wreaths to these mounds. There is something beautiful in the devotion to the memory of these dead philosophers, whose thoughts live on, and to whom we owe so much. Near here is the burial-place of soldiers and noblemen. In the Jewish cemetery are buried Auerbach, Meyerbeer, Moses Mendelssohn. We went here one Friday afternoon, just after services in the synagogue. I believe this is the finest synagogue in the world. It is Moorish, Byzantine style, and magnificent in its oriental effects. The windows are painted wonderfully, and the place is lighted by lights behind them, from the outside, so that the light within the sanctuary is touched with these royal colors and gold. The colors of the marble pillars are thus brought out also, and the whole is oriental glory. It is Solomon's glory.

They appear to keep up the old Jewish forms, — the outer court for women, the body of the church for the men. We were walking right into the main part, but the officer stopped us with “*Hier sitzen Männer blos,*” and made us go up in the gallery where the women sit. There was a strange ceremony during the service. The priest walked to the door, during the grand music, and received there a number of gentlemen, shaking hands with them, and conducting them to their pew, while the congregation arose. We thought they must be distinguished strangers, but, upon inquiry, we learned that this was the usual ceremony for receiving a family after the purification after a death in the family. When we went over to the Jewish cemetery, we met this same group. They looked very sombre in their mourning at this dreary spot, and the whole afternoon was a mingling of glory and gloom, — a bit of ancient time in the oriental land.

Nature alone would make the heart glad in the spring ; but this is the holiday time in Germany, which adds to the pleasure of the season. As though the “still week” and Easter were not enough to remind the nation of its religion, especially as Pentecost is only six weeks later, the Emperor has added to the Church festival days, and between Easter and Ascension has instituted a *Busz Tag*, — a day for repentance and prayer. It is really a day for spring pleasure, after the

morning service. Mrs. M. brought me an invitation for that day, which she half feared I would not accept. It was to take coffee at the home of the Braut of a poor Kandidat. The Kandidat is a theologian. This one was near the time of his final examination,—there are several severe tests,—and was already Hilfs Prediger, or under-assistant, at the Dom, in Berlin. I was only too glad to accept the invitation to see the little Braut (a betrothed girl is always called “bride” in Germany), glad to take coffee in an old-fashioned, humble German family, glad of the opportunity to talk with the Kandidat on the Church affairs of Germany.

The Fest day was as ideal as one could desire. All the city had assumed what we would call its “Sabbath attire,” and the business world was at a stand-still. The soft spring air wooed the city dwellers to the open fields, and, as we walked through the streets, it seemed as though there was a common picnic.

On the way, Mrs. M. narrated the story of the young Kandidat. He was a poor young fellow, of the very humblest class in Berlin, and it is rare that a preacher comes from this class. It happened that this boy was remarkably bright in the confirmation class, and the attention of the teachers had been drawn toward him. The most influential of the court preachers, Koegel and Frommel, had become interested in him, and,

through their influence, he had been led into the ministry. They had not only helped him to secure an education, but, won by his spirit, had made a special friend of him, and allowed him frequent intercourse with them, requiring his help in pastoral work frequently. He was quite proud of these friendships, and loved to talk of his benefactors, so that, if we could start him on his favorite theme, we could learn much of these greatest preachers of Germany.

We were going to the home of his *Braut*. In the confirmation class he had met a young girl, of the same class of society as himself, and their friendship had resulted in a betrothal. Notwithstanding his advanced position, and his future prospects, he had clung faithfully to this early love.

Passing from the business streets, then far from the better part of the city, across the Spree, into the old quarters, we at length entered an open court, and, ascending stone steps, came upon a spot that drew from both of us exclamations of surprise and delight. We found ourselves in a delightful garden—a sort of hanging gardens—elevated from the front court, and just in the heart of a crowded, closely built up city. In the midst of the noisy, close Berlin, this little oasis of freshness and beauty! The Kandidat was walking among the trees, book in hand, and came forward with joy to greet us. Then the Schwäger

— papa and mama (the father and the mother of the Braut) were introduced, with evident pride on both sides. The garden was displayed as the work of mama, and each plant had its history: this from a seed, that a shoot, this a present, that a bargain! and so on through the pansies, forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley, fragrant wall-flowers. Next, the chickens were shown as the special joy of papa. Each answered to its name. And so we, as an admiring group, stood about them. A true picture of the German child-nature, that brings them so much happiness.

Then came the "gemüthliche Stunde" (social hour). The little Braut appeared with the tray and coffee. Smiling, trembling, happy, she was brought forward by the Kandidat to meet his friends. She was not pretty, but had a gentle beauty of manner that brings abiding beauty, flowing from a pure spirit. We seated ourselves in the garden, about the little green table, and the Braut gave us coffee in silver-rimmed cups, while the Kandidat, after our questioning, was soon launched on his favorite theme, and the family listened with wonder and admiration. Indeed, all the hope and love of the family seemed centred in him, and he returned all with a devotion charming to see. The whole episode was ideal. As we thus sat in conversation, people would pass through the garden to another street, and, in the most friendly way, each one would greet us with "Guten appetit."

The whole family loves Frommel. A favorite at court, still he seeks the poor. This family told now with so much happiness of his presence at their silver wedding, how the Kandidat had arranged all as a surprise, and how Frommel had hid himself until the hour came when he appeared in his clerical robes to perform the service. Several pictures of him were in their humble house: and truly one could feel how he had blessed the family. Mrs. A. once said of Frommel, in speaking of how strong and comforting he is to those in deepest trial, that such men are given to the world in its trial, like chloroform when an operation is to be performed.

Koegel, too, was spoken of—the first court preacher. Stern, severe, intellectual, — not so much loved, but ever honored and trusted. It is said that church attendance is on the increase; nevertheless, but two per cent of the population are in regular attendance. All these things were spoken of, and, before we knew it, the northern sun was sinking. The Fest day was closed. The Kandidat and his Braut accompanied us to the gate, leaving in our hands a bunch of flowers. We have laid them away as a memento ever to speak of that Fest day as a charming, sweet German idyl.

The time has come to leave the place we have learned to love. One by one the colony has been losing, and our turn is at hand. My last visit to

Mrs. M. was the final poem of the many that have made the winter so beautiful. As I came through one of the poor quarters of the city, where once before I had met Mrs. M., I saw ahead of me Dr. and Mrs. M., watching a group of poor little fellows gazing longingly into the show window of a miserable little bonbon-shop. They were a patched and ragged-looking set, but a wistful-eyed crowd. Dr. M. walked through their midst, entered the shop, and soon returned with an immense paper full of the sweets, and distributed these among them. There were such a rush and clamor the Dr. and Mrs. M. fairly ran for their lives. A few hours after, at their home, I asked for my share of the *bonbons*, and the doctor colored as though rather ashamed of his sport. I secured mine, however, in the shape of an evening drive in the Thiergarten. I found out that in the afternoon they had been to visit a poor consumptive girl, and that Mrs. M. had celebrated her own birthday with the invalid, taking her birthday cake with her, and the girl had been very happy. The remembrance and influence of the afternoon seemed to make the evening happier, although we were sad at the breaking-up of our companionship. The Thiergarten was in its most alluring beauty, the trees and vines in that delicate, fresh, misty green seen only in the spring-time. The fountains were splashing, the brooks gurgling; the tramp of the horses and click of spurs on the riding-path,

the melody of birds, the fresh evening breeze, — there is rarely so happy a combination! Then Dr. M. placed a pile of groschen — ten-pfennige pieces on the seat, and threw one at every beggar and every lame person we passed. What a waving of hats in gratitude, and what smiles of surprised delight!

CHAPTER XVI.

PENTECOST IN SCHLESIEŒ.

AND now Berlin, — dear old Berlin! — is left behind. Very much has been crowded into the short time since Elizabeth and I packed our basket trunks, flung our bags over our shoulders, and set our faces southward. To spend the Pentecost holidays in Schlesien, — Schlesien renowned for its *Gemüthlichkeit*, Schlesien lying among vine-covered hills, and watered by the winding Oder, — and this for an American! What more could one ask? Out of the beaten road of travel, far from the usual tourist route, unspoiled from intercourse with strangers, — here is where one can learn of the primitive German simplicity and those homely hearty traits sung by the poet and pictured by the story-writer. Our good genius, Ismenor of the fairy-tale, continually leads us into paths of pleasantness in Germany, so that we see the land through rose-colored glasses, as one happy experience follows another.

We were not to board, — we were to visit; “to spend the holidays as guests of the Familie Hempel,” — thus read the invitation from the rela-

tives of our Berlin family. The anticipation and the appreciation of the privilege robbed the parting days in Berlin of their keenest sting.

Everywhere holiday possessed the land. As we travelled onward, we realized the universal holiday. The soldiers were all returning home, students and relatives gathering from near and far, and "Pfingsten" (Pentecost) was on all lips. And cakes! We shall always remember Frankfort on the Oder as the place where "much, much cake" is eaten during Pentecost holidays. We may forget its park, beautiful in wandering streams, winding paths, and overarching trees; its old, old churches, with wooden carved altar and ancient relics of art; its memories of the poet Von Kleist and Humboldt, — all these we may forget, but our memory will ever cling to the remembrance of these Frankfort women and maids carrying the cakes to the baker. On every corner, every street, were the women with arms laden with cakes, — the Pfingsten cake, a bread-like flat cake with cinnamon and sugar rolled with butter on the top. There are no ovens of any size in the stoves, so that a large baking must be done in the public ovens or at the baker's.

Beyond Frankfort the province of Schlessien begins, and here are a people so full of kindness, simplicity, and hospitality that we shall always love anything that is Schlessien. Silesia is the English name; it is the territory seized by Freder-

lick the Great from the unfortunate Maria Theresa, the country where Frederick won his skill and fame as a soldier, and whose wine he declared was unfit for the usual purposes of wine.

At the station we were received by the family ; indeed, all the inhabitants had turned out to welcome the "live Americans," and some walked away in unbelief and disgust because we were not red, as the real American should be. We pass under an evergreen arch with its bright "Wilkommen" in flowers, and, as we enter the white house with its aspiring towers, we are again welcomed, as each shakes hands and expresses the wish that the hours with them may be happy ones.

About the house is the garden, where the greater part of the time is spent from early spring until late autumn. The Germans love nature, and love to be in the open air, and so take all their meals in the garden when possible, even the "first breakfast." Their gardens are a combination of nature and art. In the Grünberg home, the garden is ideal for comfort ; benches, tables, chairs in secluded nooks, comfortable seats among the tree-branches, hidden by vines, and a charming summer-house completely covered within and without by vines. Wherever you sit, there opens before you some beautiful view of flower-beds or roses, a vineyard or, in the distance, meadows brilliant with wild-flowers, or hills dark with woods. One could live an ideal summer here, with nature and books, and these kindly German hearts.

Pfingsten roses and Pfingsten wreaths adorn all the rooms. Each festival has some charming peculiarity, as Christmas its tree, Easter its eggs, and Pfingsten these wreaths hung up in the homes; wreaths of delicate rosebuds and tiny blue forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley, and tender green vines. It gives a festive touch. These charming little customs, so delightful in the German home, give a poetry and grace that remove the every-day prose. Early Pfingsten morning came the family greetings. There is a holiday air—just as at Christmas—about the whole place. As all shake hands and heartily say, "*Besten Wünsche zum heutigen Tag*," the little ones, as they lisp, drop a winning courtesy, and the boys most gallantly and reverently touch your hand with their lips. Then the whole neighborhood turns out to church. There is not a church for each village, but eight or ten villages unite and have one large church, an immense congregation, and several pastors. Germany is thickly populated, and villages are never far apart; our large farms do not exist.

The road is gay with peasants from the country. The women have on their festive costumes, short full red-wool skirts and white waists, and a gay head-dress with an immense stiff bow standing up straight at the top of the head. The men wear caps and long frock-coats, generally green. The village people think themselves vastly superior to

these "Bauers." It is from this class that our emigrants usually come. The church is crowded. It is like an immense theatre; three galleries running around the sides, the upper one so low as to allow only the head to be seen. All is white and gold, and there are odd little private boxes, for select families, at irregular spaces in the auditorium. It was an earnest sermon, and carefully listened to by the vast audience.

The next morning, Pfingsten Montag, there was the same filled church, the same devout people. Yet on the afternoon of both days, and one a Sabbath day, all were as eager in pleasure, and the woods and gardens were crowded with a gay people. It is the national life, and we cannot judge it by our rules. Our German Schlesien family is the most Christian we have met in Europe, and eager to learn of the observance of religion in America. We explained our system and the spirit of the Christian church. They agree with us in the truth and reality of religion as in our land, but say that without a force system of religion Christianity in Germany would be feeble. They would not know how to use our freedom.

We were on exhibition much of the time, and the villagers would not miss the opportunity of seeing the Americans. We enjoyed the comments made upon us, in which particular they took no note of our pleasure or displeasure,—

probably we were to them a species rather than a human creature like themselves. We were called on to sing for them ; some of our hymns, our popular airs, and, of course, Yankee Doodle. Then we were requested to talk to each other that they might hear American talk. Afterward, we were put under catechization, to tell about the log houses, the prowling wolves, and yelling Indians, about our food and homes, and if the mosquitoes were really as large as humming-birds ! Each day they made the prettiest little wreaths of rosebuds, and fastened them on our heads. We were feasted and toasted, until we pleaded sick to escape the pressure. Most charming drives we had through the little Dorfs, with their odd houses, with high pointed roofs, red-tiled or straw-thatched, and overgrown with moss. The farmers collect in a village for safety and convenience, and go out thence to work on their small farms. There are no fences, but they are separated by ditches.

They are wonderfully friendly in Schlessen. Everybody greeted us, and at the toll-gates we were wished much pleasure. Every time we drove out, we took cake with us, and stopped at the inns by the road-side, for coffee. It was a good chance to see the peasant dancing in the inn halls. We wandered among vineyards, and rested on the banks of the Oder ; we sang and chatted, and the happy hours flew by until

the time came for the Dresden trip, and all the gardens in Grünberg must have contributed to the immense bouquet given us at parting. The memory of Pentecost in Schlesien can never lose its charm.

We liked Dresden from the moment we entered, and were tempted to be disloyal to Berlin, as it is so modern, and Dresden seems more like the old European city we have expected of a country old as Germany. Ismenor, the good genius of Aladdin, led us to the right pension—another happy experience. The Frau is very intelligent, was a teacher before her marriage, and her husband is a poet. He has a remarkable history, a romance stranger than fiction. He has been an invalid all his life, and, when young, had most terrible convulsions. A wealthy old lady admired his genius, for he wrote beautiful poetry, and had a room prepared for him in her villa. The walls of this room were cushioned so that he could not hurt himself in his violence. Here she cared for him, and finally married the gifted youth. For eighteen years he lost his speech, but wrote fine poetry all this time. Freedom, liberty, was his passion; and his poems were so full of it that he was ordered to prison, but, as he was such a helpless invalid, he was spared. His wife nursed him back to comparative health, when, through some mismanagement, he lost all her fortune, but his speech returned that very

day. She died shortly after—and he talks about her as his saint, and shows her picture with utmost reverence and solemnity. Then he married this Minna, who adores him. She is so grateful to him for marrying her when she could bring him no dowry, that she tries to make up for his generosity by keeping a pension. O, O, O!—how she runs and waits on him! And when we laugh she solemnly maintains that woman *ist dem Manne unterthan*, and answers all our American arguments with Scripture verses, and in a manner so fraught with warning that we feel sure she thinks we will yet call down the wrath of Heaven upon our independent heads. But, really, Herr D. is a poet; he looks it, with his great, dreamy eyes, and he shows it in his choice of language in conversation. O, but he is an advocate of freedom, and is so unhappy at all he sees contrary in the land he loves. They are both religious, and say grace before and after meals; and it is hard to remember to stand still, after you rise from the table, as he says:—

“Danket dem Herrn, denn er ist freundlich,
Und seine Güte bleibet ewiglich.”

They belong to a kind of a pietist community called Brüdern Band or Herren-hüter, and meet in private houses for worship.

Dresden represents Saxon glory, just as Berlin does Prussian, and, notwithstanding the present

supremacy of Prussia politically, Saxony has a greater glory behind it. I like the Saxons better; they are more friendly, probably more honest. Their countenances have a more open and a winning look, and there is a most musical tone in their voices. The Saxons feel it deeply that the Prussians have risen above them, and that it is a Prussian king who is Emperor. Out at Meissen, in the old palace of the early Saxon kings, the walls all painted with historical scenes, the guide grew eloquent over the glories of Saxony, and then sank into mourning that this glory had faded before Prussian might. This old palace at Meissen, overlooking the Elbe, is really more like the castle of imagination than any of the Berlin palaces. It is fortified by nature by a high, rocky cliff, the walls built around it. In this palace the chemist Böttcher discovered the process of burning clay so as to bring out the beautiful glazed china that makes Dresden porcelain, or Meissner ware, so celebrated. This is no longer the porcelain factory,—the immense buildings for this purpose are opposite. Some of the finest artists in Europe are engaged in the work here, and these large vases, with the lovely landscapes, testify to their genius. There is a training-school connected with the factory, where several hundred students work under the direction of artists. It is amazing how much work a single piece requires, aside from the many burnings. Each leaf

must be modelled, each limb fashioned. Whole cases of legs, arms, hands, heads, stems, leaves, — each made separately, then fastened on, then painted, then burned, then burnished! The figures are a fascinating study, — especially the Cupids. One little Cupid is blowing a heart to warm it, one crushing it under foot, another bruising it with a hammer, one torturing it with a thorn, another kissing it, and one poor little fellow, with a woful face, looks into an empty basket. "Give the basket" is equivalent to our "give the mitten," as Professor Richter explained.

Saxon glory is seen in the Grüne Gewölbe, or Green Vaults, in a bewildering array of bronze, ivory, shell, amber, pearl, coral, jasper, onyx, crystal, gold, silver in most fantastic and lovely forms, and jewels that blind the eyes and make one faint with their glory. You would never dream what artistic forms can exist; and these vaults are used as a school for designers. A court jeweller is also an artist. The royal family lets the whole world enjoy the magnificence of their court jewels and precious treasures! Yet, Dresden means the great gallery. Everything else, great as many things may be, — all is lost in the greatness of the gallery and its great picture, the Sistine Madonna. This is the place to study art by its masterpieces. I was fairly faint, after each of my first few visits to the gallery; there was so much

and so grand that one feels unequal to the mastery. Where begin? What study? Which take? which let go?—for to know all is impossible! And the great drawback to study in the Sistine itself! After seeing it, it takes possession of mind and heart, and its presence goes with you, filling you with the power of its mystery. You feel its greatness at once, on entering the cabinet. To me, it was more than I could bear, and I turned away and took a tour of the gallery, and returned again to it, having seen nothing in the meantime but this vision.

The Madonna is in a room alone, —no other picture may stand beside it. Enter the cabinet. Here, as in a sacred spot, there ever pervades a solemn stillness, —there is the Madonna! As the crowds press in, silence falls upon them, and the loudest voice sinks to a whisper in the presence of the divine inspiration. Raphael has made her young —a much more beautiful idea and more true than is seen in the host of mature Marys. Even the beautiful Holbein is too mature for the maiden Mary. This is a young mother with a sweet, fresh, womanly dignity, —such a holy, serene, inspired look that we recognize her as the ideal, just as Mary should be.

At once the soul wakes, is charmed, bound with a spell, —those marvellous eyes! There she steps out of the clouds—they are still floating about her, and in their depths are lovely angel-

faces ; in her arms she bears the child. It is as Raphael's vision, as he says the dream appeared to him, — "the curtain just drawn back and the Virgin issuing, as it were, from the depths of heaven, awe-inspiring, solemn, serene, her large eyes embracing the world in their gaze. The idea of a hitherto concealed mystery could not be more effectively expressed." All at once, as a revelation, for the first time in life, you realize the divine mission of Mary ; you feel how blessed she was among women, and how, with honor due, the angel from heaven saluted her, — "Hail !" Never before have you realized the beauty of Mary, — she who found favor with God, whose divine mission it was to bring to earth the Redeemer of the world. We turn with so much zeal from all that savors of Romanism that, while banishing the worship of Mary, we have also banished the recognition of her mission, of her character ; and yet, what must have been the beauty and purity of soul of that one chosen by the Most High to become the mother of the Saviour of the world ! It is not strange that there grew up the worship of such a woman. "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed !" is her own prophecy ; and the walls upon walls, in gallery after gallery, all lined with madonna-pictures, speak its fulfilment. It is no marvel that the world of art strove to express this "blessed among women."

The Sistine speaks the ideal woman. As you gaze, the spell increases. The pure, true, womanly look, the sweetness, the nobility, the youth, yet with a sense of strength, simple, slight; yet with a dignity resting upon her, as though filled with a knowledge of her holy mission, overwhelmed with its mystery. The divine Presence seems over and in her, and speaks through her,—she seems filled with it. From such a deep soul, conscious of its honor, the work to which it has been called, from such a one as here looks upon you, came forth the glorious words, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name.” She steps forth, with ease, with grace,—nay, with confidence, and on her arm she bears the babe: its wondrous eyes looking far, far away. Mother and child seem to have the same far-away look, as though seeing far into the future, world-embracing. One never wearies of the vision; but the more one sees it the more one loves this beautiful Madonna.

The only one of the innumerable Madonnas, that comes on a higher plane near this, having caught the power to reflect a divine significance, is the Holbein Madonna. It is a sweet reflection of the

Sistine. It seems a strange coincidence, or a providential plan, that these two pictures should be in the same gallery, one at each end of this wonderful Dresden gallery. The Holbein receives a radiance from the Sistine, and the Sistine is softened and toned by the Holbein. The Sistine reveals to us the greatness of the Christ-child; there is the noble Madonna, treading on the clouds in the midst of heaven, with the far-away, deep look in the eyes, and their world-wide vision,—below, kneeling, the Pope and saint,—but the mother and child note not the adoration, they are far above! It is the God-child, and speaks the God in the incarnation. We feel its greatness, the soul rises, mounts—it is too great!

Then the Holbein Madonna speaks its secret power—what a comfort and help to the soul! All is human here. The fair Madonna, with golden hair, so sweet, so motherly, with a gentle dignity, and who, despite the golden crown, lets you love her, and loves you in return. And the child! Ah, what is here symbolized, touching the tenderest chords of the human heart! It lies there, ill, weak, suffering, so touching that the heart could weep for it. Below is another little child, strong, full of happy health. Holbein's idea was beautiful. The story is that this little one, sick and suffering, had been

brought to the Christ-child to be healed. The Christ-child had taken the suffering to relieve it. There it stands, putting out its little hand as restored, and viewing itself with wonder and gladness. It is so happy in its new health. But the little child in the Madonna's arms clings in weakness to the loving mother, rests its suffering head upon her neck, still reaching forth its feeble hand in blessing. How it touches the soul! It is the very tenderest thought that the artist has given — "touched with the feeling of our infirmities" — "hath borne our griefs," and "with his stripes we are healed." This is the Man-child, the one who was subject to all the weakness of humanity, the one even as we are. Beneath is the thankful, worshipping family. The little hand is held above them still in blessing, and the down-cast eyes of the Madonna does not forget them. She comes not as a vision, as the Sistine, but as a real person.

How beautiful the blending of the two! The strong God-child, seeing the vast issues of the creation plan, calling forth worship — the Man-child, to whom we turn for sympathy, who calls for reverential, tender love. So these Madonnas speak in power, — how they fill the soul! One feels it for days. It rests upon one, a sweet mingling of the Madonna of the clouds and the sweet human mother — all lifting the soul to a

wonderful new conception of the Incarnation, — a new wonder and adoration of the great world plan. What a lesson and an experience to the millions who gaze! Ah, if they have but the open soul to catch the Divine spirit!

CHAPTER XVII.


ON FOOT THROUGH SAXON SWITZERLAND.

TRAVELLING on foot is a very common thing in Germany, — and a most enjoyable method it is, too. The Germans make many excursions into the country, walking tours, and certain friends or clubs make it a rule to take one or two days each month, winter or summer, for such a tramp. Herr Hauptmann belonged to such a club, and, rain or shine, he set out. Without having learned of this custom from intercourse with the natives, the foreigner would soon be led to this conclusion, for everywhere the whole country is penetrated with paths and roads, and all provided with rustic benches, lunch-tables, guide-posts, directions as to roads and distances, occasional restaurants — all of which indicates the national custom of pedestrianism. There are a peculiar pleasure and benefit in such travel, which are lost to the conventional traveller. One remembers the foot tours with more genuine pleasure than any others, and the remembrance constantly grows sweeter with time of those hours when Nature was a near and intimate companion, and taught many secrets

which have forever opened the senses to more glorious, more entrancing, more soothing beauty in the outer world.

There is in Saxony, along the Elbe, just below Dresden, a region with such picturesque scenery that it is called Saxon Switzerland. Although it bears no resemblance to Switzerland, — no lofty peaks, ice-crowned mountains, glistening glaciers, smiling lakes, threatening chasms, gentle valleys, yawning cañons, — still it has a picturesqueness all its own, remarkable for wildness, romance, variety, and beauty, if not sublimity. This region is most charming for foot tours ; and, although conveyance may be had, still, to derive the highest enjoyment, one must wander through the flower-starred valleys, climb the fragrant wooded mountains, hang over steep cliffs, struggle up ascents, rest beneath forest trees, talk with the peasants by the wayside, linger at the primitive houses, lunch at all hours and in unexpected manner, — and all this is only to be had by the pedestrian.

Whatever is to be seen, or learned, or enjoyed, is never missed by American students ; so, of course, we could not omit this pedestrian tour, and, with hand-bag strapped over one shoulder, German guide-book in hand, the huge lunch-basket to be carried two by two in turns, we boarded a train at Dresden, on a bright June morning. It was a third-class car, too, for that suited our purpose ;




the communicative peasant, the good-natured middle-class German, the well-to-do citizen travel so (the American fashionable summer tourist is avoided), and so many little things occur and are said here that give an insight into the national life of the people, which, after all, music and art notwithstanding, is the most fascinating study in Europe. At Pötzscha we take the ferry, and cross the Elbe to the little town of Wehlen, quaint with red-tiled roofs and steep, cobbled streets. Donkeys in gay trappings await the travellers; horses and chairs, too; and one may recline in the latter, and be gently carried by trusty bearers. This seems very hard work, and we feel it would be almost cruel to ask the service; yet, as these men depend upon this labor for their living, it may be more cruel to refuse to employ them. However, we are for a foot tour, and, as for guide, what could be better than our German Frau and her poet-husband, her Mann, whom we generously call "Unser Mann."

There is the usual crowd: a vivacious circle of German friends; a stiff English couple, who, of course, go in chairs; a Russian and his lady, who prefer horses; German students, who will walk, but whom we shall outwalk, as our lunch-basket removes all excuse for lingering at wayside inns. By some strange fatality, the solitary young man is here, whom we seem to have met on every tour we have made. Whether he is

German, French, Italian, or Russian, we do not know, — we are only sure that he is not English.

What so rare as a day in June! Never was rarer day than this, and life seems very beautiful on a June day on the banks of the Elbe, just entering fresh forests, with health and spirits, the charm of a foreign land about us, and such a sky above us! We think this a little like our American sky — that shows our glad spirit, for a German sky knows not the deep, refreshing, gentle blue of the American heavens. The sunlight is streaming upon the paths through the sheltering trees. Forward, then, with happy hearts!

The German imagination delights in making figures, tracing resemblances, and every feature of nature bears a name thus received. Throughout this region, every rock, cliff, passage, cavern, has its name — some horrible enough, too. As we pass through the dark ravine just beyond the village, a dark valley with towering cliffs on either side, here where the sun has never shed its rays, — this is called Hölle, and everything in it belongs to its sovereign. That grotto is *des Teufels Küche*, that cave his *Keller*, where the overhanging rocks represent the hams hung here for preservation. He has a Wein-Keller also; a great hollowed rock is his basin, and another his arm-chair. Wild and fantastic is this Uttewalder Grund: lofty, grotesque rocks, decorated with moss and fern, protrude from each side of the ravine; and in



these rocks, somehow, trees have found root, and stretch to the upper air, the branches above intermingling to shut out the light of day ; huge half-tumbled boulders each moment threaten to continue their fall. The drip-drip of trickling water, unites with the sad cadences of the wind sighing through sunless clefts. We have gradually ascended, and 875 feet above the sea, 600 above the Elbe, rises the precipice, the Bastei. Its towering pinnacles are united by a stone bridge, and a view of exhilarating beauty lies beneath. Above here are the fastnesses of the old bandit robbers, who assailed the boats on the Elbe below and demanded tribute : on this side a steep descent, wooded gorges dark in shadow ; the glittering line of the river, and then meadows and fields in charming contrast, the touch of life given to it by the laboring peasant women : and beyond other pinnacles, Pfaffen (Pope), Lilien (lily), König (king), and Bären (bear) Stein, rivals of the Bastei.

Schandau is the night's resting-place, and the primitive house tempted us as a chance for "experience," but the enticing music of the band at the Kur Halle (cure establishment) had the same old power of Orpheus' "classic golden shell." This is a fashionable water-cure, yet in its simplicity quite a contrast to the American establishment of the kind. The Trink Halle is made poetic by rhyming inscriptions ; and, here, early in the morning, as the band plays, the guests take their chalyb-

eat water. It must be a pleasant place to sojourn. Romantic paths appear on the hill-sides, — but we are on a “tour,” and must move onward.

What if all these rocks would assume the spirit of their names! that lamb begin to bleat, the locomotive to rush upon us, the stone stork to change to the other leg, the lion, — O, it might devour the lamb! and there Dr. Faustus, who sold himself to the Evil One, might be helped through the intercession of that old gray stone Pope. So the peasants have named every rock and cliff, and we, on the bright June day, revel in imagination likewise. A waterfall is beyond, called Grosse Wasserfall (Great Waterfall), and we anticipate its beauty. “Unser Mann” has been “dropping into poetry,” *à la* Silas Wegg, at every mention of the waterfall. We pass a little artificial basin filled with *Forellen*, probably caught and placed there. Such fishing is scarcely the ideal trout-fishing of the old angler Isaac Walton. There is the waterfall! It is only a gentle trickling, — but no, hold! now it rushes! We look up mystified; a man above has turned on the machinery, and this is the Grosse Wasserfall! — and this to Americans! Probably we enjoyed the absurdity and fun of it more than we would the natural beauty that we had anticipated.

As we march steadily onward, with pedestrian tramp, through the woods, we are hailed; and there, in the shadows, is the young man who has

seen us so often that he seems to forget we are strangers, and who now calls us (and in German!) to enjoy an impromptu Conditorei that a brown-faced, barefooted peasant lad has set up in the woods with a basket of wild strawberries, a paper of sugar, and a few saucers and spoons. These tiny, sweet wild berries, here in the fragrant woods — never, never, were any so delicious! All along the road to the Kuhstall there are surprises, and suddenly we stand before the entrance of the great arch or cave. Kuhstall (cow-stable) is so called from the fact that in time of war the peasants concealed their cattle here. It is a high, deep arch, and opposite the entrance is another opening which overlooks the ravine and a perfect labyrinth of rocks of many shapes. German life is here: tables for guests out in the open air; some women violinists perform in the pavilion, and several young people, in the exhilaration of the surroundings, whirl about in a rude dance. We prefer the stone table within the cave, and enjoy our German lunch of rolls, *käse*, and *Wurst*, as it is seldom enjoyed.

From this point onward is the height of the pleasure of the trip. The surroundings grow more wild, and the climbing more difficult. The guides with the chairs are in demand, but we march on bravely. The basket is inconvenient, especially as the Mann will never take his turn. His Frau, however, offers to do double duty for him if we

will allow it. We sing our native songs, we sing German songs, and the Germans beg for their favorite—"Suwanee River." The various parties in all directions chime in in the singing, and we set the wild echoes flying. All at once, in the thick woods, three women step out and offer us wild strawberries. Of course we must take them, as these poor peasants have few opportunities to secure a few *pfennige*. One of them told us that it is quite a labor to collect a few berries, and "one must often walk a dozen steps for each separate one." And yet we gave but two cents for a saucer! There was a tender charm in this encounter with short-skirted peasant women, with the soft intonated voices and appealing eyes.

The steep walk requires all our American courage and will. Then, too, we want to linger and look through every opening in the foliage, the sunlight streams so beautifully on the trees below, and ever the prospect widens as we ascend. At the top, more peasant women await us with fragrant berries and goat's-milk. We like the idea even if we do not enjoy the drink. At the highest point,—Grosse Winterberg,—the whole panorama of the wild, fantastic region lies before us. In the distance is Silesia, Bohemia, far-off mountains, and the wide outlook seems to expand the very soul of the beholder. Thought falls upon man, possesses him: one experiences that the higher we ascend in spiritual, in intellectual life,

the broader the outlook upon the world, and this wider vision, this world of greater expanse, is well worthy all the labor and trial expended in reaching the height. We would like to remain in this purer air, 1773 feet above the sea; but we are pedestrians, and a little trip into Bohemia will end the tour. You can tell the moment Germany is left and Austria entered. The roads are less cared-for, and beggars are seen on all sides. On this tour we rather like the beggars; they seem to add to our enjoyment, and we render them the coins as well earned. The musician by the roadside with accordion or violin or hand-organ has enlivened our steps, and the prattling child holding out the bunch of flowers has added yet another charm to the happy day, and we feel like imparting some of the happiness with which our hearts are overflowing, and so the coins fly.

Prebisch Thor is the climax of these stone wonders, these great monuments of those early earth revolutions in this part of the chaotic world. It is a bow or an arch hung ninety feet in the air, a natural rocky bridge. In sight of this monument we rested in the Vienna Café, refreshing ourselves with the most aromatic coffee and cake which we declared the best we ever ate. Yet we did not resign ourselves to this inglorious ease before we had made its ascent, gazed far below in the chasms, and took up the strain of Lorelei that our German friend, far below, was lustily singing.

The straggling town, with the straggling name of *Herrenskretschen*, lies below, and here we find the steamer for Dresden. A ride on the Elbe in the evening twilight; past old *Königstein*, the fortress deemed impregnable, and where the crown-jewels are taken in time of war; past the *Bastei*, the palaces, and then the glittering lights on the terraces of *Elb Florenz* (Dresden, the Florence of the Elbe), and the music wafted from its gardens recalls us to the world of man from the world of nature. The young man greets us as we land—it is now a formal bow—the Russian resumes his dignity, and we ourselves feel a new old-constraint. Nature bids us be natural, light-hearted, happy, joyous. It is man's intercourse with man that throws over this the conventional, that makes us hide what may be the best of our hearts.

Without conventionality, however—what then?—On another foot-tour, to *Jaservitz*, where *Schiller* wrote his "*Don Carlos*," while visiting his friend, the poet *Körner*, as we walked through the village we saw a house all covered with picture-painting, — scenes from nature and romance, and verses of poetry in every intervening space. We learned that a young artist lives here,—a most eccentric genius. His first public efforts have been upon his house. He has a sweetheart across the river, and on the night before her birthday, he hung all the trees and bushes and

shrubbery in her yard with paper roses and flowers, illuminated the place, and then, starting a love-song upon his guitar, thus wooed his love to the window to see his devotion. Is not this true to Nature and in defiance of all conventionality? Can we call the nineteenth century devoid of romance and chivalry?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LUTHER PLACES: EISLEBEN, WARTBURG, WORMS.

"A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country," loses its application in the land of Luther. In Germany, the land of his birth, life, and death, Luther is honored above all men. With all her great names, in this land of genius, none is so revered as that of Martin Luther. Here we learned to know him more truly, and the admiration acquired in America, where he is so faintly appreciated, grows and increases in his own country, where we can more clearly realize the greatness of his work and his heroism. America, never under the Roman yoke, can little realize its old wickedness, and the courage needed to stand against it and dare its authority. So, to do justice to Germany, we must visit the Luther places.

After the golden time of Dresden days, there must be a relapse, and Leipsic was only interesting to us for the battle-ground. We stood on the spot where crushing defeat overwhelmed Napoleon, and sent him to Elba, and, while the guide became radiant in recital of the seventy thousand

Französes lost, we could not but be touched with a shade of melancholy always awakened by the contemplation of that dark setting of the sun that blazed forth in such grandeur. The celebrated Gewandhaus concerts had closed for the season, but the sound of scales and runs and trills told the tale of musical Leipsic and its devoted students. The University students, four thousand strong, possess the town, and are met at every turn; they are a homogeneous set all over the land;—colored cap, long pipe, lofty condescension of manner,—that is the German student.

We hurried on to the Luther places, and in the night-time arrived at Eisleben, and it is a shocking thing for females to travel alone at night,—but we had learned that, as long as we maintained our own dignity, we could ignore some conventionalities that stood in the way of our convenience and purpose. Eisleben, by some coincidence, is the place of Luther's birth and death. It is a quaint little town, in a valley, with beautiful hills on all sides, and air so pure and clear that the houses of centuries age seem new as those of to-day. Here is the place where Hans and Greta stopped on their way to the forests; here where Greta won so many friends, and here where came to earth the babe who was to shape and overthrow foundations deeply rooted in hoary centuries, and make old Europe a modern nation.

"This is the town of Luther" was the cry of satisfaction as the stage rolled through the very narrow, cobbled streets, and the loud cracking of the whip brought out the portier "zum goldenen Schiff." It is like a ship, but makes a rambling sort of an inn, with halls at all angles, black beams and rafters above, and odd corners to lead you astray. The hotels, even those in large towns, are quite primitive, with no elegance nor taste but exquisite cleanliness. Candles are used, and there is extra charge for light. Our little room in Eisleben had its two beds, its two toilet-stands, and its high feather-bed coverings, under whose weight, on this July night, we dreamed of Luther as a babe in this spot, and then, after the life of battle, carried out from his native town, in the silent slumber of death, to the desolated Wittenberg home and the broken-hearted Katherine.

Early the next morning we wandered about the little town until we came to a house where the tablet *Geburtshaus*, told us that this was the house in which the Reformer was born. It is a pretty place, hung with vines, — the prettiest place in the town. A little girl acts as guide, and leads us through the house and into the room where, four centuries ago, that noble soul came into the world — what a destiny before him! One must not let mere curiosity rule, but open the heart to all the emotions awakened by the sacred associa-

tions of hallowed spots. The place itself is so much that the relics lose their interest, although we did put on the betrothal and wedding rings of Ketha and Martin with a pleasure, mingled, however, with doubt, for we had seen a similar set of rings at Wittenberg which were pronounced genuine, and knew there was another at Heidelberg, and who can be certain which is the original?

For an artist, here was a pretty picture; the two Americans coming down the worn steps, led by the little barefooted, bareheaded guide;—in the hall just below, about a table, a group of students, each having a garland of roses and ivy-leaves wound over one shoulder and about the body,—they were singing Luther songs,—while a little girl was just entering the opposite door, bringing foaming mugs of beer. A charming picture, that lingers in memory.

Just beyond is the church where the babe was taken on St. Martin's day, and given that name, now known throughout the earth. We chanced into this quiet place, where a number were being received into membership, and stood just by the font where Martin was baptized. Farther on is the Andreas Kirche, from whose pulpit the mighty word sounded forth, where his voice was heard the last time. Here we must tread lightly,—it is holy ground. What a privilege to ascend the chancel steps and kneel there on the stone where did that great man, as his heart ascended to the

sure stronghold for help in the words that *must* be spoken. How the thoughts come over one as a flood—let them fill the soul! Across, is the *Sterbehäus*. Here, after the years of struggle, he came to die. Up the stone steps, into the little room—ah, bow the head in reverence—here the soul of the faithful steward winged its way to the Master! Here the tired heart, after those years of sternest, intense conflict, found peace and rest in its God. The quiet little spot that gave him birth saw him depart. Birth—Death—what lies between in such a life as this! What results, touching the ages and reaching into eternity, are here! O, sacred spot!—Soul, receive here new baptism, new holy consecration!

Thoughtfully, quietly, we take our way back through the little streets, ever hallowed by the associations with the life of the Reformation hero. The loaded wagons may drag their burdens over the noisy stones, the turmoil and tumult of traffic and dull commonplace life may reign in these borders,—yet ever beneath are the still sacred memories, they find voice to touch the true soul, which ever may find a new reverence, love, consecration, in this quaint, isolated—O, favored town of Eisleben!

From Eisleben to Eisenach—thus the young Martin took his way, and we, retracing his footsteps, follow on to Eisenach, the picturesque town lying beneath the towering heights of the Wartburg.

To rest beneath the shadow of the Wartburg !
To wake and see the moonlight streaming upon
the old castle looming on high, showing its dark
outlines against the midnight sky ! To rise and
see the bright gleams of breaking day touching
with glory those lofty summits old in story !
What a happy experience ! As happy as mortal
can well be are we, in this most romantic of spots
connected with so stern a thing as the Reformation.

From Eisenach, the little town below, the castle
on the height of the Wartburg is plainly seen,
the golden cross shining through the thick dark
foliage of the Thuringian forest trees. Eisenach
itself is interesting, for here the little Martin wandered
about as the singing student. Before how many
doors here has he stood carolling his songs,
and from how many of these homes came forth
the Hausfrau, and divided out the needed bread !
There still stands the Cotta house, and, as we
stood before the door, all having the familiarity
of a well known spot, we could picture the group
of singing boys, the pleasant face of Ursula, set
off by the snowy *Kopf-lappen*—her words of
greeting as she appears, then the scattered bread
and its grateful acceptance, and finally the faint
delicate boy fainting at her feet. The house has
a home-look still, and we can well realize that
those years within its shelter were happy ones
for the student Martin. Here he learned the
music afterward so

loved in the Wittenberg cloister home. No doubt he thought of these hours of his boyhood as he looked down on the little village from the lofty heights of his forest retreat on the summit of the Wartburg.

Now a beautiful path winds from the village to the castle, and many are the pilgrims who, on mules, chairs, or by their own good walking ability, ascend the heights of this sacred shrine of Reformation story. Four hundred years ago, this dense Thuringian forest knew no easy ascent, when Junker Georg lived in unmolested seclusion, with no fear of intruding tourists. A different life existed here in those centuries ago, and now the traveller recalls with delight and emotion all the romance, poetry, seriousness of that distant time. The castle lifts its turrets from the most beautiful point in the Thuringian forest, in a region one of the loveliest in Germany. It is an old castle—one of the very oldest. In the year 1070, when the world had scarcely shaken off the gloom of the Dark Ages, this tower of defence raised its bulwarks. Here young Louis the Springer, while out upon a chase, chanced upon this mount, and, ravished at the glorious landscape spread out before him, kneeling, he cried: “Warte, Berg! du sollst noch eine Burg bekommen!” After a little waiting, the Burg was erected, and hence came its name Wartburg. Many, many, were the old scenes of gayety in the romantic

days of chivalry, during the two centuries of the stirring days of the Landgraves. Here it stands before us in perfect restoration, "a faithful picture of the condition of the castle in the twelfth century, its most glorious era, when it was occupied by the art-loving Landgraves." In 1847 it was restored in all its old grandeur and beauty, and while we are glad to thus see exactly the ancient feudal castle, and thus to know more accurately the life of the age, we are thankful that the restorer's hand stopped at the precincts of those apartments made sacred by the presence of Martin Luther, in the still hours of exile, from which came forth the Sacred Word for his own German people. Here all is still the same, old bare, plain, simple; yet forever far more precious and beloved than all the beauty and magnificence of the Wartburg castle.

The castle itself is picturesque. It is the finest existing secular building in the Romanesque style of architecture, and one realizes the solidity, the labor, the wonderful architecture and work, in the structures of the early ages. What an immense labor to erect such a building at such a height, and in those ages lacking modern machinery. They worked faithfully and well, however, for in some of the oldest rooms the walls are as firm and solid as in the day they were raised. Ruins are weird in their interest; yet the Wartburg appeals to our imagination, and gives more real historic

truth, and we are glad that from the ruins has come this beautiful castle, for, try as we may, colossal as the ruins may be, we can form but a vague picture of what once existed. Here is the noble gateway, now guarded by the Prussian soldiers, as then by the retainers; here the towers of defence, the mighty ramparts, and, within the walls, the palace, baths, stables, and the court beautiful in vines and flowers. Within the palace, the frescoes record the history of the early lords and their ladies; there is the charming Elizabeth gallery, — the good Elizabeth, so protected by the saints that at the angry frown of her lord the bread in her basket turns into roses, and saves her from his wrath for her deeds of mercy. Still more charming is the Snger-Saal, where stood the rival minstrels in the traditional Snger-krieg, when Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfgang von Aeschenbeck contended with each other in song. All this has the poetic charm; but a higher power touches the heart as we enter the Luther room in the Wartburg.

Up the stone steps, worn by the many tourists, into a little anteroom, with illuminated Luther verses, and then, — there — there is the Wartburg room, just as it was when the knight bent over his books changing the dead words into life for the people, giving them a weapon sharper than a two-edged sword, and which all the powers of Rome could not defeat. We look from the little window into

the dense forest, and the whole story comes vividly to mind. There, after the struggle at Worms, despite friendly warnings, he rode calmly onward, and suddenly came the seizure, and next he is in this little room. It is romance—a strange thing even in this changing life of Luther, so full of crises and dramatic scenes. The little room has a worn wooden floor, whitened walls; here is the old bed, the table, the book-case, the armor of Junker Georg, the foot-stool, pictures,—all personal reminiscences of the Reformer in the hours of exile. Here, too, is the ink-spot in the wall,—no, the *hole* where *was* the ink spot,—the original plaster has been carried away by early tourists, more zealous than reverential. We think of the work accomplished here—where, from these ten months of exile, he came forth bringing with him the work of that time,—the New Testament Scriptures to the nation, now intelligible to them in their own tongue.

Wearisome the exile may have been, full of longing to be in the conflict needing him; yet far more needed was the work in the silence of the secret nook in the lonely forest. God works in many ways, and we see clearly his hand in thus taking the hero from the strife. He was still his servant, working still under his guidance, in a work which would help onward the Reformation far more than active battles in the midst of men, powers, potentates. Blessed are those silent

hours of the Wartburg ! From his loneliness, he brought forth comfort ; from his exile, a refuge ; from his conflict, peace. The Wartburg gave the New Testament, and the Reformation can look to the Wartburg as the Berg whence came mighty help.

The babe in Eisleben, the student in Eisenach, now becomes the monk at Erfurt, in the old Augustine cloister. In Erfurt we cannot enter the old cell where was the chained Bible and where Brother Martin found light. All has been destroyed by fire ; yet it is still sacred ground, and we tread the same spot where he walked three centuries ago. Beyond is Coburg, among the hills, from within whose castle walls came the Psalms and Prophets, and all those wonderful letters of the scholar Dr. Luther. The room is unchanged ; and one wishes that these old mementos could remain forever, untouched by time or lapse of days.

Next is Frankfort on the Main. We had never thought of it in connection with Luther ; yet, as we go through the streets, we find two houses bearing tablets with the inscription that here Luther stopped on his journey to Worms, and so we go on to Worms, filled with thoughts of that journey of centuries past.

Here was a great scene in the Reformation, — indeed, its climax ! Here Luther stood out boldly before the world and all its powers ; here,

in the assembled learning and the ruling power of Church and State, he fearlessly spoke the truth, as he felt it in his own soul. In this assembly he said from his heart, "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders; Gott hilfe mir. Amen!" It is a climacteric point. We feel this as we journey toward the city, whither he went so determinedly, — yea, in spite of all the remonstrances and warnings of friends, for go he would, although there were "as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses!" It is a fine journey through Luther regions, — Eisleben, Eisenach, Wartburg, Erfurt, Coburg, and, now, Worms!

The old inn, "zum alten Kaiser," is just opposite the site where was the Hall in which the Diet was held. That has passed away, but the ancient cathedral is still there, lifting its massive walls and towers above the city. It is a fine structure, — its figures in stone, reliefs, portals, gargoyles, in magnificent Romanesque architecture, but not in good repair, and showing no signs of active life. We can see Luther's influence in the regions where he has been; in Northern Germany the Catholic Church is weak, the cathedrals ruined: it is a ruined glory.

The chief interest of Worms is its Luther monument. In the midst of the green shrubbery of the Luther Platz rises the world-renowned memorial. It is an imposing and beautiful tribute to the Reformer, and, of all the many and great

memorials in Germany, none is more so than this. The German National Monument on the Rhine may be more beautiful, but not so comprehensive. The monument was much visited during the Luther Year, and many celebrations were held here, and it also attracted the attention of America, as a figure was erected in Washington, from this central figure as a model, and made also by Rietscel, the same artist and sculptor. While this central figure is of chief interest, still the monument, as a whole, is interesting.

A massive granite platform, a large pedestal in the centre, and about it, forming a square, seven smaller pedestals, and in the front the space for entrance. At the centre, above the granite, rises a bronze pedestal, and here, crowning the whole, the commanding figure of Luther. The attitude is noble, heroic. In the left hand he holds a Bible, the right hand placed emphatically upon it, while his face, turned upward, is lighted with heroic faith. The face seems to have caught the spirit that lived in the man, and it touches the beholder in a subtle manner. Grouped about him are the figures of the brave ones who before or at the same time with him fought in the Reformation struggle, or in some manner promoted it. Here are Huss, Savonarola, Wickliffe, Waldus — precursors of the struggle; here Frederick the Wise of Saxony, Reuchlin, Melancthon, Philip of Hessen. Between the latter four are

allegorical figures of the Reformation towns; Magdeburg in mourning, Augsburg confessing, Spires protesting. Between these are the medalion arms of the twenty-four towns that first embraced the Lutheran faith. The figures are nine feet high; that of Luther, eleven. The whole is a condensation of the Reformation history, and justly above all is Luther. Such monuments are a means of education. The Germans understand that, and place beautiful memorials everywhere. Whenever looked upon, a spirit is awakened, and the beholder is made to appreciate great deeds, great men, great blessings, and, as never before, —

“ Our souls, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.”

CHAPTER XIX.

BEYOND THE LUTHER PLACES.

WITH the plan of seeing the Luther regions, there was another purpose combined. M. had written to us to be sure to visit her birthplace, and had so charged this solemn duty upon us that we felt it unsafe to return to America with the charge unfulfilled. It seemed easy enough to do, as "Bischofsheim," the name given us, was just beyond Frankfort, and on our way to Worms, — so the railway guide directed.

The local train to Bischofsheim was crowded with a rough set, and we were in terror lest these would prove some of the family, and we would find ourselves lodged in their homes. We got off the train, and then came our first disappointment, our second terror. M. has always described her childhood home as picturesque, with vines and arbors and winding river. There were no artistic homes in this place, no costumed people; but ugly, yellow brick houses, close together; no streets but the cobbled alleys. We hunted up the Gasthaus and interviewed the Wirth. He

knew everybody in the place, and was certain that no one of the name we mentioned had ever lived there. We walked through the place. The people seemed poor; the children were ugly. Had M. been such a child? We asked everybody, but no one knew the family we sought, and we became happier and more happy as the search became more hopeless. Everybody had relatives in America, and overwhelmed us with questions about them, whom, of course, we were supposed to know. We could but conclude that this was not our Bischofsheim, and, from Bädäcker, learned of another, near Strasburg. We were obliged to stay in the ugly place all night, and to make the best of the primitive accommodations. We were told, with many bows and repetitions of "gracious miss," that they were not prepared for such "*vornehme Leute*"; but we assured them we could make ourselves comfortable. The best room was given us, but it had only one bed, a narrow, single one, with a feather-bed reaching almost to the ceiling. We made two beds out of it — one on the floor, — and rather enjoyed the making ourselves comfortable. In the morning we had coffee and rolls. For the supper, lodging, breakfast, paper and envelopes, and two stamps, the total bill for the two of us was three marks — less than thirty-seven cents apiece! We made a rash resolution to stop in the little towns near the large cities, and thus reduce our expenses to almost

nothing. It would be an economical way to travel. Bayard Taylor often did so.

Worms was to be the end of the trip, as the last of the Luther places ; but that "Bischofsheim" was like a Jack-o'-Lantern, luring us with deceptive light, and we followed its Zauberei into South Germany. It brought us to Strasburg. Led on blindly, we found ourselves reaching here at night, — landed in a blaze of electric lights, a confusion of German and French, and no idea where to go! Hitherto, we always knew exactly the hotel or pension where we were to go. We followed some respectable-looking people to a brilliant gas-jet-burning "Hotel," where the Head Waiter received us with such deference that we began to think travelling alone and arriving at night something that entitles one to special attention, — this time kindly attention. The Head Waiter is a most important official, and generally very lordly ; this one was affable, and, in response to our usual demand, "*Ein Zimmer mit zwei Betten*," gave us a pretty room, with the beds in a niche, enclosed by portières.

Unfailing Bédäcker marked a Bischofsheim near Strasburg, and next morning we started for this Dorf in Alsace. We enjoyed going through this territory just taken from the French, and where the language is such an odd mixture. But the Dorf! — it was simply terrible! The people and the animals all live together. The women were

washing clothes at a pool in the centre of the town, but all stopped to look at us. To be sure, it was picturesque to look at, — but to live there! It seemed impossible that lovely M. could have come from such a place; at least, we agreed that her father showed his superior mind by fleeing the spot! We hunted the Burgomeister, but he had never heard of the family, and sent us to the Schreiber in the Gemeine Haus — which is the Clerk in the Court House. The Schreiber examined all the books, finding no such name, and then on the map pointed out three other Bischofsheims! Hunting for a needle in a hay-stack! Nevertheless, we decided on the nearest, and lost the next day in it, learning, however, that these little German towns are highly unattractive, and that the poor in the villages in America are much more happily situated. I was sick of the very name of Bischofsheim; Elizabeth dreamed of it during the restless nights, yet it hung over us like a nightmare, ringing through our thoughts as the haunting, “Punch, O brother, punch with care; punch in the presence of the passenjare!” We walked over the bridge of boats where the Rhine plunges on to its fall, — again *Umsonst*! To the third place we wrote, and then felt justified in giving up the hunt for M.’s birthplace.

I was glad for the Cathedral, for nothing could have rested my weary spirit but its eternal calm. I was as rapt, as abstract as any Catholic, kneel-

ing upon my chair in the silent Dom. The Cathedral here is the glory and magnificence of a living Roman Church; it lies beyond the Luther regions. Strasburg shows the Roman church in its fulness of pride. It has been French so long that it knows little, if any, of the Reformation spirit. The people here are far more French than German, and one wonders if they will ever receive the true "naturalization." So many seem to cling to the old rule. All our guides spoke of the French with regard: one refused to speak in German, and another remarked, "We have been French for three hundred years; we can't be changed into Germans so fast!" The French seem determined to regain the lost ground, and the Germans will cling stubbornly to that which rightfully belongs to them, and their wonderful fortifications about the city will make it hard to be retaken. But the Catholic religion there — the glamour about it, the magnificence, the blind devotion of the people, the emptiness of form, the wickedness in society, the open depravity in the city, the total lack of that earnest spirit, that fine character, more moral tone in old Germany, in the regions which we had just left, made us, indeed, realize a little of the great evil from which the Fatherland had been rescued.

A tour through the Luther regions, and then a visit to the places just beyond them, gives a

clearer understanding and appreciation of the Reformer's influence. That blessed and beautiful belt of land where his voice was heard, and his personal labor was known, is a country in strong contrast to the regions just beyond. While we see and acknowledge the world-wide influence of Luther as a reformer, still there is the local and national influence which is very striking and of charming interest to the thoughtful traveller. In greater Prussia—that beyond the Rhine region—the Catholic Church is weak;—in the great capital (with Wittenberg near), it is quite so. All through Thuringia, with its historic Luther ground, and upon its borders—throughout Germany, until the territories of Austria or France are neared, the Roman Church is feeble;—beyond, it again rears itself in pompous pride.—Saxony in Germany presents a strange relation to both Churches—it is a Catholic kingdom in Protestant Germany.

Saxony is Catholic—yet even here this Church has little power among the people. It seems so strange and sad, too, that Saxony, the very cradle of the Reformation, is now Catholic. From Saxony came Luther's help; he himself was a Saxon, and here was the fiercest battle-ground. Here the victory was gained, yet the field belongs to the vanquished. Here was the brave Elector Frederick the Wise, the firm friend and helper of Luther, whose figure nobly stands with Luther

on the Worms monument. So it frets us that Saxony, as a kingdom, must bear the name of Catholic, for it is only a name, only as a kingdom, —the reigning family is Catholic,—for the people themselves are sturdy Protestants, and warm lovers of Dr. Luther, and the Protestant Church is the prevailing one. The royal family themselves are not strict, and Catholics and Protestants speak alike of good King Albert and his beautiful Queen Carlotta. The court must remain Catholic—yet there are two court churches, one Catholic, one Lutheran, and many of the nobility adhere to the latter. Nevertheless, the reigning power is Catholic, and will, in all probability, ever remain so—at least until this royal line perishes. The story is a strange one, and reveals the hidden wickedness of the Roman Church. How much of it is merely legend we do not know, but it was vouched for by all the Saxon Germans we met. It is frequently spoken of among them, although they say—"Hush, we dare only speak it in whispers."

Here is the story, as told us by our pension-frau. Saxony had been thoroughly, enthusiastically Protestant for many years. Many and many an Elector had tried to establish the Catholic religion again in their midst, but it had not succeeded. The time of August the Strong was very sad; for then the people were quite oppressed, and Catholicism rose in power. It was

this August, the splendor-loving king, who made Dresden the great art city which it continues to remain. He planned the magnificent Zwinger, where is the present wonderful gallery, and gave the impulse to the latter; and, although the people were suffering and burdened with taxes, still Dresden became — as it is called — the Florence of the Elbe. (O, Elb-Florenz!) Yet the people preserved their beloved Protestant religion, although again and again by contention. Frederick Augustus I., although wise in his political relations, was more bigoted than those before him, and he demanded the Catholic religion as the State religion. Kings were more powerful then, people less independent — and how could they help themselves? So an agreement was made that the kingdom should be Catholic during this reign, or at least until an heir was born to the throne. With the birth of the first son in the royal family, the kingdom should again become Protestant. That happened more than a century ago, and, strange to say, in all this long lapse of time, *there has yet no heir been born to the throne!* The reigning pair have always remained childless, and the crown has descended to the eldest son of a younger brother, who, in his turn, has had no son to inherit his crown. Strange, is it not? It is merely another instance of the wickedness of Rome. They say that children have been born — live at court as princes of

other families. Very many things are said or "whispered" among the people; for there is great fear against openly speaking of scandals in court families.

Thus, while Saxony is nominally Catholic, it is virtually Protestant, as all of the heart of Germany. As you approach the borders, the change is felt; and in the newly acquired territory of the German Empire the French and Catholic influence is seen in marked contrast to the regions left behind. As you leave the Luther-land, the very spots of the real labor, you feel the change. At Mayence the cathedral is not given over to the religion of Luther, yet it is not in a perfection of Catholic worship—one sees remnants of a former greater glory, and, while the building exists in its magnificence, it is a broken and a dimmed glory. This is felt very strongly, as one walks among the beautiful old cloisters—now deserted, once the crowded walk of devoted nuns. At Worms, the old cathedral rises in wondrous architecture, but it, too, is a decayed power; even as the building has lost in strength and grace, so has its early service. Farther away is Speyer—there, there is more, yet not a flourishing power. Then comes the Rhine region, and as you go south, more and more, the Reformation influence is left behind, and the old Church is seen.

What a contrast to the simple, noble Church of Northern Germany is the Catholic Church that

dominates in the South! The inner towns of Germany and this city of Strasburg, on its boundaries — how widely different! Strasburg is evidently more French than German; it is amazing that any German remains after a French rule of three centuries. While we know it is not French now, still it does not seem German — we do know, however, that it is decidedly Catholic, that Luther's influence has not reached here — that is, in the personal religion of the people; politically, his influence lives throughout, for the Church of Rome has none of the temporal power she once wielded.

This mixed character makes Strasburg unique. In every German town there are certain characteristics exactly alike; a national similarity in the people, houses, customs. In Strasburg all is changed. It is quite picturesque. One picture rises after the other, each a complete, vivid scene. An artist could make a series of charming sketches. Here is the old city itself, just recovering from the ravages of the late war. How the heart sickens at the reminiscences of the inhabitants — that fearful siege, those horrid nights of fire, blood, and clamor! How fierce were both armies — the cherished hate of years let loose. War, at any time, is fearful, and to war merely for small strips of territory seems a crime. These poor people, on the disputed ground, have really no country, and are sadly indifferent to any. How many

plain, homely words revealed their weary spirits :
"Once we were all *Madames*, now we are all *Fraus*.
We will wake some day, and find ourselves
Madames again." "One time French, one time
German ; it is all alike, we must work." "We
only live to work — some to go to war and die."
"The kings and nobles fight over us — we have
the burnt houses and confusion." "They have
the victory, and we have our dead," said one old
lady to me, with all the eloquence of Mrs. Brown-
ing in "Mother and Poet." One realizes how
little the *people* are to the "powers that be."
Poor Alsace and Lorraine — used in the hands of
monarchs and powers, with no voice to speak thine
own suffering, will, right ! No wonder the people
here long for America, and speak of it as the one
desired spot on earth. Ah, America — what land
so happy !

So here is the picture of the old city, part still
dilapidated, yet being rapidly and magnificently
restored. There are the many-windowed, high-
roofed old houses, the narrow, cobbled streets and
alleys. Land is so valuable in Germany that the
houses are built oddly : the first story covers a
small area of ground ; then, as the rooms above
must be larger, the second story projects over the
first, the third and fourth over the ones below, so
that houses on the opposite sides of these narrow
streets almost meet at the top story ; at least you
could reach out of the window and shake hands

with your neighbor *vis-à-vis*. Strasburg was once an art city, and many of the old houses show remnants of ancient decoration. Then the high chimneys with the stork-nests, and the storks! These are delightful! — there they stand for hours, only one slender reed of a leg showing, and you almost refuse to believe that they are living things. The Strasburgers are fond of them, believe they bring good luck, and the children call to them to bring a little sister or brother. The people throughout Germany retain a charming, primitive imagination, romance, sentiment, that the practical American scorns (not in others, but for himself).

In the streets are gay scenes. There are the Alsatian peasants and their Lothringen neighbors. The former wear immense bows on their heads, standing straight up, and with long streamers, bright kerchiefs across the bosom, and gay straight skirts; the others, little full caps with a wide frill, similar kerchiefs and skirts — the Catholics bright red, the Protestants green ones. How charming they look — the bright costumes, frequently baskets poised on their heads, fine figures, and a most graceful walk! Their language is a *patois* of German and French. Mingling with these are the ever-present soldiers. Germany sends her very best here — a large proportion being officers, magnificent-looking men, in handsome uniform, great, strong, with a purely German strength and phy-

sique. Along the banks of the river (which runs quite through the city) are the washerwomen. They have little sheds in the stream, where many congregate. They kneel in a box of straw, rub the clothes on a plain board, and continually dip them in the river. What a clatter they keep up! Hour after hour we watch them, the passing peasants, and brilliant soldiers.

Yet these are all small *genre* pictures—the masterpiece is the cathedral scene! The Münster is a great glory of Strasburg—it is a glory to the art-world. Can we say aught of the Münster? No, the guide-books may tell of its height, proportions, architectural beauties—the imaginative traveller can only remember the profound impression left upon his soul by its grandeur and loveliness. The lofty spire, so great, yet so exquisitely fine in workmanship—the portals with bewildering sculptured figures—the grace of flying buttresses, the fantastic gargoyles—delicacy and grandeur—what architecture, what art! With nothing so great before, the mind cannot compare—indeed, the mind itself is expanded by the experience. Within, the impressions are intensified. The rich, dark brown stone of column and arch, the sunlight changed to colored glory by stained windows (each a work of art), the rare carving, frescoing, ideal sculptured forms—what richness!

The people throng the place. There are no

pews; chairs are hired—two, one to kneel on, one to lean against. Each takes these where he will, and drops into devotional attitude. All about you, in every spot, they kneel, telling their beads with muttering lips. Some go far apart, some in hidden nooks, some at the altar—each is as absolutely alone as if the great place were empty. There is something beautiful in this—in God's house, the soul thus pouring out its whole life to the Eternal. Few souls are strong enough for it, and it becomes a form. Weak mortality needs means of grace to help its devotion. The organ sends its soft, its whispering angel notes down upon the bowed people; the priest, in shimmering, embroidered robe, swings the fragrant censer; the tapers, in gold and jewelled holders, reveal dimly the dusky shadows—what does it all mean? How far from the simplicity and earnestness of the Church of Luther in Northern Germany!

Then the vergier, in long gown and red sash, goes about knocking on the stone floor with his silver-headed baton, and a little boy in red offers the silver plate for your *soars* (French money is still used). The neophytes, in white gowns and tonsured heads, file out; the people linger in prayer. The strangers gather about the clock, but on this Sabbath the sacrament is exposed, so the curtain is drawn, and we hear only the clear, shrill crowing of the cock.

The next day we see the clock—see the images of the Apostles as they go about the Saviour, who blesses them. It is more a mechanical wonder than a work of art. We ascend the heights, too (635 winding steps), look down on the storks, the old Gutenberg house, the extensive fortifications. We love to linger within: worshippers are always there, and the shrine of the Virgin ever ablaze with light, and laden with offerings—flowers, coins, trinkets, laid there by devotees.

The Strasburgers are devout—it should, then, be a good city. What is the character of the place? We fail to see that Catholicism has done aught for the population. There is a very marked, plainly noticeable difference in the characteristics of these people and those of the Luther country. One is painfully struck with the absence of the sturdy, energetic, honest character seen at once in the true German. Here they are an inferior-looking people—physically, morally. It seems to be a wicked place. We never felt safe. We were followed several times, twice addressed, and stared at all the time. The casinos and dancing-gardens are gay nightly, and the place is called “little Paris.” We had never seen such scenes as met us everywhere here. We were disgusted with Strasburg, picturesque and interesting as it is. Catholicism seems to have no influence to raise the life of the people, and all devotion seems mockery.

We remained in the place, hoping to hear from the third Bischofsheim, and were glad to accept the friendship of an English lady rooming next to us. From the window of Hotel Pfeiffer, which looks out on the Bahnhof, we watch the crowds passing continually to and fro, peasant women and Stolze Damen, officers and peasant soldiers. There are several officers at the hotel, but their wives ignore us. They probably think they are too high caste to associate with foreigners. They ought to know our high acquaintances in Berlin! Herr Hauptmann would soon make this right, although our English friend doubts it, as she says these people are of the old nobility, in contradistinction to the newly created nobility, and there is nothing prouder on the earth than this old nobility, especially since the creation of the new aristocracy. One interesting episode is told concerning this old and new nobility. When the emperor offered the title of Prince to Count Anthony Günther of Oldenburg, of the illustrious house of Holstein, he with dignity replied, "No, thank you. I would rather enter at the head of counts than bring up the tail of princes." At another time the Count of Orange Nassau, with an outburst of rage and contempt, flung behind him one of the newly cooked princes, who was entering the council-chamber of the Emperor before him, bitterly exclaiming, "*Apprenez, Monsieur, que des princes comme vous marchent après des comtes*"

comme nous !" These centuries of class system have really made such a distinction that there is a world of difference between the nobility and the peasantry. In America, even our common people have some claim to appearances. Blood tells here ; even under like circumstances you can tell the low-born. Take for instance the army. The officers are a striking contrast to the peasant soldiers, and even among the ranks you can tell an *Einjähriger* from a full-service soldier. The former wear their handsome uniforms with style, and carry themselves as though uniforms were but the least part of their greatness. The common soldier carries his uniform as something that makes him what he is, his excuse for being. In spite of glitter and stride, he is still the ploughboy. There is amusement in noting the contrast, and it is some satisfaction and pleasure to think that the meanest ploughboy and all the country lads may have this three years' taste of glory ; in this uniform to flutter on the parade, in the beer-gardens, on the promenade, — what a dream thrown into the chrysalis-life of the Bauer !

And now, just as we were leaving Strasburg, impatient of longer delay, comes a note from the Burgomeister of Bischofsheim am Rhein welcoming any relative of his old playmate, long since departed to America ! We were to await a courier to accompany us to the place. Then, indeed, was a period of doubt and fear ! This strange

courier might be a deceiver, and we seriously considered getting on our way northward as fast as possible. When he appeared, however, his honest looks relieved our fear; nevertheless, we gave a full account of our plan to the Wirth and our English friend, with injunctions to hunt us up, if we did not reappear within a given time. I am glad we cleared away all our doubts as to M.'s native place. Nothing could be lovelier. It is a little suburban town, away from the railroad, on the banks of the Rhine, and as picturesque as an artist's or a poet's dream. The whole village, in holiday costume, met us with flower and song, and we passed through an arch as we entered. We were fêted and feasted and lionized to our heart's content. The preacher, the mayor, the clerk made addresses, and we are deeply indebted to M. for this rarest of all experiences. It seems that M.'s father was a *von*—of the nobility—and lived in a château near the town, but he had been the preacher of the place for some years before he left, and the people have quite idealized him. We call this episode our "Scene from the Opera," as it was just like the opera scenes of singing, gleeful peasants on a holiday.

CHAPTER XX.

CHURCHES AND CHURCH MUSIC.

How one grows to love the Protestant Church of Germany! There is a solemnity and beauty in its worship, an earnestness and reverence within its sacred temples, a richness, depth, satisfaction in its service, — a reverence in all that fills the soul with a completeness of devotion. While the social element in the American church may be a helpful thing, still it often brings too much of the worldly spirit into sacred places, and the mingling necessarily works against true, pure devotion. There is a wonderful contrast between the German church in the capital, Berlin, and the fashionable city churches of America. No one is ever dressed in the style that prevails in American churches—not even the nobility or imperial family; it is not considered good taste, and only the plainest attire is seen in the place of worship. What pure, single worship is possible here! You go to any church; the crowd presses in, the people do not seem to know each other or think of each other; there is one purpose in the heart of each. There is no private conversation; on

entering, each stands a moment with bowed head, and then awaits in silence the first note from the organ, when, as with one prayerful, praise-overflowing heart, the hymn breaks forth. Nothing distracts. With all the liturgy and ceremony, there is still a wonderful simplicity; in some indefinable way, the world and its cares seem dismissed, and the soul freely rises to heights of blessedness.

The religious life of Germany is a question of much thought and of deep interest to the thoughtful on both sides of the sea. With its great universities and their radiating influence, its scholars, philosophers, theologians, whose writings affect the thinking world — Germany, in its religious tendencies, is the subject of serious thought. Year by year, the religious sentiments have been changing. The early faith of Luther was darkened by rationalism, but in later years the open rationalism has been declining, and a growing evangelical feeling has been visible among the mass of the people. The position of the Emperor has had much to do with this, together with the reaction against unsatisfactory skepticism. There has been a prevailing idea abroad that the churches in Germany are bare and deserted, and that people have utterly forsaken the house of God, that there is no desire for religion or the Church of God. That may have been so in times gone by; but, by a winter's residence in Berlin, we have

seen a contrary state of things. The churches are always full. No matter where we were, in city, town, or village, we never saw any but crowded churches. As we have seen, in holiday times, the many services of the days, and week days moreover, have the same devoted attendance. This contrast to the prevailing opinion concerning the religious state of Germany is a decided contradiction to it.

True, there are many contradictions in the religious life. This faithful church-going maintains the fact of the existence of life in the church. Judged by her Sabbath, Germany has no Christianity reverencing the Decalogue. Crowded as the churches are, naught is known of our national church life, the union of fellowship which forms a society, its individual missionary labor, its charity systems, its special meetings and pleasures. Our peculiar church life is peculiarly our own: its recognition of the individual, of individual duties, all those labors and privileges which make each member part of an active family and the church a beloved home. This rises from the fact that the church is a State Church. The people grow to regard the Church as an institution of the government, not dependent upon them for support (by voluntary contribution), not demanding individual responsibility. As the railroad, telegraph, postal service, education of the country, is in the hand of the State, thus the

Church is also one of its branches of internal government. All the work of the Church is regulated by officials of the State. The parochial, the mission work is all apportioned. — The ministers are appointed, the books are dictated, even the text for each Sabbath regulated, — all this by the State. The State ordains that its children must be baptized, confirmed, and so makes the nation a nation of church members, Christians, and the duty is at an end, except that every citizen must pay taxes for the support of this institution of the government. Many who are extreme against the Church rebel against being obliged to support it; but the system maintains. Thus the people do not support the minister, as we do, by voluntary contribution, nor is the Church kept up in this way, and naturally there is a lack of that personal interest in it that we are accustomed to. The State, thus assuming the government, establishing the regulations, arranging the services, takes from the people that sense of possession, pride, zeal, the feeling that urges to personal effort on the part of each individual. Under such an organization, we cannot expect that co-operation of labor which makes our church such a working power. On the other hand, there are some good features in such a system: it forbids a distinction between rich and poor, makes "aristocratic churches" an impossibility, gives no place for "oligarchies" or

the "ruling few." It forms, in fact, a church for the masses. There is no distinction of persons, aside from the imperial family.

There is a universal broad spirit that is really Christian. Little of sects or denominationalism is known. Thus they avoid that extreme of feeling which often leads to scattered efforts, too frequently cherishes division, and many times leads to a zeal for the growth of denominationalism rather than for a spread of the Kingdom. All churches are alike to the people—it is one Church. There still exists the Lutheran and the Calvinistic or Reformed Church, but at the time of the formation of the Empire these were united into one—the State Church, or the United Church, or the Evangelical Church.

Going to church in Berlin is not the same easy matter that it is in New York or any of our large cities. We are a spoiled nation—everything in our American daily life is so much more comfortable than in Europe—and we are spoiled even in our church-going. Here it is not a short walk or drive, and arriving just in time for service, then enjoying the hour in the luxury of soft cushions, warm carpets, air made pure by good ventilation. No, far otherwise. Indeed, some have said, "It is worth as much as a man's life to try to go to church in Berlin; you have to fight your way!" Berlin has grown so rapidly that the building of churches has not been in proportion, so that we

find one church (in one district) to eighty thousand people; in another district, one to one hundred and forty thousand. Compare that with our average; one for every six hundred! Germany is poor; the State needs the money of its heavily taxed people for the support of its immense standing army, at a yearly expense of one hundred million dollars raised by taxation. There is no money, consequently, to build new churches to meet the increase of population in such a city. So, with few churches, scattered at great distances, sure to be crowded, service as early as 9 o'clock, there must be an early start. We have been at the church door as early as 9 o'clock, yet have always found a waiting group; we often wonder at what early hour the crowd begins to assemble.

The crowd grows; it is very cold, or the sun is blinding; nevertheless, there they stand in patience. The doors open, and then it is "rush for your life!" It is simply terrible. Push, shove, fight—is this really church? In a moment the free seats are filled and the aisles crowded. Here, as one stands, fighting to maintain the ground, the situation is not very conducive to meditation. One feels more as though entering a battle than the sanctuary, and the natural rising of the aggressive quenches the devout. Failing to get a corner on the free bench, the next best thing is to stand at the pew doors and hope some families

will be absent, for when the service begins they are opened to the public. The privileged pew owners enter, unlock the pew door, shut it with a bang, complacently seat themselves, and are thankful that they are not as other men are, standing. They enjoy the worship all the more for the contrast.

The sexton in all Europe—the sacristan he is called—is an important personage. With swallow-tailed coat, immaculate embroidered shirt-bosom, well oiled hair,—rattling his keys, he stands at the altar, giving orders, or, with smiles and bows, he hastens to unlock a pew door, in response to the ever welcome fee slipped into his hand. During service, he is ever conspicuous. How the children, and even old people, quail under his eye! The church is crowded, even so close to the altar that the people may rest their feet on its steps; camp-stools, which the people bring to the church themselves, fill every inch of space, and crowds stand about the doors. An old picture of the Old World is before us. Soldiers in glittering uniform, the nobility in private boxes; the deaconesses, in black robes and white caps;—high up, out of sight, the organ and choir boys; the preacher, in sacred gown, in the pulpit-box, high on one side of the ancient place; the lighted candles, memorial tablets and crosses, and then the slow, deep chorals, sung by the full congregation. As the text is announced, the people rise, for in Germany they

never sit during the reading of the sacred Scriptures. Only the New Testament is used,—a lesson from the Gospel and then one from the Epistles.

The creed, the Lord's prayer, the beautiful liturgy with its confession, petition, praise, never lose their power, but ever grow in beauty. They are never muttered, never hurried over, but ever the solemn beautiful words are given in their full solemnity. German sermons are earnest,—earnest as the ideal German character. The preacher never reads; he talks earnestly to the people. There is a close following of the Gospel story in the Church year. It is always gospel, never art, science, or speculation, but ever that for which and in which the Church exists—the truth as found in Christ Jesus. Strong words they are, rich in meaning, deep in thought, inspiring in their influence.

It is a fact, that notwithstanding the crowded churches, the church-attending average of the population is very small, yet in this there is a sign of hope. While the nation, as a whole, may have lost the spirit in the form, still, constantly, one meets devoted Christians, yearning, sorrowing, hoping for their own beloved fatherland. There is the salt of the earth here, the little leaven that shall work with power; and these voices, as of those crying in the wilderness, shall yet be heard speaking, not in vain, to an awakened people. Everywhere we go, we find some of these fervent

Christians, — hear them in families, on the train, — and in Leipsic came the strangest experience of all.

We had been to St. Thomas' Church; had heard an excellent sermon, by a man preaching his trial sermon, — not a frequent occurrence in Germany, as only a few churches have the privilege of choosing their preachers so. Returning, we stopped in the park to watch the passing people. Every city and town in Germany has beautiful parks, walks, green spots amidst trees, where the people may catch a breath of purer air. Their homes are not as comfortable as ours in America, and so the Germans live out-of-doors as much as possible. As we were thus seated on the bench in the park, we were attracted by the conversation of two men seated at the other end of the same bench. They, too, had been to the same church, and were now discussing the sermon. They liked it, — thought it good, but were in great sorrow for one thing, — that Christ had been left out of it altogether. It was true — we now remembered it — and our hearts too were touched at these mournful tones, so grieved that the one great essential thing — Christ — had not been preached.

We listened further, and heard lamentations, touching, strong, pathetic, powerful, — reminding us, indeed, of those of Jeremiah of old. They complained of the spirit in the University, among

America ; nothing outside of the preaching, parochial work (baptisms, funerals, confirmations), and inner missions (schools, the poor). Lay efforts are not known, no open meetings, no revivals, no special endeavors to call in the indifferent, nor cultivate the religious feelings that may lie slumbering. Something must be done to awaken the people, to demonstrate that religion is not merely a form, the Church not simply the institution of the State, and adherence to it something more than the duty of citizen to government.

We spent several hours in Bonn, talking over this matter with Professor Christlieb. He is enthusiastic in the new evangelistic work, and hopeful for great results. He thinks the people are ready for it. It is organized evangelistic work for Germany, under the direction of certain men who, with the true missionary spirit, looking beyond the limits of State authority, see a great people crying out, for they go down to death, and who, recognizing the efficiency of the evangelistic system in other countries, are constrained to desire and labor for such a work among the masses in Germany also. It will be a difficult work, for, naturally, the Church, as a regular institution of the State, looks upon the movement, as springing up among the people and independent of recognized authority, as a bold advanced step. The ministry in such a church consider that their duty confines them to prescribed methods, and,

many of these will turn to each other and say in surprise, 'I never thought of this!' Then we shall die to live. Birth in nature is a wonderful thing. One is born to live,—that is humanly great,—but to die to live, that is God-like great! That will come.—O, that these godless people would stop to think of the only Salvation!"

It was a sad and strange experience to hear these two Germans so mourning over their own fatherland. Yet such voices we find. It shows a spirit moving among the people, and, if this is so, there is hope; for from *among the people* always comes the rise of truth and reform. If death is in the Church, in University, in State, still the people can rise above all this dead form and bring life into the nation. These thoughtful German Christians always speak of the American and English church life with a warm love and a longing for the same in their midst. They have caught our spirit in many places. In certain districts our Gospel Hymns have been translated, and are much loved. There is a need and a desire for evangelistic work. There is no effort made to gather the masses into the church. The preachers are too burdened with these great parishes. With the national reverence for God and religion so deep in the German character, it would seem as though with some effort the people could be won to the Church. In Germany there is nothing similar to the evangelistic work of England and

hearts. The church music of Germany presents these two phases, — that of the service and that of the congregation ; — both distinct, one as great as the other, each a power, both uniting to make the German church music ideal in religious power, yet inseparable as they now are, one resting upon the other as its basis and origin, without which it could never have existed — indeed, of which it is but a higher development. Sublime, glorious as the great oratorios, masses, motettes of German masters are, still they rest upon the simple, noble music of the Volk ; and it is beautiful to know that this inspired music of the masters springs from the melodies of the hearts of the common people, and, while it reaches into the heavens, dissolving the clouds of earth and revealing the celestial, still this heavenward soaring comes from the heavenly in the human heart. It is music caught from the heaven that exists in the soul of mankind, — of all people made in the image of God. It but adds to the dignity and beauty of the high genius, the divine harmonies in German classical music, to recognize that they thus rise from the pure songs, gushing, laden with feeling, from the human heart. The soaring celestial chorus, the inspiring orchestra music in the church service, — these are but a higher development of the rich songs of the Volk ; it is well they are still united in worship ; from the heart the songs well, in them we strive to rise nearer

the divine, and then the beautiful classical music carries the spirit to the heights, — so it is not strange that German church-music is such a power.

But, to show more clearly the relation of these two parts of worship, the growth, origin, peculiarity, let us take a German authority, — for a German is able to feel and know this as no one else. The author speaks of Luther's influence in training the people in church music, which he considered, above all, the "true support of faith," and which he gave "a place in honor next to theology." True, there was music in the church before Luther's time, but corruption had entered into the Catholic Church singing, an artistic decoration wholly irrelevant to the real religious aim, so that the Council of Trent, while it attacked heresy, considered also the music of the Roman Church, wishing its style of art to be wholly banished. Palestrina's Improperiu and masses for the Pope Marcellus rescued music from fanaticism. But the historical fact proves that, not until after Luther's work in the music reform in Germany, were the Roman Church songs simplified and raised to greatest beauty.

"In contemplating the manner in which Luther went to work, we see first that he was a genuine German man, who knew the predilection of his people for music, and through it facilitated the way to pure faith. For, even

before his teachings, his German songs, words and melodies, had spread among the people, and found a glad welcome and a dissemination, scattering the seed of the Reformation. Well could a Frankfort scholar, in his preface to the Psalms, in the year 1565, declare of the first German songs that Luther sent into the world: 'I do not doubt that that one song of Luther's, "*Nun freuet Euch lieben Christen gemein*," brought many hundred Christians to faith, who before that would not listen to the name of Luther; but the true, noble words of this man won their hearts, so that they accepted the truth.' When we comprehend the fact that Luther's first hymn-book appeared in 1524, and that already in 1546 over fifty thousand copies had been printed, and later 200 different Lutheran hymn-books, we then see how this great man knew what was the right thing for his Volk.

Many have followed him — Gerhardt, Spitta, Neander, Scheffler, Ruickart — what strength in these! what grander than "O sacred Head, now wounded," "Now thank we all our God," "Commit thou all thy griefs," "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," "Jesus, thy boundless love to me," — these noble Christian hymns are not of the German nature only, but touch the spirit of all God's people — beloved in many tongues. There is a seriousness, a solemnity, a grandeur, ~~and~~ fervor, depth in this German hymnology; here is

all that hidden, serious, earnest fervor that lies at the base of the ideal German character—all that which has brought heroes, thinkers, philosophers. These hymns are not for the church alone; they are literally the possession of the people—a definite, genuine treasure that every German soul possesses. These same hymns are used throughout the land; these same ones used for centuries; age after age has grown up with them; they have entered into the race with an effect we cannot calculate. Sung Sabbath after Sabbath, on the many church holidays, learned for confirmation, examination—yea, more, used as a text-book in the daily school. It may be a sober way for childhood to be thus trained, instead of by the lulling rhymes of Mother Goose, but it is consistent with the German character, and reveals, in one of a thousand ways, the peculiarly old and grown-up way of childhood in Germany.

Let us quote from the Hon. A. D. White, for many years the esteemed United States Minister to Germany. He says:—

“German religious reverence sends its roots deep into the past. A strong agent in keeping it alive is to be found in the hymns of the church, and the music connected with them. These hymns, laden with the highest hopes and inspirations of past centuries, take hold upon the German heart to-day. As the great organ in some ancient church strikes the first note, the whole congregation joins in the chorale. Whether the hymn grew from the heart of Nother or of Luther or of Paul Ger-

hardt, every man and woman has known both words and music from childhood. In the presence of this great influence, creeds and catechisms are as nothing. The men who hold them and the men who deny them are alike. Their aspirations are alike borne upward on those mighty billows of song. Whether they roll beneath the arches of the Catholic Cathedral at Cologne or of the Protestant Cathedral at Ulm, the service of praise comes from the hearts and voices of the whole congregation. The praise is not done by proxy. It is not delegated to a quartette club. I think that even the Germans who most thoroughly discard the belief of Christendom would feel personally hurt to be thus robbed *more Americano*."

There is really a quickening, inspiring power in this full, spontaneous, hearty singing of the congregation. Even the most indifferent must be touched in some way by a holier feeling. Nor need one ever be silent; into whatever church he may chance to go, this is never strange to him, and the words are in some way connected with his religious experience. The chorales are noble music, suited to the German spirit, slow, dignified, and a music that familiarity has made easy for them to sing. To an unskilled American they are very trying: examine the music, observe the chords; they are complicated; it is difficult music; and we, not trained as the German, find no satisfaction in the singing; we doubt if they—these chorales—could ever become popular is any but the German nation, it requires ages of training. Yet we have grand old hymns; nothing could ever be to us as "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Nearer my God to

Thee," — let us only make the singing universal and train our nation in hymns, noble and eternal, and dear to us in our tongue as any German ones to those in the Fatherland.

But there is in the church the music of chorus boys, of orchestra. Because we have good congregational singing, all the higher sacred music need not be banished. There is a devotional power in Haydn, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and we need every help to lift the soul to higher worship. In the Berlin Dom, the wonderful chorus of boys' voices (probably the finest in Europe) singing that celestial music (from a hidden, elevated place behind the organ) seems, many times, as voices from heaven wooing the soul from earthly pleasure. It has a devotional power. In Dresden the great orchestra of stringed instruments gives a rich feast of harmony, the divinest harmonies brought as praise to the sacred sanctuaries. In the holy place the soul is open, ready for this beauty of sound that brings heaven more near. Never, *never*, is there a chord of that lower music, popular, secular strains, such as too often we have in organ interludes in America, for the whole tone is *serious*, solemn, reverent. This is the *spirit* of the German church-music — *reverence*. It is this that makes it great. It is this that is the great factor, is keeping alive the church, and that will ever testify to the depth of religious feeling in the German heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

RHINELAND.

THE wand of some good fairy transports us into the Rhineland, a region of such enchantment that eye, ear, thought, imagination, sentiment, are all fully satisfied. Which is greater here — man or nature? The river dashing on, so swiftly, swiftly flowing, with its clear sparkling green winding among abrupt, yet gently sloping hill-sides and rocks, to the music of resounding echoes and its own rushing, — is not this, nature's work, that which makes the Rhine beloved? Yes, — but it is not all. Equally as cherished, as potent in charm, are the associations, all that man has made the Rhine. How the mind is quickened by the history calling out from every wooded hill-side and ruined castle! The old Romans, the bandit robbers, the feudal lords, Napoleon's soldiers, — how they people these banks! Then with what random fancy revels! — legend and song and superstition. Truly we here enter the realm of necromancy.

The interests are mingled. We become excited over the history, charmed with the legends,

enchanted with the scenery, pleased with the constant undertone of poetry; yet find even more in the people themselves, the signs of national life, the peculiar customs of the Rhine people, which are as distinct and separate as the wonderful natural features. Indeed, it is so throughout Germany, — each district has its own peculiarities, as the various yet distinct members of one family. America is such a broad country, not separated into petty kingdoms, that we do not know this. The Rhine people are like their land; much of nature, warm-hearted, bright as their wines, full of lively fancy and superstition as their beloved haunts, rugged and hardy as the soil, and pure German in thrift, energy, and industry.

Each spot, as we float downward with the stream, tells its story, and the past and present meet in the people. Fair Bingen on the Rhine! Of course, we must stop here, and ascend the hills to Rochelle chapel. A lovely view meets the gaze. Below, the light green flowing waters; on either side, the rocky hills rising at once steep from the river bank, opposite the vineyards. These vineyards are one of the distinctive beauties of the Rhine, in their wonderful cultivation. It has taken the labor of centuries, hard and never-ceasing labor: every tiny spot, every inch of ground, we may say, on the crevices between the rocks, is cultivated. How *did* they work on these hill-sides? We grew dizzy in even

walking at the edges. Then, the vines need so much care — this must be an industrious people. On one side of the Rhine there is little cultivation, for here are thick woods facing the opposite banks of vines. Both sides are varied with castles ; some in ruin, some still in perfect beauty.

As we stand here, above Bingen, the scene is rich ; the vines, hills, rocks, and high above, as a golden crown, the shining wheat-fields, while far below is the shining river. Yet giving another touch, just opposite, and seen for miles, gleams the German national monument, the Germania. What a glorious beauty ! Standing high on her throne, her hair floating behind, her head raised nobly, her arm thrown up in pride and defiance, the hand holding aloft a crown, she claims her right to the Rhine, and challenges dispute. Professor Schilling of Dresden is the sculptor, and they say his daughter was the model for this figure ; if so, she is a beautiful woman. The whole is a work of art. The Germania figure is thirty-three feet high, and one can judge of its size from the fact that when something was injured in the hand, a man went up inside of the arm to fix it. The bas-reliefs have figures of the rulers and generals in the late war. The Germans date the rise of the German nation from the victory of Herman, or Arminius, over the Romans in the Teutoberger Wald, in 9 B. C. This Germania monument is placed on this spot as the old ground of the Nie-

derwald, where the legions of Varus were scattered.

We catch the kindly spirit of the Rhinelanders. They greet us with such hearty cheer as we trudge on our way. Along the road are shrines: some little niches cut in the rocks, in which are placed wax images, dolls elaborately dressed in white and lace; others, pretty white stone chapels, and within the image of the Virgin. Here are fresh flowers, growing and in wreaths and bunches. As they pass, the women pause, take down the basket from their heads, then the cushion, and kneel for prayer, and afterward go on their way to work. There is something beautiful about this. Their lives are labor and worship, simple and uneventful. The people have very faint ideas of our religion, yet a beautiful faith. Law, command, duty—these they do not know. We cannot judge them; they have the simplicity of childhood. We can learn of their faith.

Bingen fades: Bingen, with its neat houses and their pretty gardens. We wondered in which the Soldier of the Legion had lived; where, too, that "other, not a sister." The Mouse Tower rises on an island in the very midst of the stream. It has its legend of cruel Bishop Hatto, who refused grain to the people in time of famine, and, so, according to their curse, was devoured by mice. Even the high tower in the midst of the stream could not save him. The seven heartless virgins

turned to seven stones in the river still speak their warning, and the Lorelei rock stands out boldly against the sky. Under its shadow is the quaint little town of St. Goarshausen, a lovely spot to sojourn, to linger, and, by familiarity with the Rhine scenes, gain an enduring remembrance of their beauty.

A charming spot! Here is the little town. It is not at all pretty; for it is old and crowded together, and the people are poor. The steep hills rise almost perpendicularly, directly from the river's bank, so that all these little towns consist of only one or two rows of houses stretching along the shore in one street. When the river rises, they have no retreat but the steep hills above. The Rhine is such a model river in appearance, that it is amazing that it acts so unseemly as to overflow its banks. It looks so regular and "sittlich" from Bingen to Cologne, — the river of perfect pleasure. The banks are not broken and straggling, or with a flat, sunny, tiresome beach; but the river cuts its way between the heights in exactly the manner an ideal river should. The banks are made firm with a solid wall of stone masonry. From a distance the towns are pretty. The houses themselves are often picturesque: their odd shapes, striped wood-work over the plaster. Of course flowers are in the windows, for was there ever a German house without them? On many there is a wooden

image, before which the people kneel or cross themselves, for the Rhine villages are Catholic.

The very name of our resting-place at St. Goarshausen has a charm — Zum Lamm — Hotel to the Lamb. We were tired out and dispirited when we reached here. Elizabeth had lost the diamond out of her ring, and my umbrella had found another owner, and this "Zum Lamm" was the place for the footsore and weary. The Frau soothed us by the musical Rhineland tones of her voice, and, in a motherly way, made us comfortable, and, from the moment we entered the Lamm, we have been happy: probably, it is at the relief of not having to take care of ourselves, for, notwithstanding the fact that it can be done, after all it is a burden for two women "to do Europe" alone. Here was a final reunion with Berlin friends. The garden in front of the Gasthaus has two long arbors, and here, under the vines, we take our meals or lunch of fragrant honey and the golden apricots of the Rhineland, while the Rhinelanders, as they pass, smilingly wish us "Guten Appetit." Opposite are the turrets of the Rheinfels ruins, above tower those of the Cat, and in full view is the Lorelei rock. In the moonlight we fancy the fair maiden still sitting there, combing her golden hair, while the enchanted sailors are engulfed in the whirlpools below. We try the whirlpools, singing our song as the little boat turns around. But the spell is broken, and

we float onward. Yet those Lorelei echoes, once heard, they live forever.

Lovely walks, foot-tours, invite in all directions. We stop at the peasant houses, and are given a piece of black bread for lunch, and the wine is always offered, for every home here has wine. It is their own native wine from their own vineyards, and the Rhine wines are most sparkling. The Lorcher is like imprisoned sunlight. It has gathered the glitter and gold of the sun, as it beamed upon the vines, into its shining cup by the magical force in nature.

The wine is very cheap, scarcely seems to pay for the arduous labor of caring for vines on these rocky, steep hills. We lost our way in one of our rambles, and found ourselves high up above the village, the descent down the steep rocks. Round and round, and in and out, we went, faint at the sight of the village and river far below, and when we finally landed, after several hours scramble, we were trembling in every limb.

We stop and talk with the peasants. They speak a quaint dialect, or, rather, not so far from grammatical German as a dialect, but their speech has a little peculiarity that has a pretty sound to foreign ears. They leave the "n" off of the infinitive, and call "nicht" — "nit," as "Sie kann nit gut spreche." "Leite" for "Leute," as the "eu" is always made "ei." These dialects in the different provinces make the language difficult, and

there is strife as to which has the pure speech, Berlin and Hanover leading in strong rivalry. The difference between these two is slight. The Berliners give a "sh" sound in such words as *stehen*, *sprechen*, but it is the language of the pulpit, the stage, the court, and so authority. The great fault urged against the Berlin speech is that they change *g* into *y*, and from this the saying has arisen, that the Berliner will say "a yute ye-bratene Yans" for a "gute gebratene Gans." This, however, is only among the lower classes, and never in the circles where one is to learn the German language. There is as much difference in the language in the various parts of our country:—the southern elision of the "r," the western broad "a," the eastern added "r," and all the various patois resulting from the mingling of nations. Still, the English is pure everywhere among the educated, and it is the same in Germany. The various provinces have peculiar intonations, and the rising inflection at the close of the sentence among the Rhinelanders is very pleasing.

A few miles inland from our village of St. Goarshausen is the most extensive ruin of the Rhine region. It is somewhat restored, as the countess who owns it resides here part of the time. An Æolian harp arranged far up in the tower, sounded weird and siren-like long before we reached the place. The keeper is devoted to this Gräfin, and even we were touched with

admiration for the unknown countess, as we caught some insight into her nature from the tender pictures in her boudoir, the works in various languages in her little study, and her favorite heliotropes in the tiny window-garden. She has artists come from far to paint the surrounding scenery, and she brings musicians with her on her visits, and many guests arrive, and the old castle relives its scenes of glory of the Middle Ages.

Another day we walked to Ober Wesel, to see the old Lieben Frauen Kirche, a place all devoted to tombs and memorial tablets in Latin and old, old Teuton. The remains of an old Roman wall are here, with the high gates and the steps leading up from the inside. We took a picture of this, and gave the touch of life to it, by requesting two peasant-women passing by to stand still. They had the baskets poised on their heads, in the true Rhineland style, and folded their hands properly for a picture. We climbed the hill of the Niederwald, and went halooing through the old woods that once heard the groans of the Roman legions and the shouts of the early barbarian Germans. At Rheinfels, we looked into the traditional well, but failed to see the prophesied "face of your lover," unless we all love ourselves. The morning walk is to the Swiss valley, where are five mills, a square apart; and the gurgle and the rush make a pleasant music, while the ferns nod in time. Within sound of this gentle murmur, we

settle down, with books or writing, and, at lunch-time, the delicious wild-strawberries just at our feet flavor the crisp Rhine rolls. In the evenings we stroll to the Lorelei, and set the wild echoes flying, but we have a rival in the cornet man, who sounds, "Was ist des deutschen Vaterland," and then goes around among the guests for the pfennige. We row, too, and let our little boat whirl around in the eddy just under the Lorelei, until Vivian, on the shore, screams in such terror that we pull out and rest under the cliffs, watching the sun withdrawing behind the hills and cliffs, but before his farewell, as a recompense for the dark night, he is very gracious, and grants us his greatest glory, changing the whole valley into gold, and touching the water with opaline hues, the swift current into a gentle flow. Sunsets were never lovelier, and the moonlights, as we dip the oars in the shadows of the cliffs and then again let the diamonds drip into the silvery surface from the glittering oar!—where is Nature lovelier?

Then the village!—O, how different these people are! they seem at present to exist for our study and pleasure. The school comes marching by every few hours, for they go to the woods to recite, and we go to the Exercier Platz to watch the boys at exercise, posturing, marching, stepping, manœuvring, and we walk back along the promenade shaded on both sides by trees. The

peasant women sitting there with the golden apricots, and the great gooseberries, three times the size of ours, utter their plaintive cry, "*Kaufen Sie Etwas!*" and we are so happy, we cannot but do something to make others happy. When gloom settles on life, will not the memory of these hours of sunshine make all brighter?

The travelling music-bands make their discordant notes heard in "*Wacht am Rhein*," or "*Es zogen drei Burschen wohl über den Rhein*." They are students, helping themselves in their education in this way. There is a natural simplicity among the people of the nation that leads them to act in many original ways. A strolling troupe of actors entertain us with a farce, "*Die Einquartierung; oder, der sanfte Heinrich*," the most absurd thing, and fun without limit! There is a hall connected with the Gasthaus, but the stage is so small that when the "star," with the long trained dress, came forward, the train remained behind the scenes, and was lifted forward for the audience to see! Of course, there was an American in the play, with mints of money and most magnanimous, and, whenever any attempt was made to wrong him, he would cry, "*Ich bin unter dem Schutz der amerikanischen Fahne!*" We mingle sentiment and practical ideas — poetry and prose. Our young American couple, who have just come over and met us here, — little W.'s brother and wife, — have a most practical

romantic plan : on bits of ribbon, of delicate, light shades, the professor sketches the views of various places and scenes, and the bride works the name on them in colored silk. It is to result in a quilt or throw of some kind, and so is a rare combination of romance and utility.

It is an enchanted existence. But the trail of the serpent has entered this Eden, in the turmoil of the Sabbath day. This is just the spot for a perfect Sabbath, where the deep spirit in Nature would make itself more manifest when blending with the soul of man, awakened to reverence and homage for the Creator. The excursionists pour in. The tables in the arbor are set for two hundred guests, and the hilarity is maddening! Across the river is the great shooting-match, and the echoes make it seem a desperate battle. Several are wounded, and confusion reigns. We retreat to the cool quiet of the Swiss valley, the murmur of the falls, the carol of birds, and rustle of leaves.

The rest of the Rhine is before us, and the most poetical part ; the sentiment of Roland's Eck, Drachenfels, and the Feindliche Brüder. We steep ourselves in the legends. Elizabeth weeps for the poor Lady Geraldine waiting for her lover's return from the Crusades, and the tragic return with a Greek bride ! Then came the duel between the brothers, "and, while they were fighting with their great swords, in the valley of Born-

hofen, behind the castle, the convent bells began to ring, and Lady Geraldine came forth with a train of nuns, all dressed in white, and made the brothers friends, and told them she was the bride of Heaven, and happier in her convent than she would have been in the Liebenstern or Sternenfels." More touching are the sorrows of Roland the Brave and the gentle Hildegard, separated by the cloister walls; his daily watching for her, as she passed to and fro, until the funeral bell accompanied her body as it passed out for the last time, and his final plunge into the rushing Rhine! All these legends, in this lovely clime, on these happy summer days, have a subtle magic. Even the most prosaic, commonplace — nay, hard-hearted person must grow sentimental on the Rhine. It is the river of sentiment.

Beyond is the great Cathedral, — the "epic in stone," at Cologne. The Rhine has much to offer, but here is its greatest experience. The days in the Fatherland are numbered, and, before we leave the land that has become so dear to us, let us steep ourselves in the exaltation and inspiration, the deep religious reverence that fills the heart in this sacred Dom.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREAT DOM.

AN "epic in stone" the cathedral at Cologne may well be called, for it is a heroic epic in greatness, grandeur, glory—a wonderful stone-epic, with a creation period of six hundred years! It was in August, 1248, that Archbishop Conrad laid the first stone, and slowly the monument has been rising since that day—now halting, now progressing, now falling back, now just rescued from ruin. Ninety years of slow work, after that August day, and the wonderful choir, with its amazing stone tangle of pinnacles and buttresses, gives promise of the glory of the completed structure. A hundred and twenty years more, and the North tower begins to rise, yet soars no higher for a full century. The next hundred years saw a portion of the transept reared, and the north aisle partially roofed, but when the sixteenth century arrives the work stands still, and the myriads of travellers stop to admire the unfinished ruin, for such it had become—a relic of the Middle Ages, yet one day to be the glory of modern time.

Yet the well known crane, seeming almost a part of the structure, continued to promise a renewal of labor and a completion which still lingered in its fulfilment. Gradually the old stones were gathering about them a history — the majestic pile, as the epic hero, passing through many adversities, crises, and yet destined to triumph. It had seen feudalism and chivalry, had hidden within its gloomy shadows brave knights and stern warriors ; then suffered in the sad misery and bloodshed following in the wake of the Reformation, and more in the terrible time of the Revolution, when canons and bishops were dispersed, and the rich treasury robbed, and when the sinking roof and separating stones seemed to threaten ruin to the work of ages, and to mock the early fair promise for the future.

Light breaks ! — this gloom shall not overwhelm and carry away all the labor, hope, aspiration here embodied. This great structure shall be rescued, and the past purposes shall not be defeated. A thrill of pity touches the German heart at this grandeur in the throes of death. An enthusiasm to carry out the great architectural design is awakened, which spreads and grows, until the whole land rises to rescue it from the impending gloom. Contributions of all kinds came from all sides — money, labor, material — the city of Stuttgart sending a vessel of hewn stone. Forty years of active labor bring a completed but not

a finished work. The original plan had been changed many times — indeed, the sketch of it was lost. A story is current that Boiseree, the ardent enthusiast for the completion of the cathedral, in his diligent search for this plan, discovered part of it in an inn in Darmstadt, where a housewife had nailed it down on a stretcher to serve some kitchen need. Yet, after all these ages of effort, of failure, of hope, despair, it remained for Wilhelm I., the first Emperor of united Germany, to enroll among his many renowned achievements for the glory of the Fatherland the completion of this great stone-epic.

What a flood of thoughts sweeps over the soul as one stands before the massive stone structure, and reflects upon that interval! What is here! what dreams, ambitions, toils! what a heap of treasure! Those patient years of waiting! We must admire a work that could wait so long: years during which a mysterious sea has changed into a common highway for the nations, a new world has been born, a land peopled, and, as a young nation, having passed through the trial days of its foundation, has become a Republic of might, honored among the old civilizations of the world. Think of all the grand structures erected in our land in our short existence, and then of this one waiting its day of final completion! What a history — what gathered thoughts are

here! We must admire those who labored to this end, who sought to bring to perfection so great a wonder of architecture,—a work which they would neither see nor enjoy. They render a moral service to mankind who thus labor for future generations, to give to them a monument which must awaken in the beholder elevated sentiment and noble ideas. These are benefactors to whom grateful tribute is due.

Walk about the great pile and enjoy its architectural beauty alone. There is that wondrous, ingenious irregularity, a luxurious extravagance of detail which would take days to examine and appreciate, but which affords an exciting pleasure upon first survey. The towers, chapels, pinnacles, the buttresses, flying and standing, the amazing arched doorways with myriad sculptured figures, the rosettes, the airy filagree, the slender graceful arches—all with a lightness and delicacy—is bewildering, and more so when we realize that it is *stone* and built solidly and in strength. The great towers, the soaring spires seek the heavens far aloft, and from the cloudy distance comes the melodious jangle of bells. Man seems so little by the side of his work. Such a work has the effect of a work of creation—a strange experience—the work of man having the effect of a great work of creation. And as you mount the winding staircase, and ever the world beneath grows more distant and more diminutive, until, from dizzy

heights, the city, the winding Rhine, all seems seen through a diminishing glass, an awe fills the soul, an awe deepened by the hollow booming of bells, which to mortals far below is but an earth-wafted heavenly chime.

This acquaintance with the cathedral adds to those rare experiences by which the *capacity* of the mind and soul is enlarged. Here is inspiration to thought—this history speaking from every stone, this architectural glory—yet all this is faint to the deeper emotions which possess the whole being when within its sacred penetralia.

Does not your heart beat as you approach the entrance? With suspended breath the portal is passed, and you stand in the nave;—up, up, raise your eyes,—the great elongated arch soars straight as a lance, and gives a fine idea of its height. The great window below is sixty feet high. When we look upward here, there is a wonderful idea of height which is not felt even when you gaze at the sky, for we give no bounds to the sky, while this is great space within bounds. There is a grandeur and yet a plainness within; there is not the rich gloom of the Münster at Strasburg, for there is a coldness, a greater severity, which usually distinguishes the cathedrals of the North from those of the South. Yet the colder effect of the glistening white stone accords with the slender fluted columns, relieved with exquisite canopied figures, and all is softened by the rich mellow light that

streams through gorgeous stained windows. The chapels with relics and tombs, sculptured marble and sarcophagus, the effigies of knights prone with stiff folded hands, the strange carved kneeling figures, the mingling of grotesque early art and its exquisite later development, — each has its peculiar effect upon the mind, and all combined working with rare power upon the whole being.

More than eye can see is here. The invisible speaks even more than the visible. The very air is full of thought. What an atmosphere is here! These cathedrals have a season of their own; neither summer's heat nor winter's cold penetrates its unchanging calm. Immensity is all about — an immensity so profound, so religious, that it fills the soul to the exclusion of all usual or trivial things. Everything commands silence; no speech seems worthy in the place where eternity dwells. The least noise so repeats itself that after a few attempts to speak one is awed into silence. Yet there seems a strange appropriateness in the soft chanting of the priest; and the low accents of woe, of trouble, of sorrow, that come from those kneeling here seem not to jar, but to accord; and the trembling foot of the aged sounding on these stones, perchance watered by many tears, are but a part of the harmony. This is surely a sanctified place, the dwelling of the Eternal, to be sought by the sufferer, the sorrowing, the aged, where the weary and the heavy-laden may find

rest. What serenity ! There is rest in this eternal calm, and the soul tossed by the world's storms and winds can here regain its peace and serenity, where an everlasting serenity abides. Europe, with its complicated society, its wickedness and woe, may need and may afford such a refuge to many ; yet everywhere the soul is often heavy, and the Lord dwelleth in temples not made with hands, — yea, may be found by all who seek, and in Him is peace, never failing, that floweth as a river.

One last look behind as we leave. How little man seems in the midst of all ! Yes, little — if we consider alone man's material existence. What endurance man gives to his work ! and yet he passes quickly away. This temple of his hands is an image of eternity — one sees no end to the thoughts to which it has given birth, which live on in souls forever. Man fades, but his thoughts, born of the soul, are as it is — eternal. Now we pass from the great cathedral ; and, as we pass from its portals, we seem to pass from celestial thoughts to the interests of the world, from eternal religion to the light air of time. It is well for the soul to have such hours of contemplation in life, when the great entities seem real, and the light, flitting moments of time are seen in their true evanescent relation.

The days in Germany draw to a close. I feel how I have learned to love the Fatherland. I may

have judged it harshly at times, as prejudice, the prejudice of a foreigner, always does, but in the hour of separation I feel that its faults are the small things, its glory and beauty that upon which memory will love to linger. With gratitude and love I say *Lebewohl* to the dear Fatherland that has enriched life with happy experiences. Somehow the tender yet sad words of the *Jungfrau*, as an *Ahnung*, find echo in my heart : —

“Lebt wohl, ihr Berge, ihr geliebten Triften,
Ihr traulich stillen Thäler, lebet wohl !
Johanna wird nun nicht mehr auf euch wandeln,
Johanna sagt euch ewig *Lebewohl* !
Ihr Wiesen — ihr Bäume — grünet fröhlich fort !
Lebt wohl, ihr Grotten und ihr kühlen Brunnen !
Du Echo, holde stimme dieses Thals,
Die oft mir Antwort gab auf meine Lieder,
Johanna geht, und nimmer kehrt sie wieder !”

Yet would I rather say as in parting with **Berlin** and Mrs. M. : —

“Wenn Menschen aus einander geh’n
So sagen sie, *auf Wiederseh’n — auf Wiederseh’n !*”

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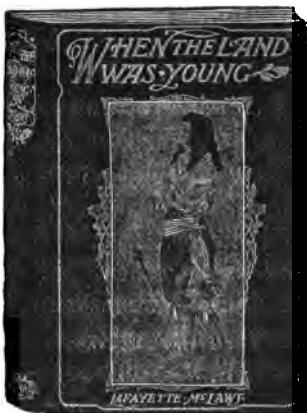
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